

SONGS
OF

SOVEREIGN & GRACE

FOR USE IN

ALL
RELIGIOUS
GATHERINGS

EDITED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
AND W. S. WEEDEN

HALL - MACK - CO.

PUBLISHERS

416 ARCH ST. PHILADELPHIA

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J. LINGOLN HALL



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....PREFACE....

In presenting SONGS OF SOVEREIGN GRACE to the hosts of Christian workers, we believe we are giving them a book which is adapted to every form of Evangelical work.

The editors have, for years, been engaged in spreading the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, through the medium of sacred songs, and they feel that they are especially qualified for the responsible work into which they have entered.

No expense or care has been spared in making Songs of Sovereign Grace the best book ever presented to the Christian public; we trust the cause of Christ may be advanced through our efforts.

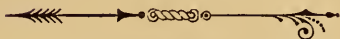
Yours in Christian Song,

J. LINOLN HALL,
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK,
W. S. WEEDEN.

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Songs of Sovereign Grace.



SOVEREIGN GRACE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Let the voice of prais - ing Come from all the race, All our songs up-
 2. We shall soon be - hold Him, See Him face to face, Then we'll sing the
 3. When we seek to en - ter That most ho - ly place We will come re-

CHORUS.

rais - ing Songs of Sovereign Grace. Songs of Sovereign Grace,
 sweet - er, Songs of Sovereign Grace. } *Chorus for last verse.*
 joic - ing, Saved by Sovereign Grace. Saved by Sovereign Grace,

Sovereign Grace,
 Sovereign Grace,

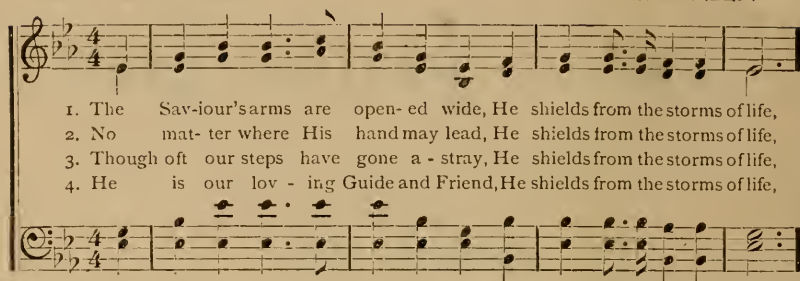
Songs of Sovereign Grace, Soon we'll sing up yon - der Songs of Sovereign Grace.
 Saved by Sovereign Grace, Soon we'll sing up yon - der Saved by Sovereign Grace.

Sovereign Grace,
 Sovereign Grace,

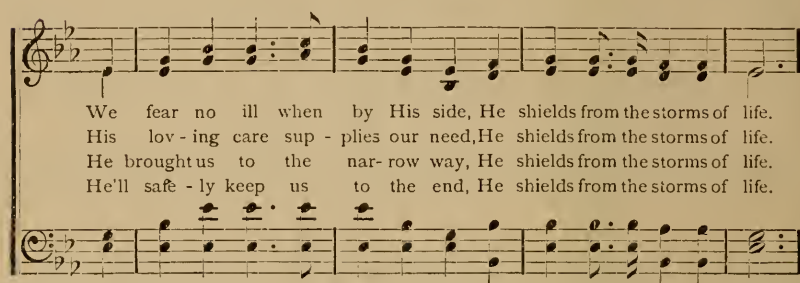
4 HE SHIELDS FROM THE STORMS OF LIFE.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

W. S. WEEDEN.

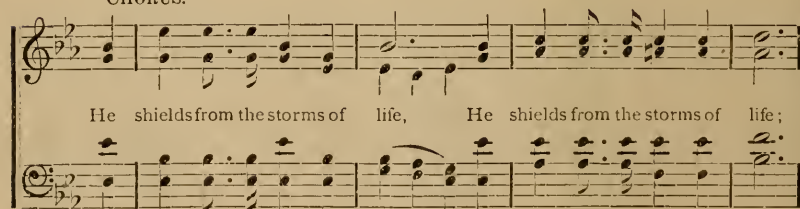


1. The Sav-our's arms are open-ed wide, He shields from the storms of life,
 2. No mat-ter where His hand may lead, He shields from the storms of life,
 3. Though oft our steps have gone a-stray, He shields from the storms of life,
 4. He is our lov-ing Guide and Friend, He shields from the storms of life,

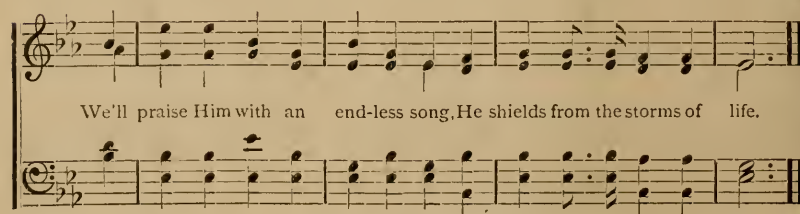


We fear no ill when by His side, He shields from the storms of life.
 His lov-ing care sup-plies our need, He shields from the storms of life.
 He brought us to the nar-row way, He shields from the storms of life.
 He'll safe-ly keep us to the end, He shields from the storms of life.

CHORUS.



He shields from the storms of life, He shields from the storms of life;



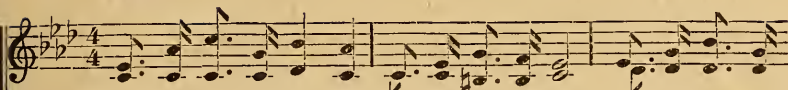
We'll praise Him with an end-less song, He shields from the storms of life.

JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

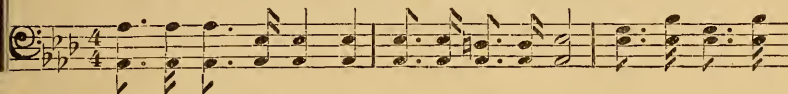
5

E. E. HEWITT.

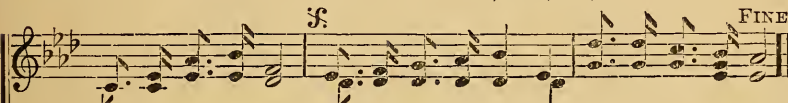
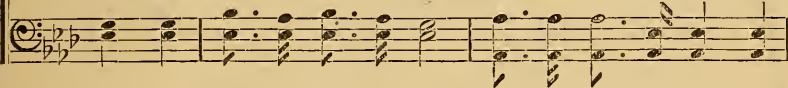
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



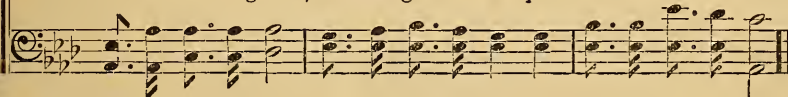
1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'rywhere we go, O - ver darkened
2. Like the bless - ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort
3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros - es grow, In the bar - ren



path - ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out - reach - ing,
plac - es, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,



from a lov - ing heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
strengthen - ing the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la - tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im - mor - tal bloom.

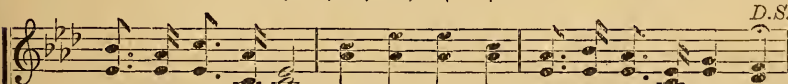


D.S.—Tell - ing love's sweet story, ev - 'rywhere we go.

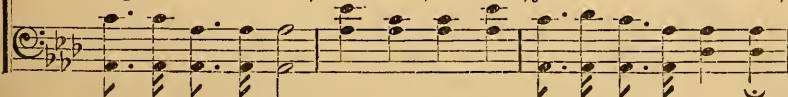
CHORUS.



Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine, Bear - ing heavenly gladness



through this world below; Sun - shine, sun - shine, just a lit - tle sun - shine,



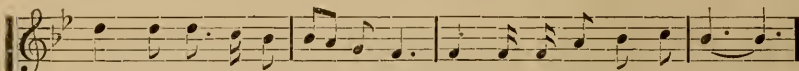
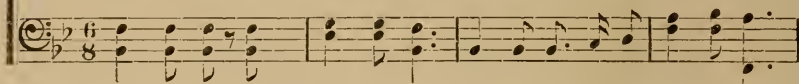
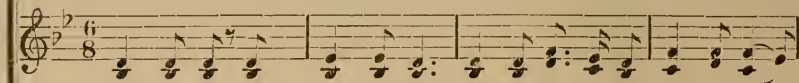
JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL.

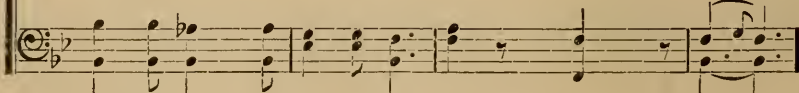
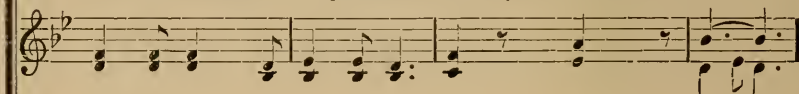
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

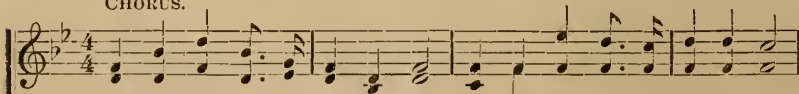
1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am sav'd by the bless ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,



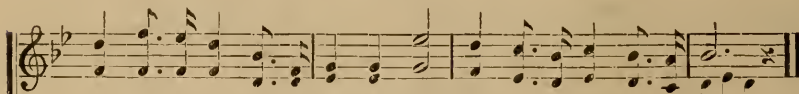
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
 At His feet all my bur-dens roll,—Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
 I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.



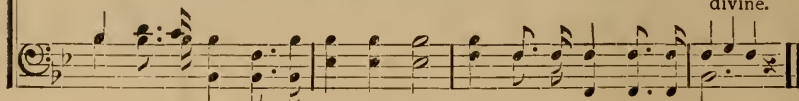
CHORUS.



Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di-vine.
 divine.

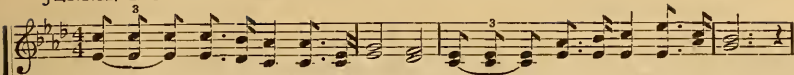


SOWING THE SEED.

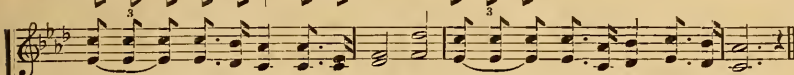
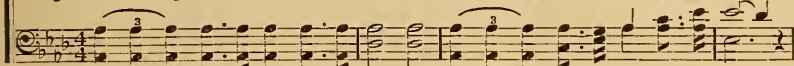
7

JENNIE MORTON.

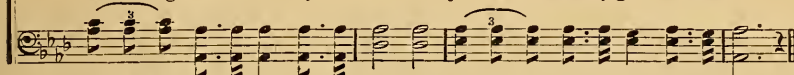
HOWARD CLARE.



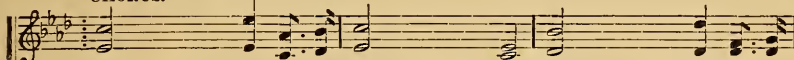
1. Scat-ter-ing seeds of hope, peace and mercy Scatter-ing seeds of blessings and love,
2. Scat-ter-ing seeds of love by the dawning, Scat-ter-ing seeds of love at the noon,
3. Scat-ter-ing seeds in ev - 'ry lo - ca - tion, Scat-ter-ing seeds with singing and pray'r,



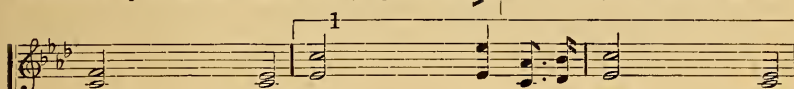
Scat-ter-ing seeds for Je - sus our Sav-iour, Scatter-ing for the har-vest of God.
Scat-ter-ing seeds of love in the ev-'ning, Scatter-ing seeds of love all the day.
Scat-ter-ing seeds to ev - 'ry dear na - tion, Je - sus will sure-ly gar-ner the fruit.



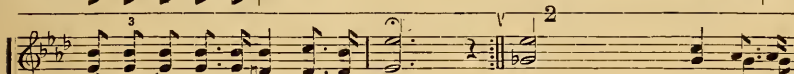
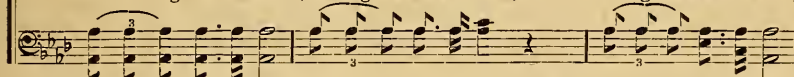
CHORUS.



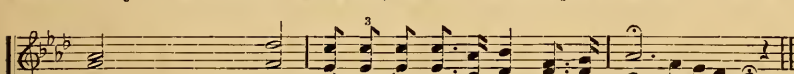
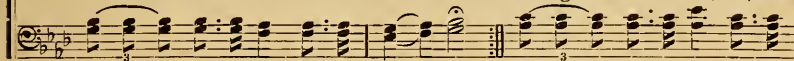
Sow - - ing by the way - - side, Sow - - ing o'er the
Scattering precious seeds, scattering precious seeds, Scattering o'er the earth,



earth wide; Sow - - ing for the Mas - - ter,
scat-ter-ing o'er the earth, Sowing the seeds of love, sow-ing the seeds of love,



Scat-ter-ing precious seeds all the day. Sow - - ing for the
Sowing the seeds of love, Yes, we're



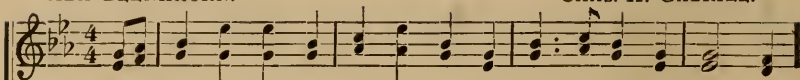
Mas - - ter, Scat-ter-ing precious seeds all the day.
sow-ing the seeds of love, all the day.



AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There is a place I love to dwell, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus;
2. There is a har - bor for the soul, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus;
3. There is a place a - mong the blest, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus;



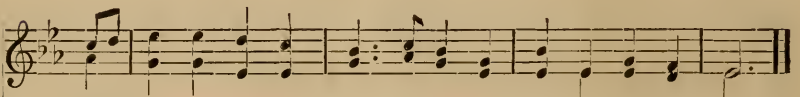
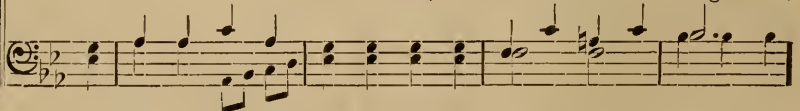
Where all my guilt and grief I tell, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus.
 When bil-lows high a - bove us roll, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus.
 When I for - ev - er - more may rest, 'Tis at the feet of Je - sus.



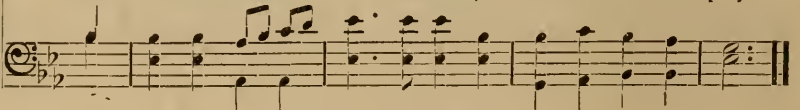
CHORUS.



My Sav - iour's feet, I love to lin - ger there,
 Saviour's bless - ed wound-ed feet, love to lin - ger there,



Where I can hold com - mun - ion sweet, With Christ in hum - ble pray'r.



SINCE JESUS SMILED ON ME.

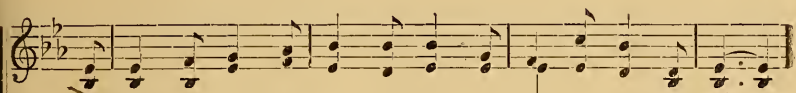
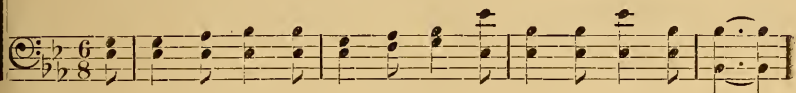
9

E. C. MACARTNEY.

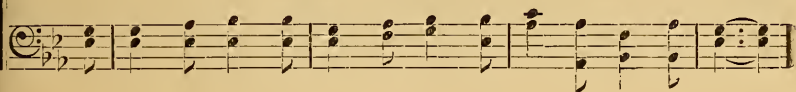
J. LINCOLN HALL.



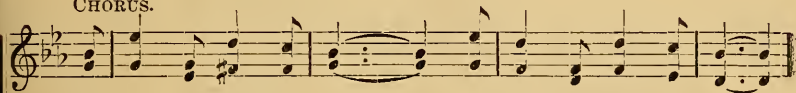
1. A heav'nly ra-diance fills my soul, Since Je - sus smiled on me,
2. My doubts and fears have passed a - way, Since Je - sus smiled on me,
3. My load of sin, has rolled a - way, Since Je - sus smiled on me,
4. My name is on the heav'nly roll, Since Je - sus smiled on me,



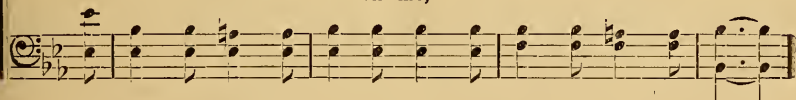
I shall not fear, though death be near, Since Je - sus smiled on me.
 With ho - ly light, my heart is bright, Since Je - sus smiled on me.
 And earth - ly fame, I count but shame, Since Je - sus smiled on me.
 I fain would show, the bliss I know, Since Je - sus smiled on me.



CHORUS.



Since Je - sus smiled on me, . . . Since Je - sus smiled on me,
 on me,



With heart and voice, I now re-joice, Since Je - sus smiled on me.



F. J. C.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lift up the trum - pet, O loud let it ring;
 2. Ech - o it, hill - tops, pro - claim it, ye plains,
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, with each roll - ing wave,

Je - sus is might - y to save; Let all the na - tions be
 Je - sus is might - y to save; Great is that Fount - ain for
 Je - sus is might - y to save; Break on the sand of the

D.S.—Let all the na - tions be

joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 sin - cleans - ing stains; Je - sus is might - y to save.
 shore that ye lave, Je - sus is might - y to save.

joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is might - y to save.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Might - y to save, might - y to save, Je - sus is might - y to save.

O! TO BE LIKE THEE.

11

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O! to be like thee, full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O! to be like thee, low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a-
 5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 no-inting di-vine, All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.
 Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,
 Seek-ing the wand-ring sin-ner to find.
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

Rit.
 sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1 I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 trou- bles quickly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share.
 world the vict'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

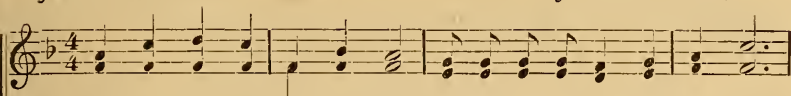
Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

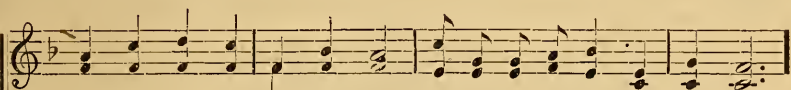
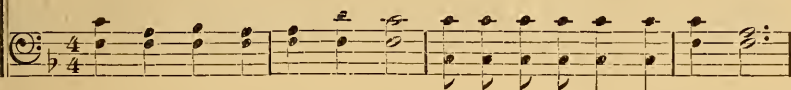
13

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
2. Trust - ing we will for - ward go, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
3. We will sing sal - va - tion's song, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
4. Soon we'll reach the home - land fair, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,



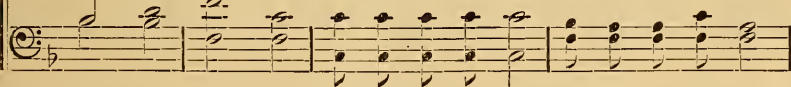
Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 Tread - ing change - ful paths be - low, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py, Sing - ing all the way, Hap - py all the day;



Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.



BOUGHT ON CALVARY.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

m With much expression.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful home Be - yond the si - lent sea,
2. There is a beau - ti - ful house To stand e - ter - nal - ly,
3. There is a beau - ti - ful robe As white as white can be,
4. There is a beau - ti - ful crown To ev - er - fade - less be,
5. These beau - ti - ful gifts of love That wait be - yond the sea,



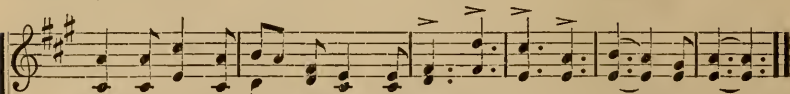
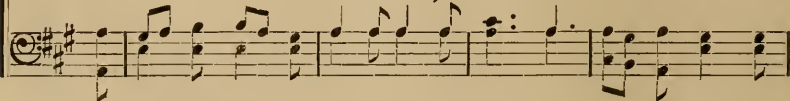
And oh, that home so bright and fair My Sav - iour bought for me.
 And oh, that house not made with hands My Sav - iour bought for me.
 And oh, that robe so spot - less, pure, My Sav - iour bought for me.
 And oh, that won - drous crown of life My Sav - iour bought for me.
 My Sav - iour pur - chased with His blood On cross of Cal - va - ry.



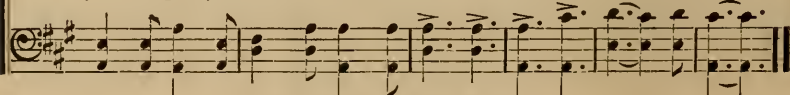
CHORUS.



O wand'rer, far from God, That home your own may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, A man - sion yours may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, White rai - ment yours may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, A crown your own may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, This wealth your own may be, If



you will give your heart to Christ And serve Him, serve Him faithful - ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ And serve Him, serve Him faithful - ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ And serve Him, serve Him faithful - ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ And serve Him, serve Him faithful - ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ And oh, 'tis free! and oh, 'tis free!

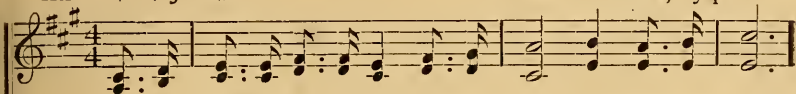


SOME SWEET DAY.

15

HARRIET E. JONES.

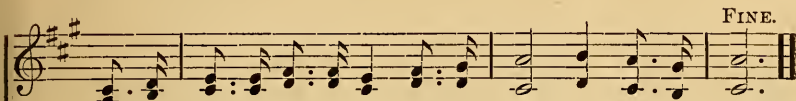
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



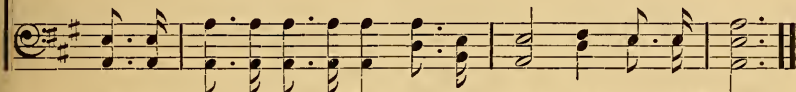
1. We shall cross the roll-ing tide, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
2. We shall tread the streets of gold, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
3. Yes we'll reach the home of God, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;



D.C.—We shall cross the roll-ing tide, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;



We shall gain the gold-en side, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
Heav-en's splen-dor shall be-hold, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
Thro'the pre-cious, precious blood, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;



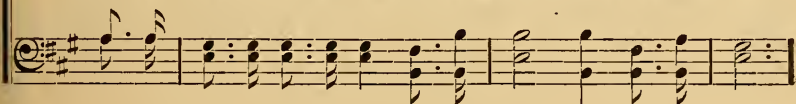
We shall gain the gold-en side, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.



Near the crys-tal wa-ters roam, In the saints' e-ter-nal home,
We shall find the man-sions fair, Je-sus prom-ised to pre-pare,
Nev-er there to sigh a-gain, Nev-er thought of grief or pain,



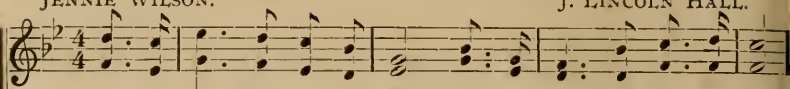
Where the sha-dows nev-er come; Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.
That are wait-ing o-ver there; Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.
Ev-er more with Christ to reign; Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.



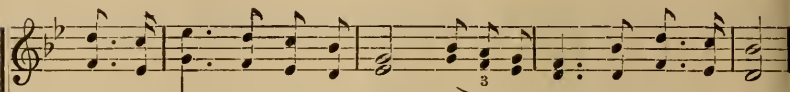
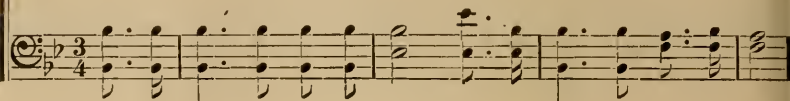
LET THE SAVIOUR PILOT THEE.

JENNIE WILSON.

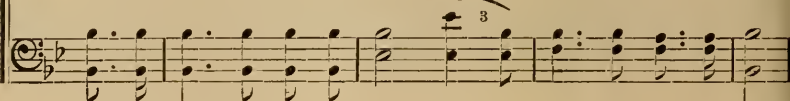
J. LINCOLN HALL.



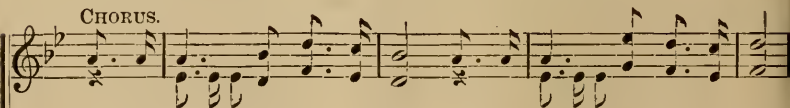
1. Sail - or, on life's surg - ing sea, Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee,
 2. When be - fore thee all is dark, Let the Sav - iour steer thy bark,
 3. When the skies are bright and fair, Still in - voke the Sav-iour's care,
 4. On the ev - er-chang - ing tide, Let the Sav - iour be thy guide,



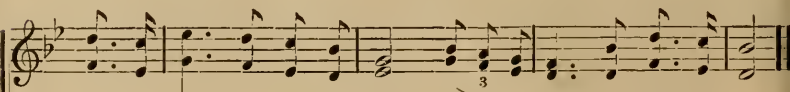
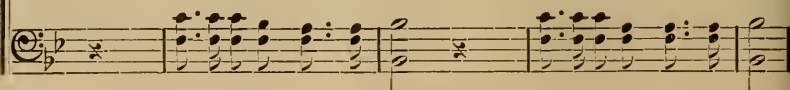
Dan - ger hov - ers o'er the deep, Where the storm-winds wild - ly sweep.
 Thro' the black, ap - pall - ing night He will bring thee in - to light.
 Un-known per - ils oft are near When there seem - eth naught to fear.
 To the ha - ven of the soul, Where no an - gry bil - lows roll.



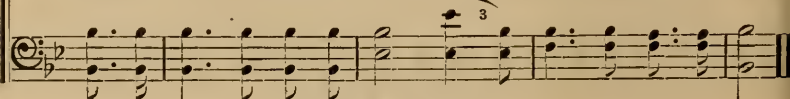
CHORUS.



Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee, Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee,
 Let the Saviour pi - lot thee Let the Saviour pi - lot thee,



Sail - or, on life's surg - ing sea, Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee.

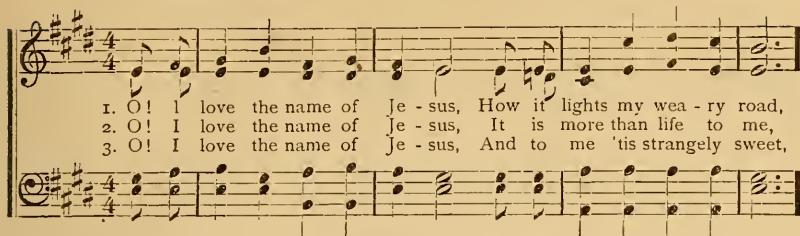


O! I LOVE THE NAME OF JESUS.

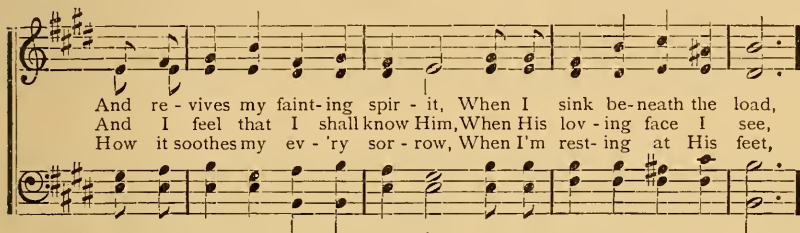
17

E. C. MACARTNEY.

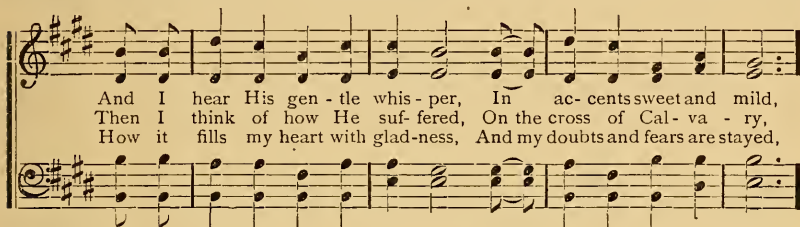
J. LINCOLN HALL.



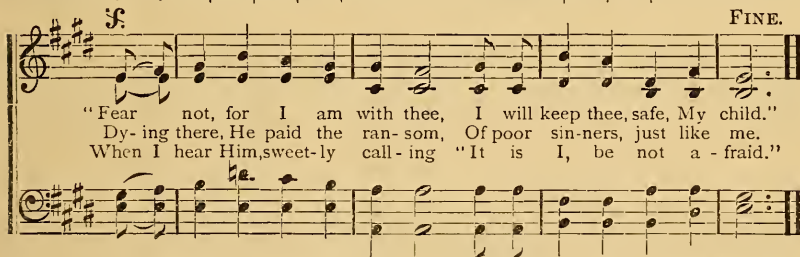
1. O! I love the name of Je - sus, How it lights my wea - ry road,
 2. O! I love the name of Je - sus, It is more than life to me,
 3. O! I love the name of Je - sus, And to me 'tis strangely sweet,



And re - vives my faint - ing spir - it, When I sink be - neath the load,
 And I feel that I shall know Him, When His lov - ing face I see,
 How it soothes my ev - 'ry sor - row, When I'm rest - ing at His feet,



And I hear His gen - tle whis - per, In ac - cents sweet and mild,
 Then I think of how He suf - fered, On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 How it fills my heart with glad - ness, And my doubts and fears are stayed,

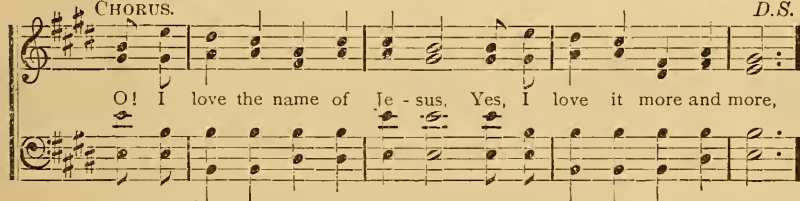


“Fear not, for I am with thee, I will keep thee, safe, My child.”
 Dy - ing there, He paid the ran - som, Of poor sin - ners, just like me.
 When I hear Him, sweet - ly call - ing “It is I, be not a - fraid.”

And some day I'll sing His prais - es, On the ev - er - last - ing shore.

CHORUS.

D.S.

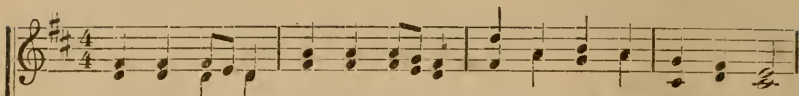


O! I love the name of Je - sus, Yes, I love it more and more,

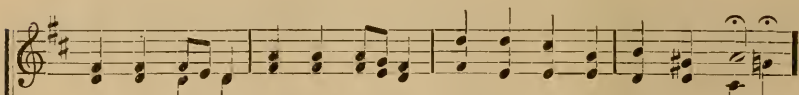
KEEP THE WATCHFIRES BURNING.

ADA BLANKHORN.

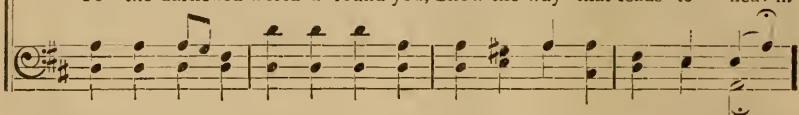
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



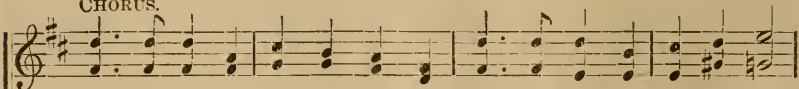
1. Chris-tian, keep the watch fires burn-ing! Zi - on's hills a - blaze with light,
2. Chris-tian, keep the watch-fires burn-ing! Oth - er bea-cons false - ly shine,
3. Chris-tian, keep the watch-fires burn-ing! Ma - ny souls that are a - stray,
4. Chris-tian, keep the watch-fires burn-ing! With a pure and stead - y flame,
5. Chris-tian, keep the watch fires burn-ing! Un - to you this work is giv'n,



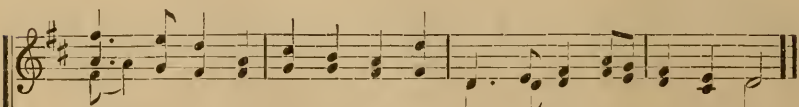
Oft will cheer some lone - ly trav'-ler, Toil-ing homeward thro' the night.
 To al - lure un - wa - ry pil grims, From the paths of life di - vine.
 From a - far will see their shin-ing And will choose the bet - ter way.
 From the path of sin and er - ror, Wand'ring foot-steps to re - claim.
 To the darkened world a-round you, Show the way that leads to heav'n.



CHORUS.



Chris-tian, keep the watch-fires burn-ing! Zi - on's hills a - blaze with light,



Safe will guide each wea - ry pil - grim, Thro' the dark - ness of the night.



WORTHY THE LAMB WHO DIED.

19

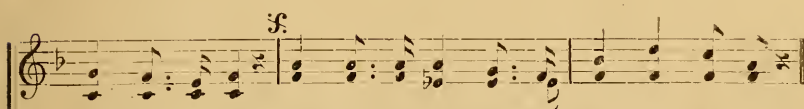
J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Slow and feelingly.



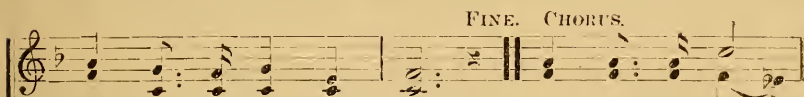
1. Wor - thy the Lamb who was slain for sin - ners, Wor - thy the Lamb!
2. Wor - thy the Lamb who on Cal - v'ry's mountain, Died there for me,
3. Wor - thy the Lamb, tell the won drous sto - ry, Wor - ship and praise,



wor - thy the Lamb! Who died for me, healed my soul's dis - eas - es,
died there for me; Lo! from His side flowed the crim - son fount - ain,
wor - ship and praise; Wor - thy the Lamb now en throned in glo - ry.



D.S.—Thanks be to God for the low - ly Je - sus.



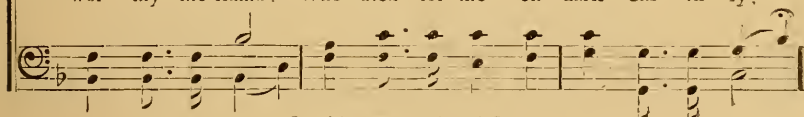
Wor - thy the Lamb who died. }
Wor - thy the Lamb who died. } Wor - thy the Lamb!
Wor - thy the Lamb who died. }



Who died for me, for me.



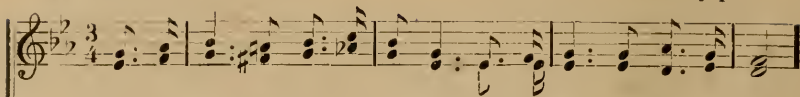
wor - thy the Lamb! Who died for me on dark Cal - va - ry;



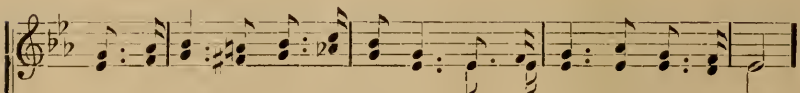
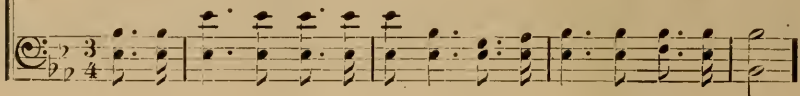
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Mrs. ANNIE E. THOMPSON.

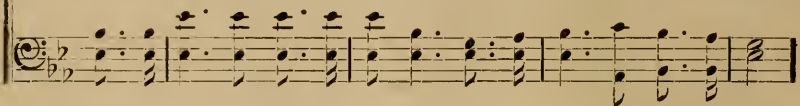
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



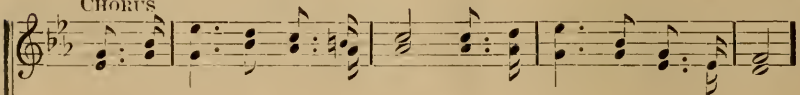
1. In a wea - ry land I wan - der, And with falt - 'ring steps I walk ;
2. Here my toils are un - a - bat - ing, And rude cares a - bout me mock ;
3. In these pas - tures fair and ver - nal, With my Shep - herd's cho - sen flock
4. By these wa - ters gen - tly flow - ing, I shall fear no tem - pest's shock,
5. So with pa - tient faith I'll wan - der, And with lov - ing trust will walk,



But I soon shall rest up yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.
 But my rest is yon - der wait - ing In the shad - ow of the Rock.
 I shall feast on joys e - ter - nal In the shad - ow of the Rock.
 And no want or grief be know - ing In the shad - ow of the Rock.
 For I'll soon be rest - ing yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.



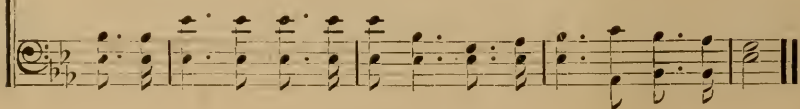
CHORUS



In the shad - ow of the Rock, In the shad - ow of the Rock,



I will soon be rest - ing yon - der In the shad - ow of the Rock.

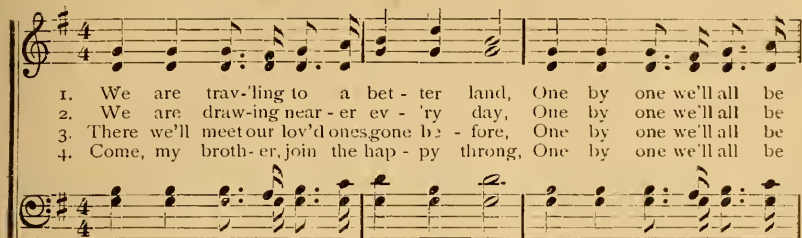


GATHERED HOME.

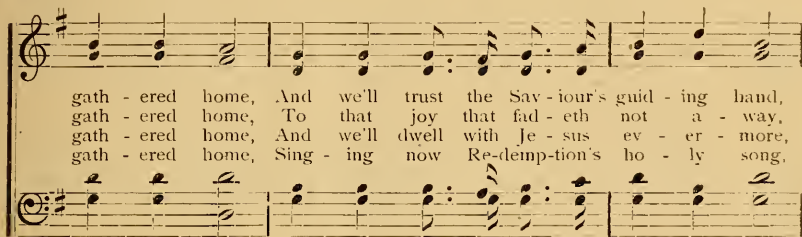
21

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. We are trav-ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we'll all be
 2. We are draw-ing near - er ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone be - fore, One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap - py throng, One by one we'll all be

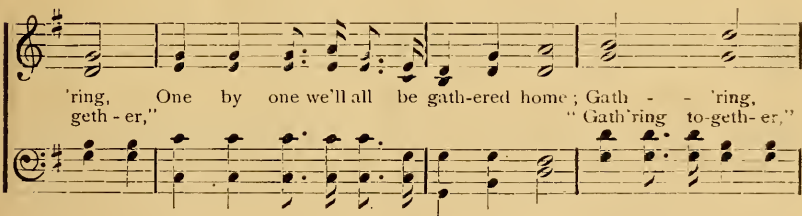


gath - ered home, And we'll trust the Sav - iour's guid - ing band,
 gath - ered home, To that joy that fid - eth not a - way,
 gath - ered home, And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more,
 gath - ered home, Sing - ing now Re-demp-tion's ho - ly song,

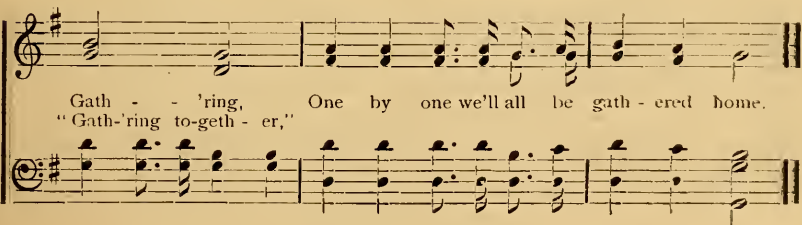
REFRAIN.



One by one we'll all be gath-ered home. Gath - - 'ring. Gath - -
 "Gath-'ring to-geth-er," "Gath'ring to-



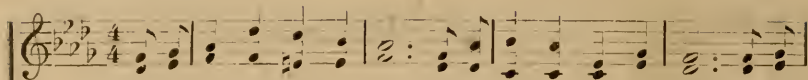
'ring, One by one we'll all be gath-ered home; Gath - - 'ring,
 geth - er," "Gath'ring to-geth-er,"



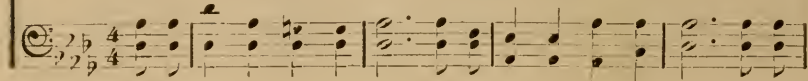
Gath - - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath - ered home.
 "Gath-'ring to-geth - er,"

JENNIE WILSON.

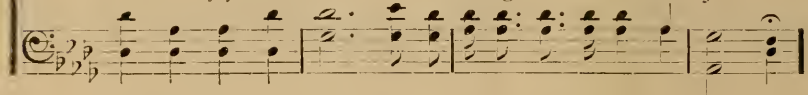
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Burdened with my guilt and shame, With no mer - it I can claim, Call - ing
2. Wea - ry of the way of sin, Filled with doubts and fears within, Longing
3. Ut - ter help - less - ness to plead, Trusting Him who knows my need, My re -
4. Clinging to the prom - ise blest, That the sad and guilt - op - pressed Here may



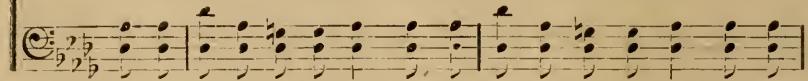
on the sav - ing name, I am coming to the cross of Je - sus.
 par - don's peace to win, I am coming to the cross of Je - sus.
 pen - tant pray'r will heed, I am coming to the cross of Je - sus.
 find sweet joy and rest, I am coming to the cross of Je - sus.



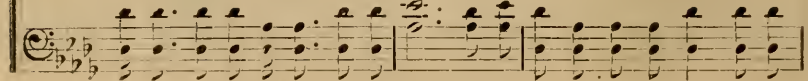
CHORUS.



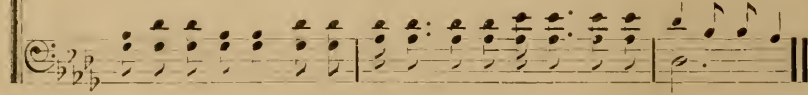
I am com - ing to the cross, Counting world - ly pleas - ures dross, I am



com - ing, I am coming to the cross; At the dear Re - deemer's feet, I will



find sal - va - tion sweet, I am coming, I am coming to the cross, to the cross.



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

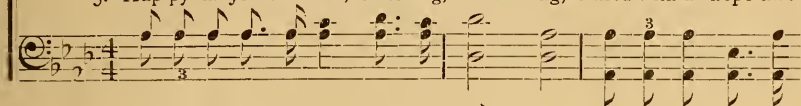
23

J. H. E.

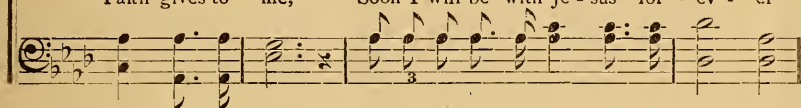
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



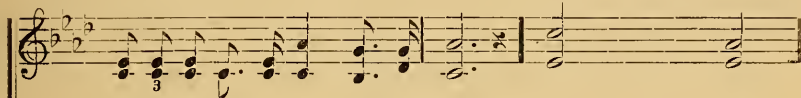
1. Hap-py in Je - sus' love, I'm a - bid - ing, Sheltered with-in the
2. Sheltered with-in the fold, safe - ly rest - ing, There on His breast sweet
3. Hap-py in Je - sus' love, trust-ing, know - ing, Filled with a hope that



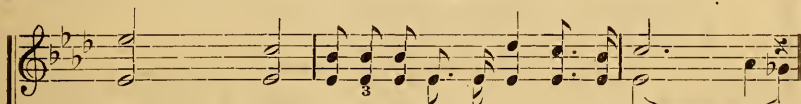
fold all the day, Hap-py in Je - sus' love, safe - ly hid - ing,
com - fort re - ceive, Knowing full well that Heav'n's richest bless - ing,
Faith gives to me, Soon I will be with Je - sus for - ev - er



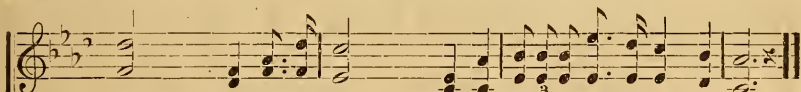
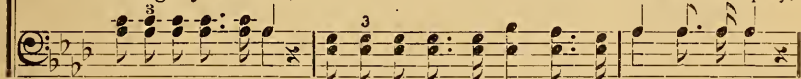
CHORUS.



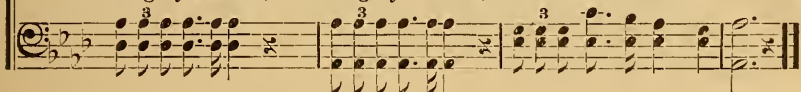
Under His wings I'll work, watch and pray. } Hid - - - ing,
Cometh to all who trust and be - lieve. }
Chanting the song of Heav'n's vic-to - ry. } Hid-ing in Je - sus' love,



Hid - ing, Under His wings I'll work, watch and pray,
Hiding in Je-sus' love, watch and pray,



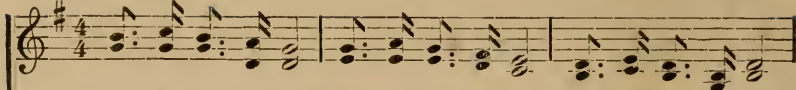
Hid - ing, safe-ly hid - ing, And walking by faith the King's highway.
Hiding in Jesus' love, hiding in Jesus' love,



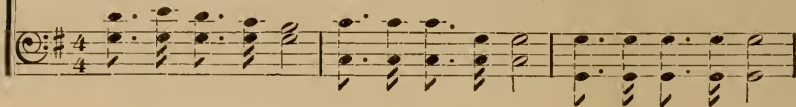
JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Just a lit - tle while and the day will dawn, And the drear - y night,
 2. Just a lit - tle while, then, the toils all done, And the bat - tle fought,
 3. Just a lit - tle while and the tears that stray Down our fac - es now,
 4. Just a lit - tle while—let us work and wait, Till our Father's hand



be for - ev - er gone; Just a lit - tle while e'er the storms will cease,
 and the vic - t'ry won, We shall lay the cross and the bur - den down,
 God will wipe a - way; And the bit - ter pain and the wand'rings lone
 o - pens wide the gate, And we hear his voice sweet - ly bid us come,



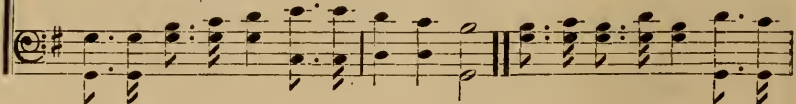
D.S.—Soon our wea - ry feet to the end will come—

CHORUS.

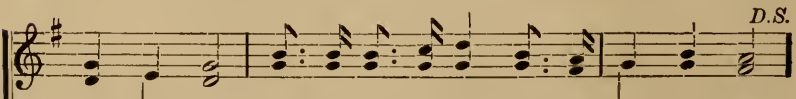
FINE.



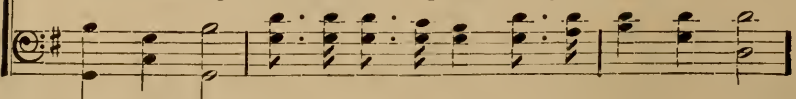
Ere the heav'nly calm, the e - ter - nal peace. Just a lit - tle while, O it
 To re - ceive at last heaven's promised crown.
 All will sure - ly end at the Father's throne.
 Ev - er - more to dwell with the Lord at home.



Glo - ry be to God! we are al - most home.



won't be long, Cour - age, faint - ing heart! let your faith be strong;



HAVE YOU FOUND THE SAVIOUR PRECIOUS?

25

IDA L. REED.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Have you found the Sav-iour pre- cious? More than all on earth be - side,
2. Have you found the Sav-iour pre- cious? Who for you passed thro' the grave,
3. Have you found the Sav-iour pre- cious? Do you know the peace and rest,
4. Have you found the Sav-iour pre- cious? Seek Him then with-out de - lay,



He who gave His life to save you, Who for your transgress-ions died?
Broke the bonds of death a - sun - der, Have you "proved His pow'r to save?"
That doth fill each soul that trusts Him; Who in His deep love is blest?
Taste the sweet-ness of His par - don, He will take our sins a - way.



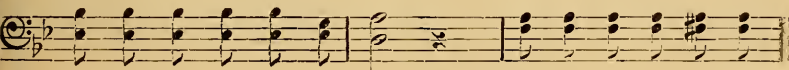
CHORUS.



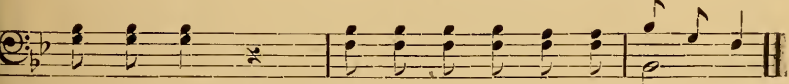
Have you found the Sav - iour pre - cious? Can you
Have you found, found this friend? Can you



slight such love as this, Sure - ly there can be no
slight, you slight, such love as this, Sure - ly there can be no




great - er, Would you give your life for His?
great - er love, Would you, give your life for His? (for His?)




ETTA HARBOUR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

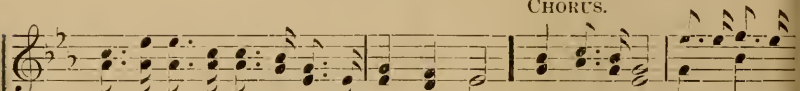


1. Je - sus is the help - er of the troub - led heart, And to those who
 2. Thro' the vale of shad - ows all must some - time go, When the heart seems
 3. When a heart is si - lent that for you beats true, Christ is by you




sor-row He will strength impart: Strength for ev'ry tri-al He will sure - ly give,
 breaking with its weight of woe. In that hour when anguish chills your heart and brow,
 standing, He will com-fort you; "Weep not," Je-sus bids you dry the fall-ing tear,

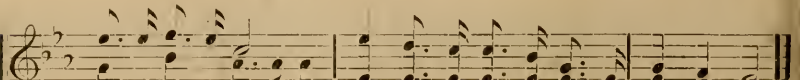
CHORUS.



If we simply trust Him, and His word be lieve. Help er divine, Thou art ev-er
 Hear His gen-tle whisper, "I am with you now." }
 From the grave is banished all its darkness drear. } Thou art



near,..... Whisp'ring a prom ise faint-ing souls to cheer, Help-er di-vine,
 ev - er near,



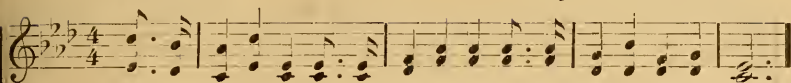
Thou art ev - er near,..... Whisp'ring a prom-ise, faint ing souls to cheer.
 Thou art ev - er near,

NO MORE SHALL WE SAY GOOD BYE.

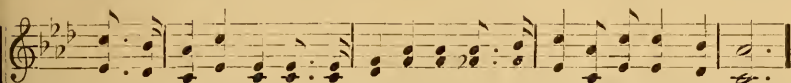
27

E. C. MACARTNEY.

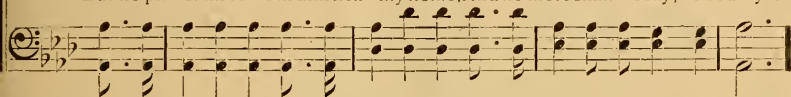
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. When this life is o'er, and we pass a-way To that Heav'nly Home on high.
2. When we've passed away from this world of care, And the Lord our tears shall dry,
3. With our loved ones there we shall happy be, And though here we weep and sigh,



We shall meet the loved who have gone before, And no more shall we say, "Good-bye."
We will sing the song with the angel throng, And no more shall we say, "Good-bye."
But no pain shall come in that heav'nly home, And no more shall we say, "Good-bye."



CHORUS.



When we cross the surg - ing riv - er To that
the dark and



bright and hap - py home where no sor - row e'er can come; Oh! that



joy - ous, bliss - ful meet - ing, When no more we shall say, "Good-bye."
joyous, yes



BREAKING OF THE DAY.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. 'Tis 'al most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo- ple say; The stars of
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A- loud pro-
3. It must be time for the waiting Church To cast her pride a- way, With girded
4. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high way, And call the

heav'n are grow-ing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
 claim to all man-kind, The com-ing of the Mas-ter draweth night.
 loins and burn-ing lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
 maimed, the halt, and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O it must be the break ing of the day, O it

must be the breaking of the day. The night is al-most gone, The

day is com-ing on; O it must be the breaking of the day.

By permission.

I'M SAFE IN JESUS.

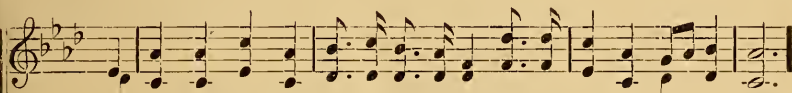
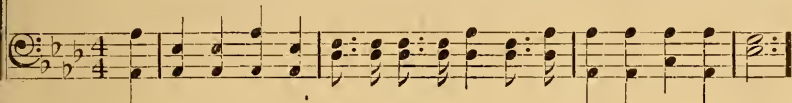
29

E. C. MACARTNEY.

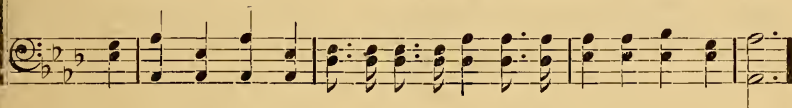
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



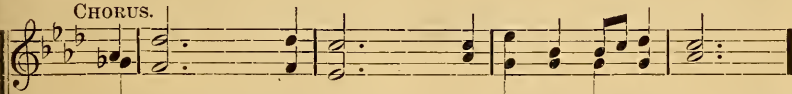
1. Though oft I wandered from the fold of God, On the des-ert bleak and wild;
2. I turned to Him while yet He was so near, And He wash'd my sins a-way;
3. I have sweet peace since Jesus I have found, And I know He'll be my Guide;



Still Je - sus sweetly follow'd at my side, And He said, "Come back, my child!"
Oh! sin - ner, seek for mer - cy while He pleads, Come into the fold to - day.
He gent - ly leads me, I have naught to fear, While I'm walking by His side.



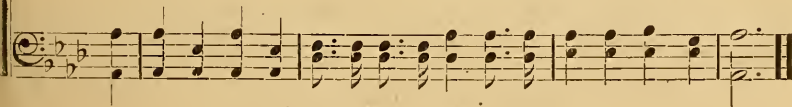
CHORUS.



I'm safe, I'm safe, I'll fear the storms no more.
I'm safe, I'm safe, no more,



I know my Sav-iour ten-der-ly is near, And He'll keep till life is o'er.



IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sun is shin- ing bright in the clear blue sky, And the
 2. When the tear- like rain- drops fall with a patt- ring sound, To re -
 3. So, in sun- shine or in rain, cloud- y skies or fair, We will

clouds, so soft and white, are slow - ly drift - ing by; Where the
 fresh the droop - ing flow rs, and cheer the thirst - y ground, With the
 praise him for his love, and for his ten - der care; And we'll

gai - ly tint - ed flow'rs their sweet perfume give, What a pleas- ant, hap- py
 flow'rs our hearts re- joice, as they seem to say: "What a lov- ing hand it
 live and work for him ev - ry pass- ing day, Trusting his dear hand to

CHORUS.
 world this is in which to live. We are glad, so glad all the
 is that sends this rain to - day."
 lead us all a - long the way. We are glad, so glad and hap- py all the

joy - ous day, For we nev - er can be sad while all a -
 joy - ous, joy - ous day,

round our way We can see His love shin-ing ev - 'ry where,
We can see the Father's love so brightly shining ev 'rywhere,

And we praise Him that He makes the world so bright and fair.

MAKE ME MORE LIKE JESUS.

Mrs. M. E. BALDWIN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, this I pray, Make me more like Je - sus;
2. Fa-ther, teach me day by day, To be more like Je - sus!
3. In sub - mis - sion, faith, and love, Make me more like Je - sus!

Lead me in the heav'n-ly way, Make me more like Je - sus.
Teach me how to watch and pray, And be more like Je - sus.
Grant this bless-ing from a - bove, Make me more like Je - sus.

D.S.—Lead me in the heav'n-ly way, Make me more like Je - sus.

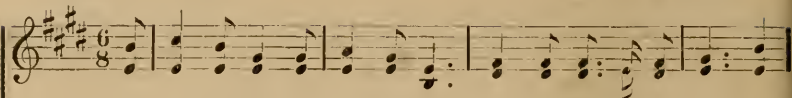
CHORUS.

D.S.

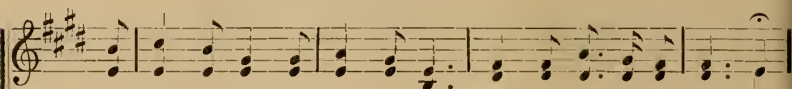
More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus;

HARRIET E. JONES.

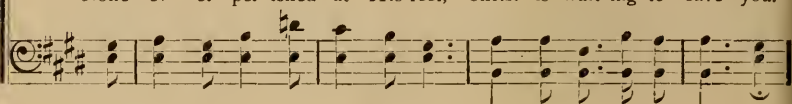
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Come wea - ry one by sin oppressed, Christ is wait - ing to save you,
2. For you His pre cious life He gave, Christ is wait - ing to save you,
3. For you He died, for you He rose, Christ is wait ing to save you,
4. Come, kneel be - fore His mer - cy seat, Christ is wait - ing to save you,



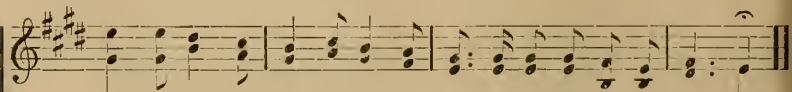
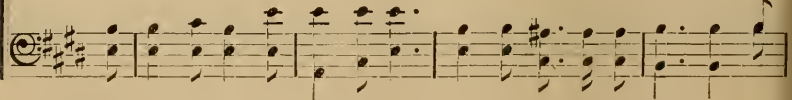
Come find in Him sweet home and rest, Christ is wait - ing to save you.
 For you He triumphed o'er the grave, Christ is wait - ing to save you.
 For you He conquered all His foes, Christ is wait - ing to save you.
 None ev - er per - ished at His feet, Christ is wait - ing to save you.



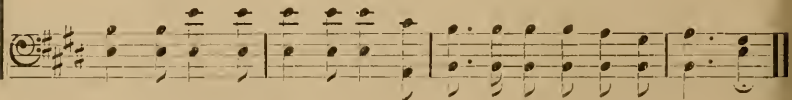
CHORUS.



O come just now, be - fore Him bow, Christ is wait - ing to save you, The



match - less One, the Fa - ther's Son, Is gra - cious - ly wait - ing to save you.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 O come and taste the sweet, new love,
 Christ is waiting to save you,
 Come, learn the song they chant above,
 Christ is waiting to save you.</p> | <p>6 Believe on Him, your sins confess,
 Christ is waiting to save you,
 He'll clothe you in His righteousness,
 Christ is waiting to save you.</p> |
|--|---|

TRUSTING IN THEE.

33

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. On - ward thro' tri - als and cares I will go, Trust - ing in
 2. Glad - ly I fol - low where e'er Thou dost lead, Trust - ing in
 3. Floods of dis - tress may then o - ver me roll, Trust - ing in

Thee, O my Sav - iour, Tho' there be dan - ger no fear shall I know,
 Thee, O my Sav - iour, With a full hand Thou supply'st all my need,
 Thee, O my Sav - iour, Nev - er a sor - row shall bur - den my soul,

CHORUS.

Trust - ing in Thee, O my Sav - iour. Trust - ing in Thee,
 Trust - ing in

1

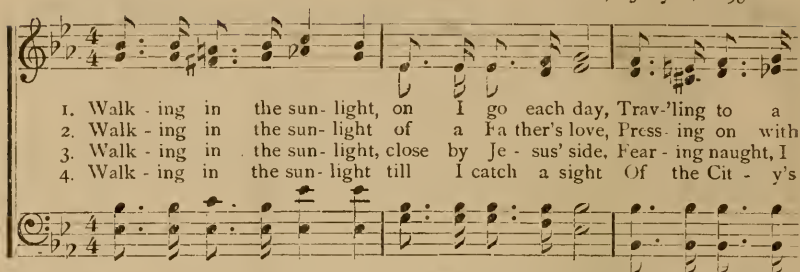
trust - ing in Thee, Trust - ing in Thee, O my Sav - iour.
 Thee, trusting in Thee, Trusting in Thee,

2

Thee, Trust - ing in Thee, O my Sav - iour.
 trust - ing in Thee, in Thee, O my Sav - iour.

WALKING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.
On board S. S. "Berlin," July 1, 1895.


1. Walk - ing in the sun - light, on I go each day, Trav-'ling to a
 2. Walk - ing in the sun - light of a Fa - ther's love, Press - ing on with
 3. Walk - ing in the sun - light, close by Je - sus' side, Fear - ing naught, I
 4. Walk - ing in the sun - light till I catch a sight Of the Cit - y's



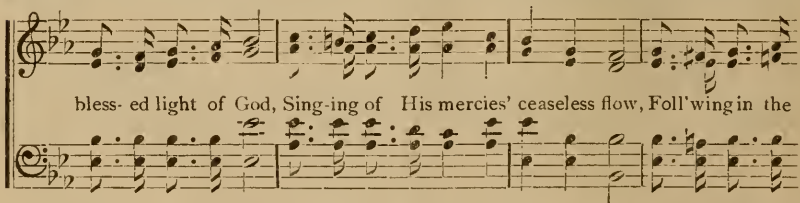
land be - yond com - pare; Sing - ing of God's mercies all a long the way,
 swift and will - ing feet; Rest e - ter - nal waits me in that land a - bove,
 jour - ney on the way; In my weak ness clinging to my trust-y Guide,
 pearl - y gates a - bove; Je - sus' pres - ence scatters darkest shades of night,

REFRAIN.

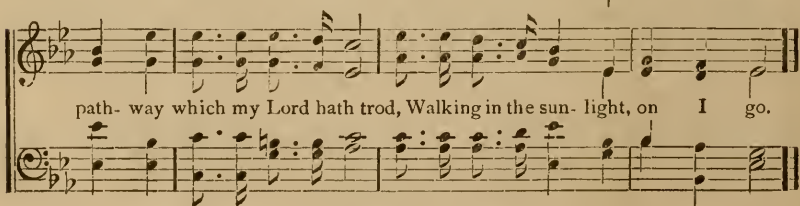


Walk - ing in the sun - light bright and fair.
 Walk - ing in the sun light glad and sweet.
 Walk - ing in the sun light, day by day.
 Walk - ing in the sun - light of God's love.

} Walking in the sun - light,



bles - sed light of God, Sing - ing of His mercies' ceaseless flow, Foll'wing in the



path - way which my Lord hath trod, Walking in the sun - light, on I go.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

35

Rev. NEAL A. MCANLAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



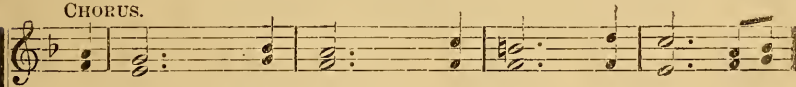
1. O God of grace in - crease my faith! Help me to dai - ly trust Thy word;
2. O God of grace, up - build my hope! Let not a doubt my spir - it sway;
3. O God of grace, in - spire my love! Fill my cold heart with ho - ly fire,



Give me the strength that al - ways comes From leaning on my bless - ed Lord.
Be Thou my con - stant shield of light That I may walk the nar - row way.
That I may live each pass - ing day As my Re - deemer doth de - sire.



CHORUS.



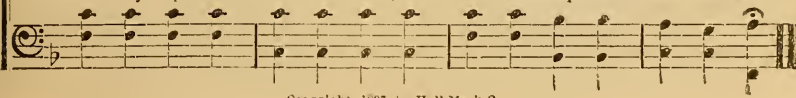
O God of grace of grace in Je - sus' name In -
O God of grace in Je - sus' name



crease my faith, up - build my hope, My heart with zeal in - flame, Send

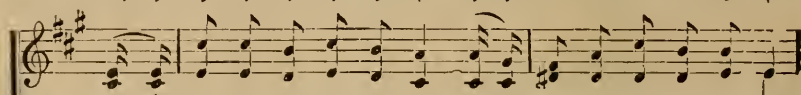
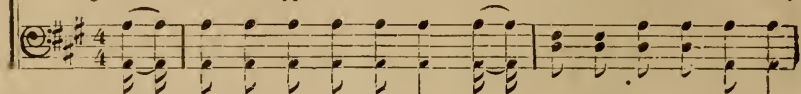


down Thy spir - it from a - bove, Till faith and hope are lost in love.

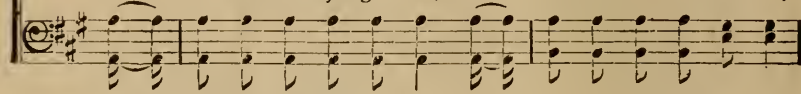




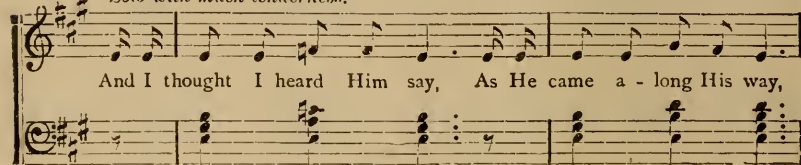
1. I was wan-der-ing and wea-ry, When my Sav-iour came un-to me;
 2. At first I would not heark-en, And put off un-til the mor-row,
 3. At last I stopped to lis-ten, His voice could not de-ceive me;



For the ways of sin grew drear-y, And the world has ceased to woo me:
 But life be-gan to dark-en, And I was sick with sor-row.
 I saw His kind eyes glis-ten, So anx-ious to re-lieve me,

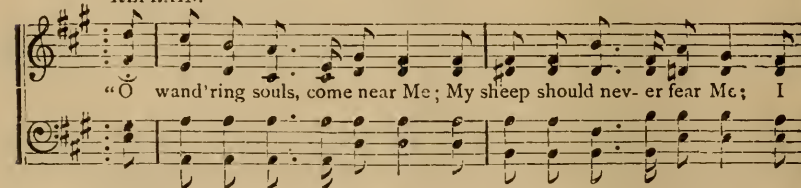


Solo with much tenderness.

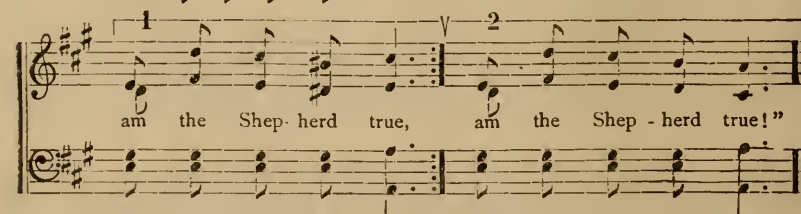


And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,

REFRAIN.



"O wand'ring souls, come near Me; My sheep should nev-er fear Me; I



am the Shep-herd true, am the Shep-herd true!"

4 He took me, on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me,
 He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how He had missed me,
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As he went along His way.


5 I thought His love would weaken,
 As more and more He knew me;
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go thro' me,
 And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way.

STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE OF GOD.

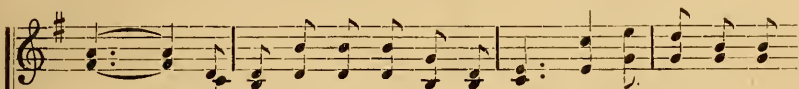
37

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

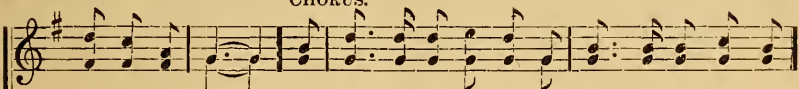


1. Step out on the prom-ise, O sin - ner, The beau - ti - ful prom-ise of
 2. Step out on the prom-ise, my broth - er, The prom-ise that ev - er shall
 3. Step out on the prom-ise, be - liev - ing, And nev - er give way to de -



God; He sure - ly will heal thee com-plete - ly Tho' far thou hast
 stand; "The souls whom my Fath - er has giv - en None ev - er shall
 spair, There's balm for thy heal - ing in Gil - ead The might - y Phy -
 of God

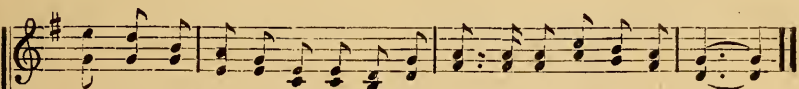
CHORUS.



wandered a - broad, }
 pluck from my hand." } Step out on the prom-ise, the beau - ti - ful prom-ise,
 si-cian is there.



The won - der - ful prom - ise of God;..... The word of Je -
 of God;



ho - vah, it standeth for - ev - er, Step out on the promise of God.

THE PALACES OF GLORY.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. From the cit - y built up yon - der, Where no twi - light shad - ow falls
 2. Some sweet day my soul shall an - swer Glad - ly to the an - gel's call,
 3. Some fair morn - ing to my vis - ion Will a wondrous light un - fold,

On its spark - ling crys - tal riv - er Or its gleam - ing jas - per walls,
 And with griefs and tri - als o - ver I shall go be - yond them all.
 And in - stead of time's dim path - ways I shall tread the streets of gold.

An - gel's voi - ces sweet - ly eech - o 'Round me while be - low I roam,
 Break - ing each de - tain - ing fet - ters Then my spir - it shall be free,
 Then, al - though my feet grew wea - ry, I shall know the way I trod

D.S.—meet the wait - ing loved ones In that cit - y built on high;
 FINE.

To the pal - a - ces of glo - ry They are call - ing me to come,
 In the pal - a - ces of glo - ry Dwell - ing through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Led to pal - a - ces of glo - ry In the cit - y of our God.

To the pal - a - ces of glo - ry I am go - ing by and by.
 CHORUS.

Call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, To the
 Call - ing, call - ing me sweet - ly call - ing, call - ing me, To the

THE PALACES OF GLORY.—Concluded.

39

D.S.

pal - a - ces of glo - ry An - gel voi - ces call me home. I will

KEEP ME AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

H. R. T.

H. R. TURBYFILL.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, day by day, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
 2. I am prone to leave Thy side, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
 3. When I'm tempt - ed, be Thou near, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
 4. When my work on earth is done, Keep me at the foot of the cross;

Let me from it nev - er stray, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
 Let me, Lord, in Thee a - bide, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
 I can dwell in safe - ty here, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
 May I praise Thee on Thy throne, Keep me at the foot of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
 O blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus,

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross
 O blessed Je - sus,

Rev. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I heard the bless - ed song of God's free grace, How poor and need-y
 2. I came un-to the cross with bur - dened soul, I cried for cleaning
 3. And now I love to work for Him each day, 'Tis sweet to have His

souls His love could trace; I heard that Je - sus bled up on the tree, —
 grace to make me whole; I' laid my wea - ry heart at Je - sus' feet,
 spir - it lead the way, His word is ev - er pre - cious to my soul,

CHORUS.

I wondered if that blood was shed for me. } Won - - - der-ful sal -
 And there I felt His pard'ning love so sweet. }
 His love shall be my song while a - ges roll. } Wonder-ful sal - va - tion,

va - - - tion! Boundless, deep and wide and so free, . . .
 won-der-ful in-deed! Bound- less, deep boundless, deep and wide and free!

Won - - - sal - der - ful sal - va - - - tion:
 Won - der - ful sal - va - - - tion, won - der - ful in - deed,

Pur-chased by His death up-on the tree. . . on . . . tree.
Pur - chased by His death up-on the tree.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

JENNIE MORTON.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. { We march be-neath the ban-ner of the King, And as we march we
Let all u-nite and make the cho-rus ring, (*Omit.* . . .)
2. { We march, we march with courage firm and strong, The tri-umph will by
Come with us them and join our hap-py song, (*Omit.* . . .)

2 CHORUS.
glad-ly, gladly sing; We march to vic-to-ry. } Then a way, a-way, hear the
faith to us be-long; We march to vic-to-ry. }

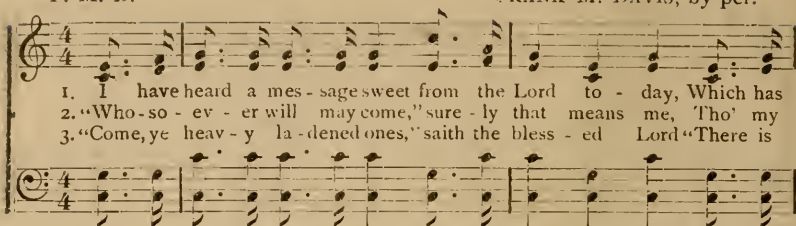
call to-day And the bat-tle is be-fore us, Yet we nev-er fear, for

Christ our help is near, And His eye is al-ways o'er us.

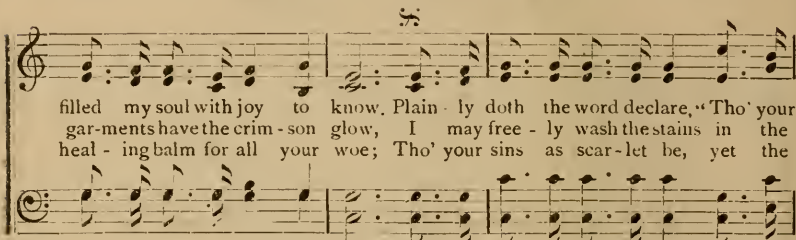
THOUGH YOUR SINS BE RED.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

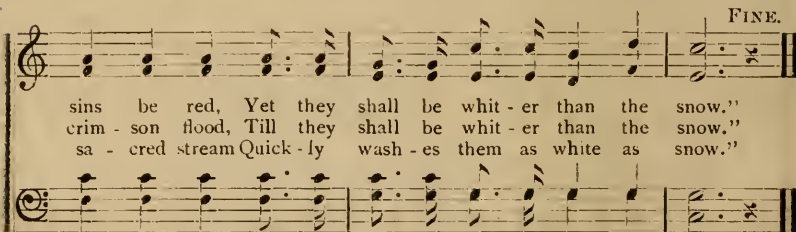


1. I have heard a mes - sage sweet from the Lord to - day, Which has
 2. "Who - so - ev - er will may come," sure - ly that means me, 'Tho' my
 3. "Come, ye heav - y la - dened ones," saith the bless - ed Lord "There is



filled my soul with joy to know. Plain - ly doth the word declare, "Tho' your
 gar - ments have the crim - son glow, I may free - ly wash the stains in the
 heal - ing balm for all your woe; Tho' your sins as scar - let be, yet the

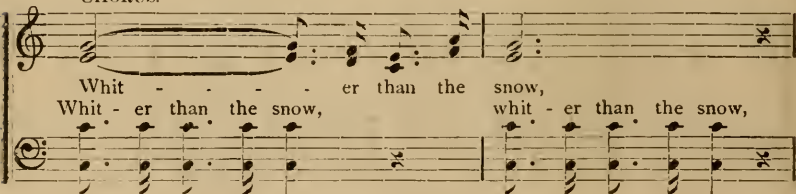
D. S. — Plain - ly doth the word declare, "Tho' your



FINE.
 sins be red, Yet they shall be whit - er than the snow."
 crim - son flood, Till they shall be whit - er than the snow."
 sa - cred stream Quick - ly wash - es them as white as snow."

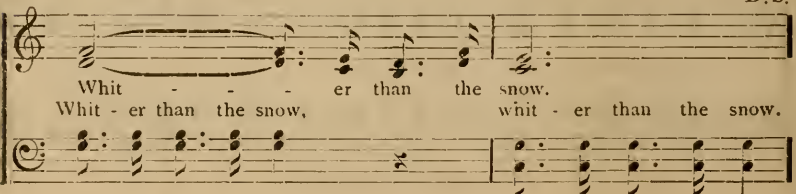
sins be red, Yet they shall be whit - er than the snow."

CHORUS.



Whit - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow.

D. S.



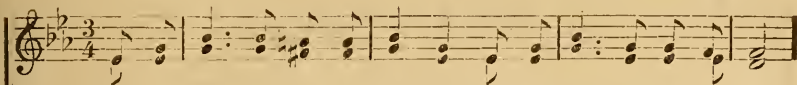
Whit - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow.

COME THIS WAY.

43

DAVID H. KING, D.D.

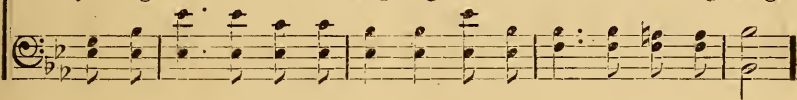
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. As I drift up - on life's bil - lows, Long - ing for the light of day;
2. And me thinks I hear my moth - er, Call - ing from the oth - er shore,
3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je - sus, Waft - ed from a heav'nly land;
4. Oh! the bliss, the joy of meet - ing Lov'd ones in that might y throng;



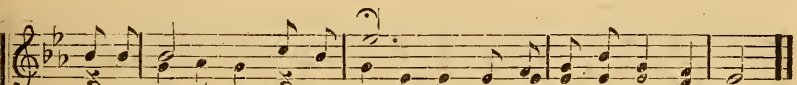
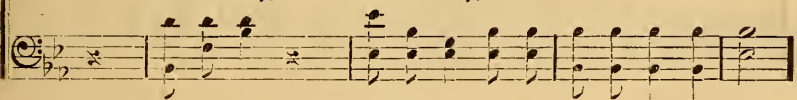
I can al - most hear from heav - en, Lov'd ones singing, "Come this way."
 With a voice so sweet and ten - der, Far a - bove the bil-lows roar:
 I can al - most see His glo - ry, And the beck-'ning of His hand.
 Join ing with them in their sing - ing, Of the ev - er - last - ing song.



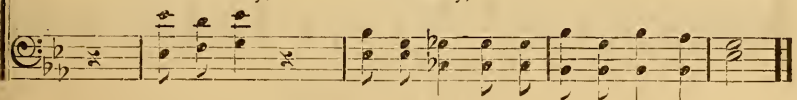
CHORUS.



Come this way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace;
 Come this way, come this way,



Come this way, come this way, And your sorrows all shall cease.
 Come this way, come this way,



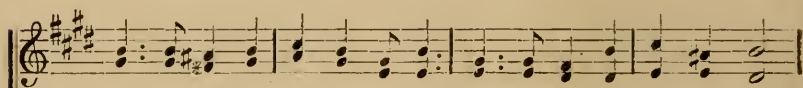
COMFORT OTHERS.

JENNIE WILSON.

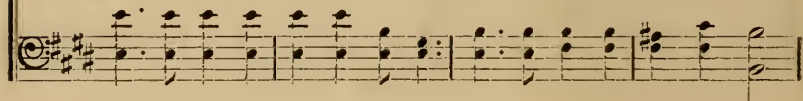
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. If your own heart you would gladden, If your own life you would bless,
2. If you long to have the mu-sic In your soul of joy's sweet song,
3. If you fain would have the brightness Of love's light up - on you shine,
4. If you seek the sweet-est rap-ture Of the fair ce - les - tial home,



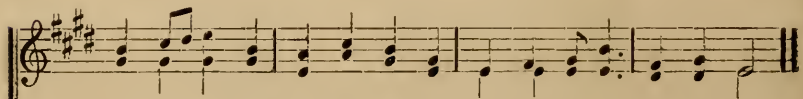
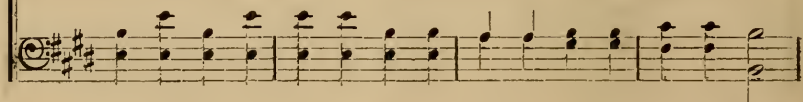
Lift an - oth - er's heav - y bur - den, Sol - ace some one in dis - tress.
 Turn an - oth - er's sigh to sing - ing, As your pass your way a - long.
 Cheer some sad and lone - ly spir - it With the rays of love di - vine.
 Bring to Christ the lost and hopeless From the sin - ful ways they roam.



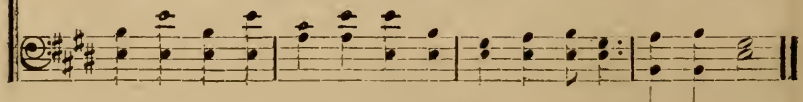
CHORUS.



Com - fort oth - ers, com - fort oth - ers, Les - sen hu - man grief and pain,



Thus un - fail - ing con - sol - a - tion And rich blessing you will gain.

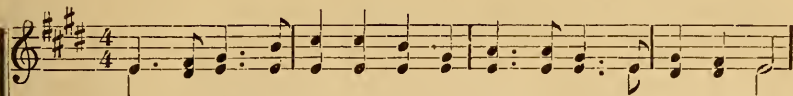


BEYOND THE JORDAN SHORE.

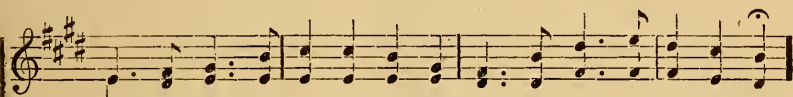
45

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Hear the bless - ed Mas - ter call - ing "Come to Me and sin no more ;
2. There's a stream of liv - ing wa - ter Flow - ing on for - ev - er - more ;
3. Just a few more years of wait - ing And the dark - ness will be o'er,
4. There with Christ to reign for - ev - er With the loved ones gone be - fore ;



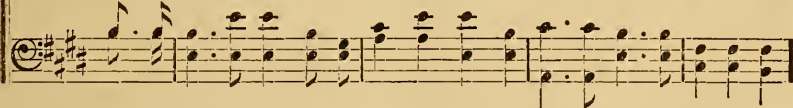
There's a Home of ma - ny mansions Just be - yond the Jor - dan Shore."
 Bless - ed fount - ain full of heal - ing—Just be - yond the Jor - dan Shore.
 Then we'll shout Re - demp - tion's Sto - ry When we reach the Jor - dan Shore.
 Safe at last in Heav - en's Cit - y—Sing - ing prais - es ev - er - more.



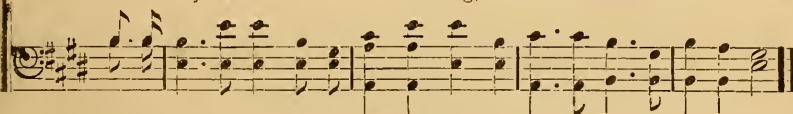
CHORUS.



O the glory Land where we'll meet our Saviour, Blessed Home so bright and fair ;



O the Glory Land where the feast is waiting, Praise the Lord ! we'll soon be there!



EVERY HOUR FOR JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus, who bled and died for me, Liv - ing now to
 2. From the hand of Je - sus, the gold - en moments fall, Let them be de -
 3. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus, the bit - ter with the sweet, Thorns as well as

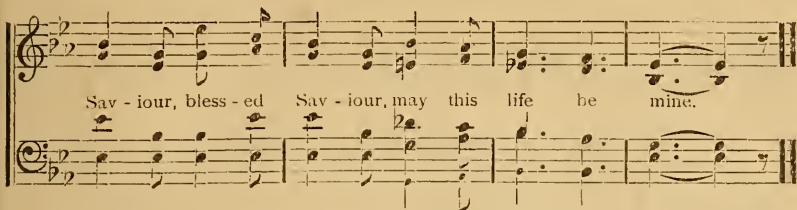
make me from sins do - min - ion free; Guid - ed by His Spir - it, a -
 vot - ed to Him who bought them all; Hours so dear - ly pur - chased are -
 ros - es, till home at last, we meet; What a blest for - ev - er to -

bid - ing in His love, Ev - 'ry footstep lead - ing to bet - ter things a - bove.
 not for self a - lone, But to help our neighbor, and make the Master known.
 geth - er we shall spend, Prais - ing our Re - deem - er, whose praises nev - er end.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Rest, and vic - to - ry, and pow'r,

Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus kept by grace di - vine,

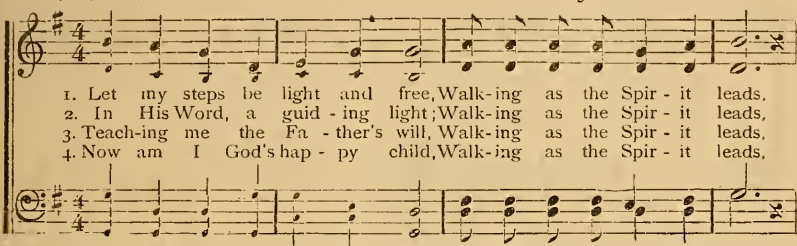


Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, may this life be mine.

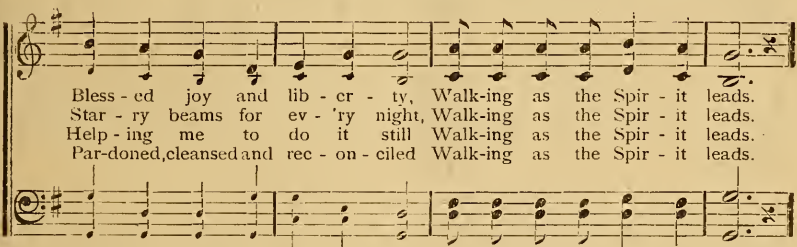
WALKING AS THE SPIRIT LEADS.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

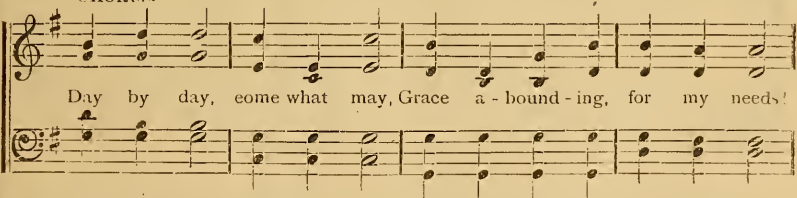


1. Let my steps be light and free, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.
 2. In His Word, a guid - ing light; Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads,
 3. Teach - ing me the Fa - ther's will, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads,
 4. Now am I God's hap - py child, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads,

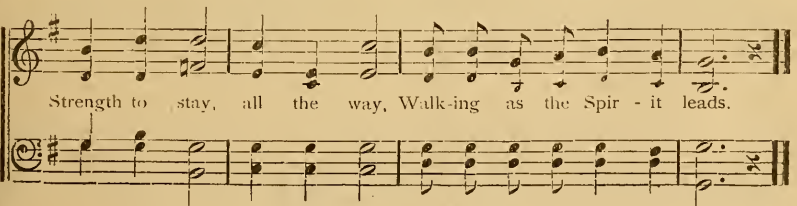


Bless - ed joy and lib - er - ty, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.
 Star - ry beams for ev - 'ry night, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.
 Help - ing me to do it still Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.
 Par - doned, cleansed and rec - on - ciled Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.

CHORUS.



Day by day, come what may, Grace a - bound - ing, for my needs!

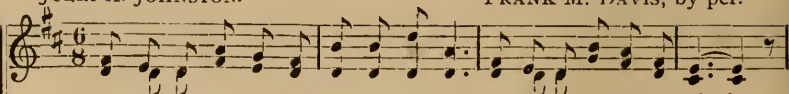


Strength to stay, all the way, Walk - ing as the Spir - it leads.

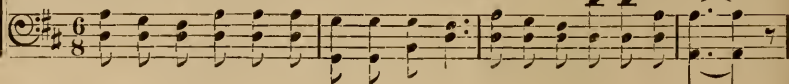
JESUS FOREVER THE SAME.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON.

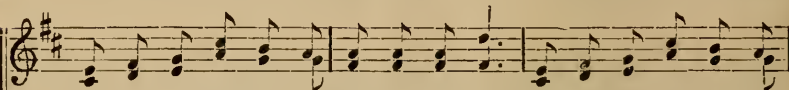
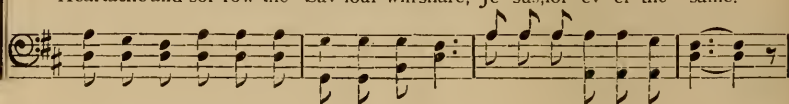
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



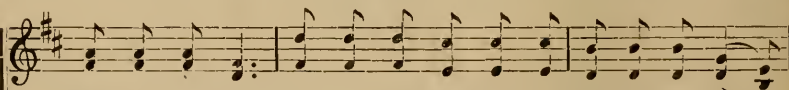
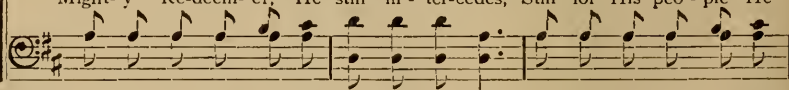
1. Look un- to Him who has car-ried your sin, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same;
2. How can you doubt Him who loved you of old, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same;
3. Friends may forget you, but Je- sus will care, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same;



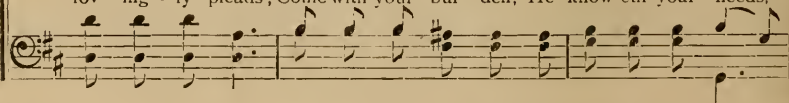
Trust Him who died your sal- va- tion to win, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same.
 Still He is wait- ing with pa- tience un- told, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same.
 Heartache and sor- row the Sav- iour will share, Je- sus, for- ev- er the same.



Do not re- ject Him, O do not de- lay, Come to the Sav- iour, the
 How can you slight Him, the changeless and true? Show- ing His kind- ness and
 Might- y Re- deem- er, He still in- ter- ceedes, Still for His peo- ple He



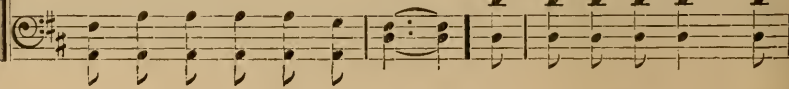
Life and the Way, Read- y and will- ing to save you to- day,
 mer- cy to you, Guard- ing and keep- ing you all your life thro',
 lov- ing- ly pleads; Come with your bur- den, He know- eth your needs,



CHORUS.



Je- sus, for- ev- er the same. } For- ev- - - er the
 Je- sus, for- ev- er the same. }
 Je- sus, for- ev- er the same. } For- ev- er the same, for-



same,..... Je - sus, for - ev - er the same,..... For -
 ev - er the same, same, just the same, For -

ev - er the same,..... Je - sus, for - ev - er the same.
 ev - er the same, for - ev - er the same,

THERE'S A FRIEND WE LOVE.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a friend we love who is ev - er near, And who guides us
 2. Thro' the storms may come and the tem - pests beat, And their strength we
 3. When at last we stand by the Jor - dan's wave, And our time to

on our way; When our hearts are sad He can make us glad, And He
 must en - dure; We are not a - fraid, for our Lord has said, "Fear ye
 leave has come; We will say good-bye with a tear-dried eye And our

D.S.—We can hear Thy voice, and our hearts re - joice, For we

FINE.

CHORUS.

D.S.

turns all our nights to day.
 not for thy rest is sure." } O Je - sus, our Je - sus, Friend ev - er dear;
 Sav - iour will take us home. }

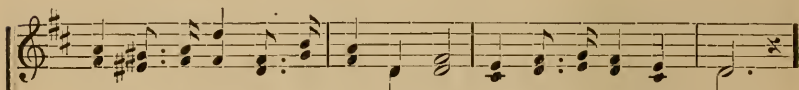
know that our Lord is near.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

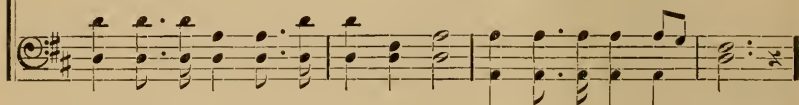
J. H. ENTWISLE



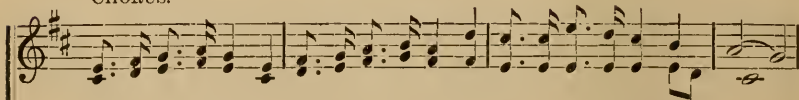
1. Saved by the blood of the Son of God, Washed whiter than the snow,
2. Kept by the pow'r of His grace di - vine, Washed whiter than the snow,
3. Blest in the hope of e - ter - nal peace, Washed whiter than the snow,
4. Cleansed is my soul from its ev - 'ry stain, Washed whiter than the snow,



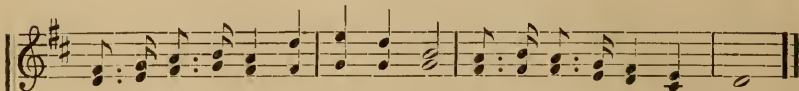
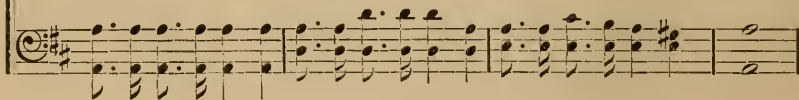
Foll'wing the path where His feet have trod, Washed whiter than the snow.
 Glad - ly to Him I my soul re - sign, Washed whiter than the snow.
 Know - ing His love which shall never cease, Washed whiter than the snow.
 Trust - ing His word that with Him I'll reign, Washed whiter than the snow.



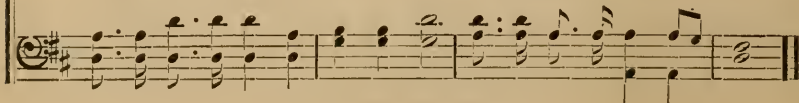
CHORUS.



Whiter than the snow, yes, whiter than the snow, O joy divine this truth to know,



In His pre-cious love still on I'll go, I am whit-er than the snow.



ALL IN THY HANDS.

51

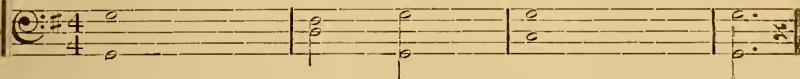
IDA L. REED.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

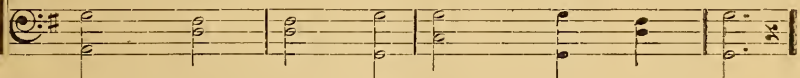
DUETT FOR SOPRANO AND TENOR OR ALTO.



1. All in Thy hands I leave, dear Lord, All of life's dai-ly fret and sting,
2. All in Thy hands each hour, each day, Whether cares may be great or small,
3. All in Thy hands my Lord and King, All of life's sor-row, toil and pain,
4. All in Thy hands O rich re-ward, Peace and joy it doth bring to me,



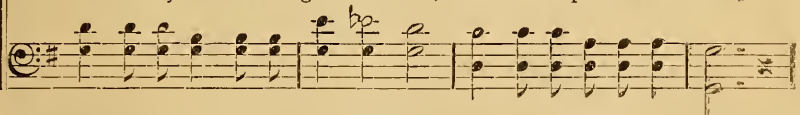
All of my griefs whate'er they are, This to my soul sweet peace doth bring.
 Je - sus, dear Lord, I lean on Thee, Thou art my ref - uge and my all.
 All of my cares I bring to Thee, Thy love my soul will e'er sus - tain.
 Dai - ly I rest in Thee, dear Lord, Dai - ly I'm lean - ing more on Thee.



CHORUS.



All in Thy hands like a glad re - frain, Com - eth the promise so sweet,

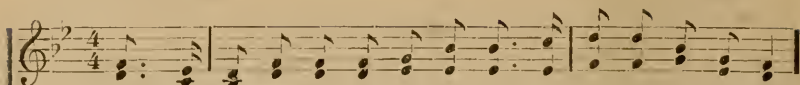


"Bring me Thy bur - den, I will sus - tain, Give to Thee strength complete."
 complete."

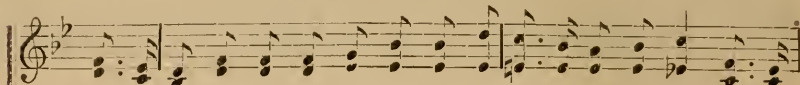


IRVIN H. MACK.

CHARLES A. BECHTER.



1. List the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will come and work to - day?
2. List the voice of Je - sus call - ing, There is work for ma - ny more;
3. List the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Is there noth - ing you can do?



See, the fields are white and read - y; Come and bear the sheaves away. Come, O
If you can - not cross the o - cean, You can work be - fore your door. Give the
See the ma - ny that are dy - ing; Haste! the Master calls for you. Do not



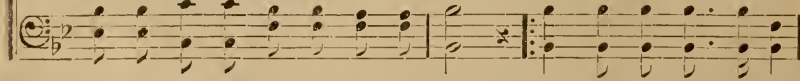
come, and work for Je - sus; Who will lend a help - ing hand? Gent - ly
Sav - iour all your tal - ents, Small and hum - ble though they be, He will
waste the use - ful mo - ments, Ma - ny sheaves are left for thee; Do your



CHORUS.




lead the sin - ner, to a hap - py land. } O come the Sav - iour calls,
bless them with a crown of vic - to - ry. }
best, 'twill live thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. } Come while the day shall last,



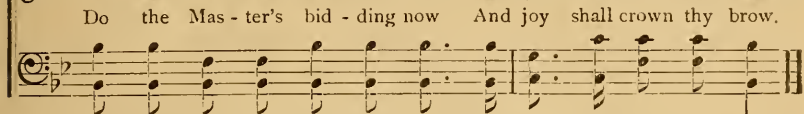
Wait not till ev - 'ning falls; Gather from the ripen'd fields What the harvest yields.
Come ere the harvest's past; (*Omit.*)



2



Do the Mas - ter's bid - ding now And joy shall crown thy brow.



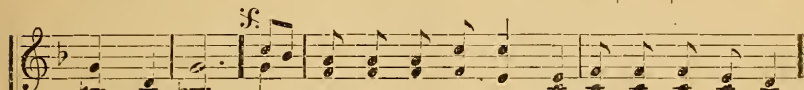
WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKY.

German, Tr. CASWELL.

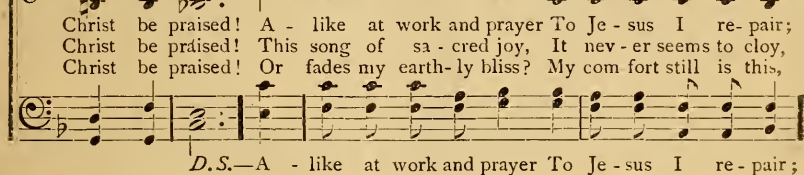
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak ing, cries, May Je - sus
2. To Thee, my God a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je - sus
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus

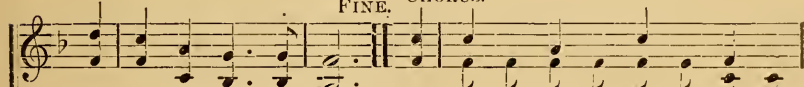



Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;
Christ be praised! This song of sa - cred joy, It nev - er seems to cloy,
Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My com fort still is this,

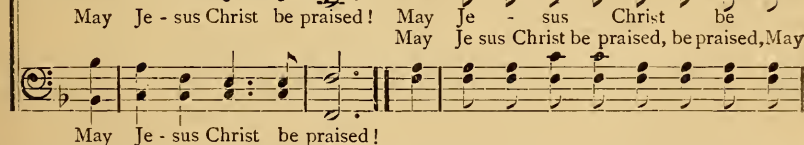


D.S.—A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;

FINE, CHORUS.




May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be
May Je sus Christ be praised, be praised, May

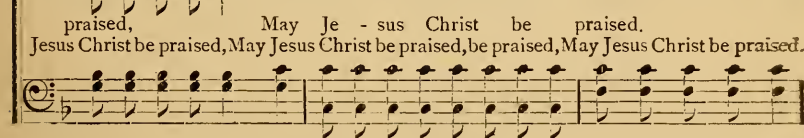


May Je - sus Christ be praised!

D.S.

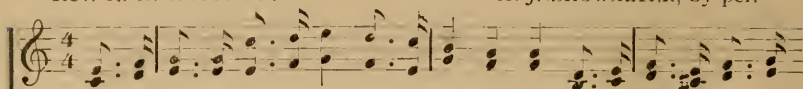


praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised, be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.

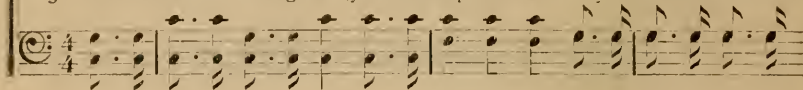


Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. There is cleans-ing, per-fect cleans-ing, O soul de - filed! Perfect peace this mo-ment
2. Are you griev-ing o'er your guilt and in-firm - i - ty? Tell the Sav- iour your dis -
3. Burdened and discour-age soul, your redeinp-tion see! To your Sav-iour in re -



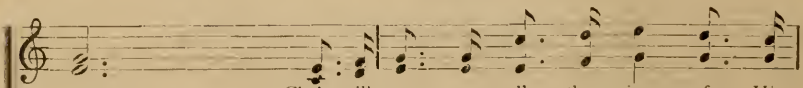
you may know; Christ will cov - er all the sins of His trust-ing child,
tress and woe! Though the sins that stain your heart should as sear - let be,
pent-ance go! Your trans-gres - sions may as red as the erim-son be,



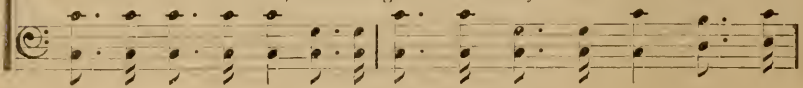
And they shall be whit - er than the snow. Whit - er than the
Yet they shall be whit - er than the snow.
Yet they shall be whit - er than the snow. Whit-er than the snow,



snow, Whit - er than the
Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow,



snow; Christ will cov - er all the sins of His
Though the sins that stain your heart should as
Whit - er than the snow; Your trans-gres - sions may as red as the



trust-ing child, And they shall be whit-er than the snow, whit-er than snow.
 scar-let be, Yet they shall be whit-er than the snow, whit-er than snow.
 crim-son be, Yet they shall be whit-cr than the snow, whit-er than snow.

I HAVE A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Rescued am I from the darkness of sin, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,
 2. Nearer, yes nearer I draw to his side, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,
 3. All my in-i-qui-ties on Him were laid, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,
 4. Th' pardon he gave me I nev-er shall doubt I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,
 5. Ful-ly I love Him and take Him as mine I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,
 6. Gladly I'll serve till the journey is o'er I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour,

FINE.

Opened is Heav'n, I may now en-ter in, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.
 Noth-ing can harm me no e-vil be-tide, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.
 Cleansed and redeemed were the words that he said, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.
 Sins of my life-time were all blotted out, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.
 Glad-ly for him all of earth I re-sign, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.
 Then with the ransom'd I'll dwell ev-er-more, I have a won-der-ful Sav-iour.

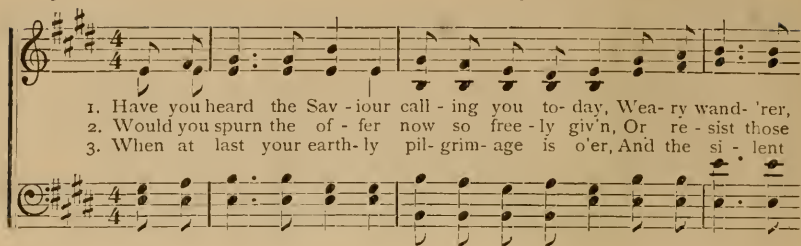
D. S.—He cleansed from sin, and spoke peace to my soul, I have a wonder-ful Sav-iour.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

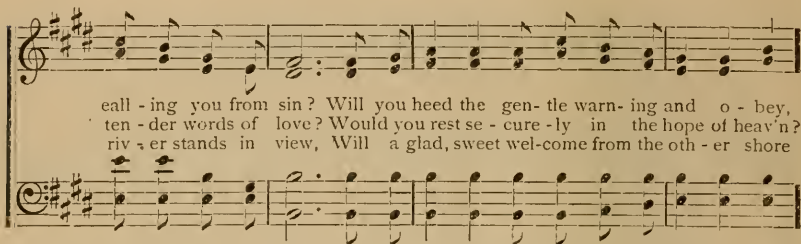
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sav-iour, I have a wonder-ful Sav-iour,

J. H. E.

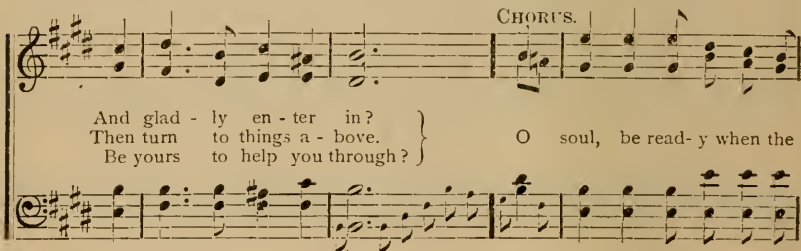
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Have you heard the Sav - iour call - ing you to - day, Wea - ry wand - 'rer,
 2. Would you spurn the of - fer now so free - ly giv'n, Or re - sist those
 3. When at last your earth - ly pil - grim - age is o'er, And the si - lent

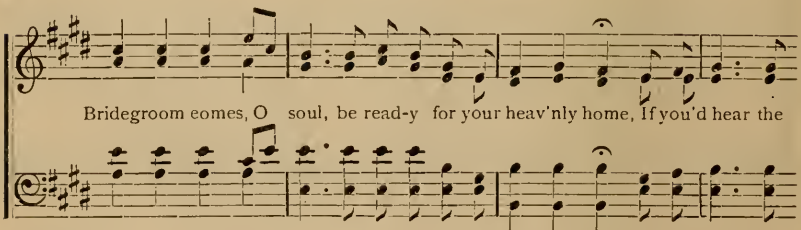


eal - ing you from sin? Will you heed the gen - tle warn - ing and o - bey,
 ten - der words of love? Would you rest se - cure - ly in the hope of heav'n?
 riv - er stands in view, Will a glad, sweet wel - come from the oth - er shore

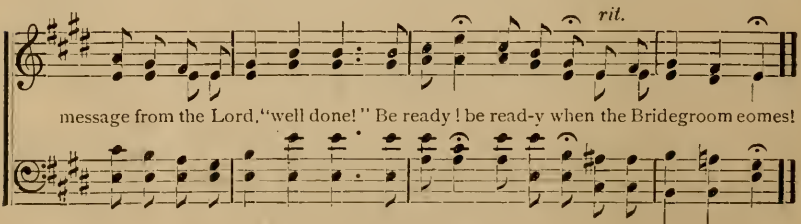


CHORUS.

And glad - ly en - ter in? }
 Then turn to things a - bove. } O soul, be read - y when the
 Be yours to help you through? }



Bridegroom comes, O soul, be read - y for your heav'nly home, If you'd hear the



rit.


message from the Lord, "well done!" Be ready! be read - y when the Bridegroom comes!

ARE YOU COMING TO THE FEAST?

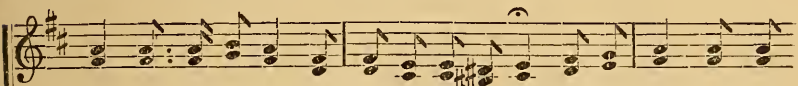
57

I. N. M.

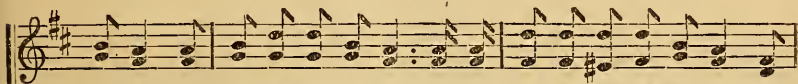
I. N. McHose.



1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov-ing hands, In the
 2. Come, for all things are read-y, why will you stay a-way? Hear the
 3. 'Tis a feast ev-er-last-ing, a-bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the

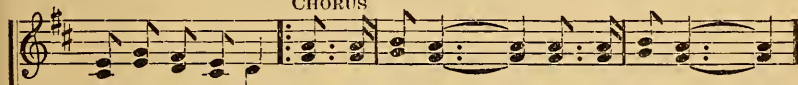


midst of the banquet, the gen-tle Saviour stands; Then no lon-ger go
 kind in-vi-ta-tion, O come, without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
 blood of the Sav-iour, an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white



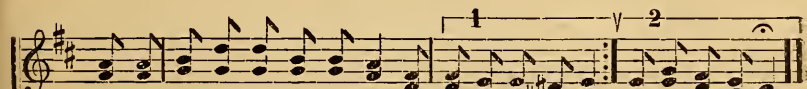
rov-ing o'er des-erts bare and wild, See! the Fa-ther now is wait-ing to
 va-tion why will you lon-ger roam? There's a man-sion now pre-paring, for
 raiment, the wed-ding gar-ment fair, And the Lord and all his an-gels will

CHORUS



greet his wea-ry child. You're in-vit-ed,..... are you com-ing?.....
 you in yon-der home.
 bid you wel-come there.

to the feast, to the feast,



O ac-cept the in-vi-ta-tion, all things are ready, come;
 See the Fa-ther now is wait-ing to (Omit.) welcome wand'ers home.

WHO WILL GO TO-DAY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Hear the Mas - ter call - ing now for lab - 'rers; Who will go and
 2. Who will go and la - bor in life's har - vest, Toil - ing in the
 3. Who will go while yet the sun is shin - ing, Gleam - ing ov - er

work for Him to-day? See, the fields are white un-to the har - vest; Who will
 shad - ow or the sun, Faith - ful ev - er in the Mas - ter's ser - vice, Striv - ing
 val - ley, hill, and plain, Com - ing home at ev - 'ning - time well la - den With the

CHORUS,
 bear the gold - en sheaves away? } Who will go to - day, and
 till the crown of life is won? }
 sheaves of pre - cious golden grain? } Who will go to-day, who will go to-day,

bear the sheaves a - way? Who will go to-day, and
 Bear the sheaves away, bear the sheaves away?

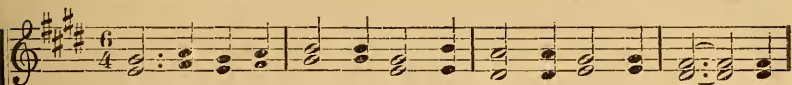
bear the sheaves a - way? Who will go to - day?
 Who will go to-day, to - day?

CLOSE TO THY CROSS, O CHRIST.

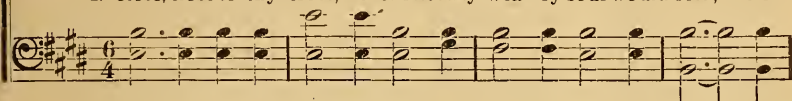
59

Rev. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D.D.

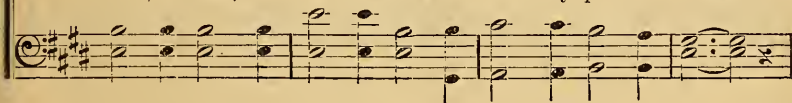
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



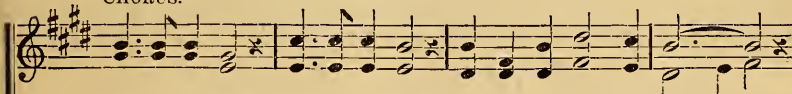
1. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My guilt - y soul would fly; Thy
2. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My burdened soul would go; There's
3. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My tempted soul would stand; No
4. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My wea - ry soul would rest; No



flow - ing blood can wash me white From sins of crim - son dye!
sweet re - lief in thy warm love For ev - 'ry grief I know!
foe can harm, no work o'er-task, While un - der thy kind hand!
wrath, no fear, no shad - ows there Dis - turb my qui - et breast!

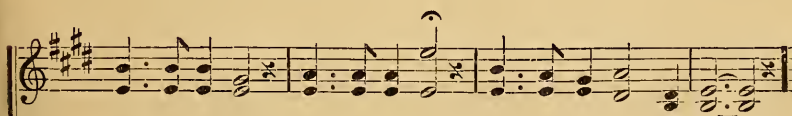
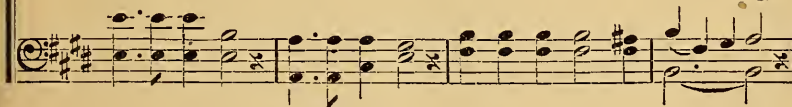


CHORUS.

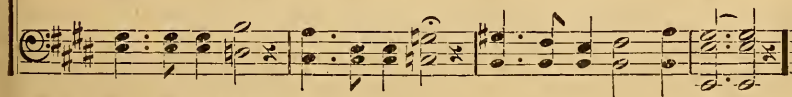


Close to thy cross, close to thy cross, Je - sus, my Lord, I cling;.....

I cling,

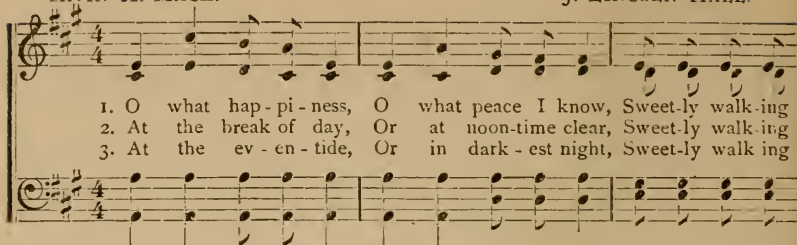


Shel - ter me there, shel - ter me there, 'Neath thy pro - tect - ing wing.

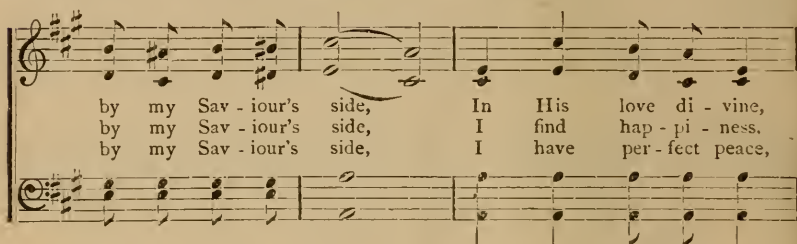


IRVIN H. MACK.

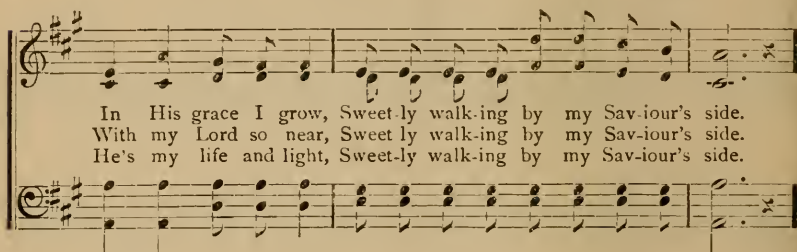
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. O what hap - pi - ness, O what peace I know, Sweet - ly walk - ing
 2. At the break of day, Or at noon - time clear, Sweet - ly walk - ing
 3. At the ev - en - tide, Or in dark - est night, Sweet - ly walk - ing

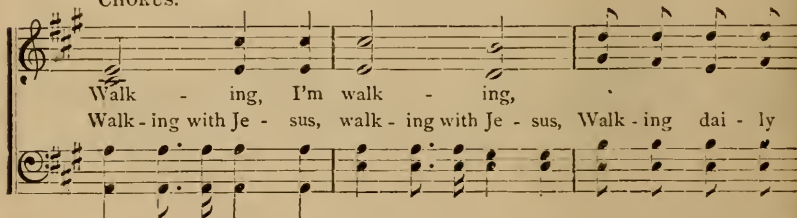


by my Sav - iour's side, In His love di - vine,
 by my Sav - iour's side, I find hap - pi - ness,
 by my Sav - iour's side, I have per - fect peace,

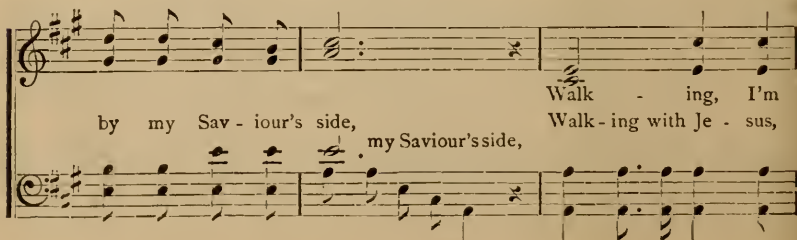


In His grace I grow, Sweet - ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.
 With my Lord so near, Sweet - ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.
 He's my life and light, Sweet - ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.

CHORUS.



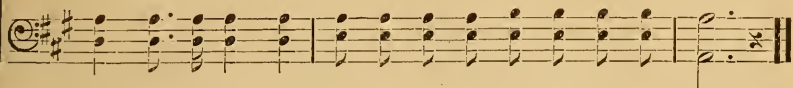
Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing,
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing dai - ly



by my Sav - iour's side, my Saviour's side,
 Walk - ing, I'm
 Walk - ing with Je - sus,



walk - ing, Walk-ing where no harm can e'er be - tide.
walk-ing with Je - sus,



THERE IS A BRIGHT AND HAPPY HOME.

Adapted.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There is a bright and hap-py home, Where all is joy and glad-ness,
2. This life is oft - en cloud-ed o'er, With tear-ful hours of sor-row,
3. There, all our fears are laid to rest, And hush'd in all our weep-ing,
4. We hope to reach this hap-py home, Where there is no more weep-ing,



Where sin and sor-row may not come, Nor an-y thought of sad-ness.
And those we hold so dear to-day, May go from us to-mor-row.
There, troub-led hearts find sweet re- pose, Like lit-tle chil-dren sleep-ing.
But wait in pa-tience God's own time, We still are in His keep-ing.



D.S.—Where we shall dwell in God's own light, For ev-er and for-ev-er.



We love to think of that sweet home, Where death can part us nev-er,



TELL IT TO JESUS IN PRAYER.

FRANK J. CROSBY.

D. F. M., by per.



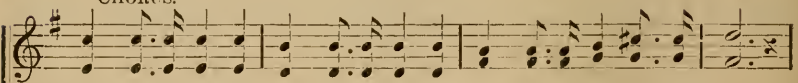
1. If thy life is filled with sor-row, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer;
2. If the host of sin sur-round thee, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer;
3. Would you have your bur-den light - er, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer;



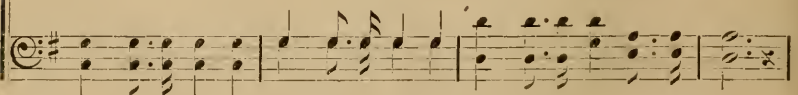
If there comes no glad to - mor-row, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer.
 If thy heart would gain the vic - t'ry, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer.
 Would you have your days grow bright-er, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer.



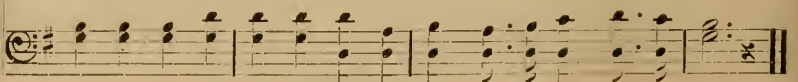
CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus; Tell it to Je - sus in prayer;



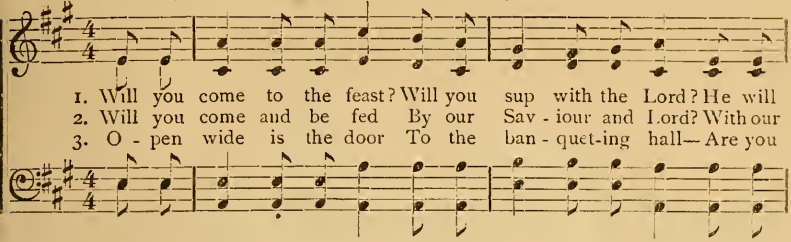
If there comes no glad to - mor-row, Tell it to Je - sus in prayer.



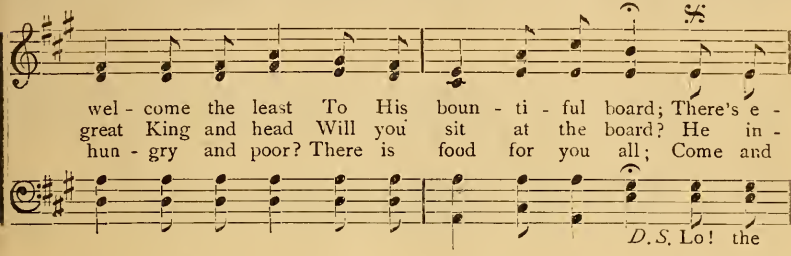
WILL YOU COME TO THE FEAST?

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

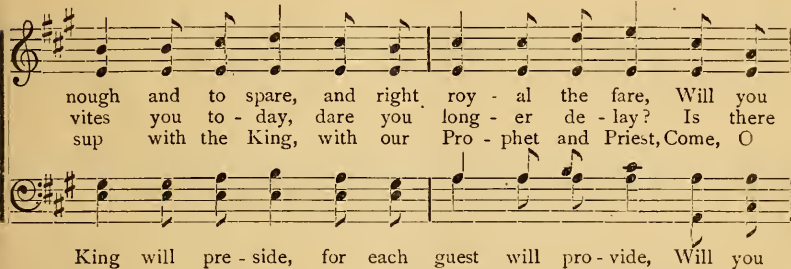


1. Will you come to the feast? Will you sup with the Lord? He will
2. Will you come and be fed By our Sav - iour and Lord? With our
3. O - pen wide is the door To the ban - quet - ing hall— Are you



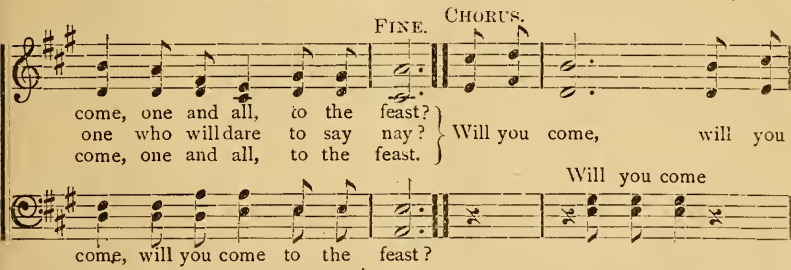
wel - come the least To His boun - ti - ful board; There's e -
great King and head Will you sit at the board? He in -
hun - gry and poor? There is food for you all; Come and

D.S. Lo! the



nough and to spare, and right roy - al the fare, Will you
vites you to - day, dare you long - er de - lay? Is there
sup with the King, with our Pro - phet and Priest, Come, O

King will pre - side, for each guest will pro - vide, Will you

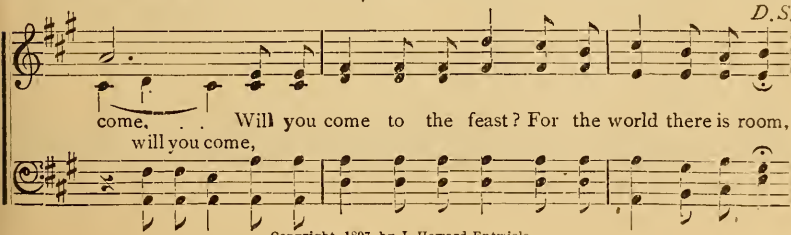


FINE. CHORUS.

come, one and all, to the feast?
one who will dare to say nay? } Will you come, will you
come, one and all, to the feast. }

Will you come

come, will you come to the feast?



D.S.

come, Will you come to the feast? For the world there is room,
will you come,

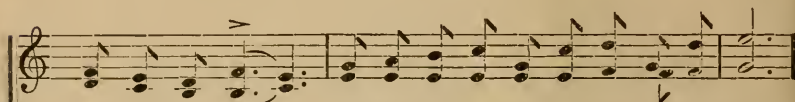
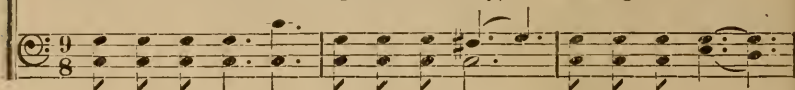
GLIDING AWAY.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

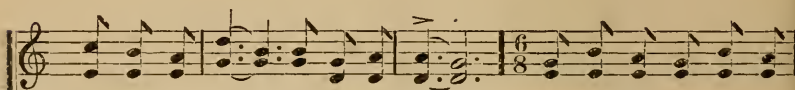
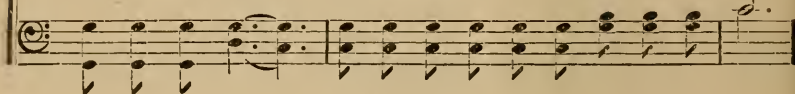
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



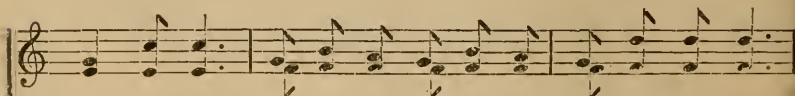
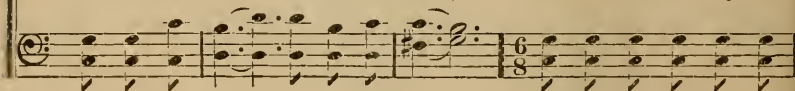
1. Beau - ti - ful white clouds drift - ing a - way, Un - der the blue,
 2. Beau - ti - ful white forms glid - ing a - way, O - ver the sea,
 3. Beau - ti - ful man - sions bright - er than day, Wait - ing for me,



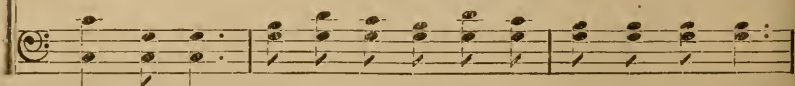
un - der the blue, Drift - ing a - way, at the clos - ing of day,
 o - ver the sea, Glid - ing a - way to the heav - en - ly shore,
 wait - ing for me, Beau - ti - ful fac - es that glid - ed a - way,

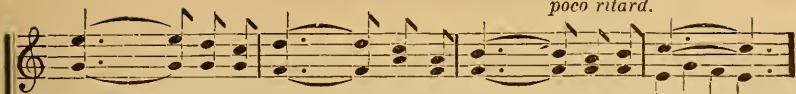


Hid - den from view, hid - den from view; Float - ing a - way from our
 Hid - den from me, hid - den from me; Sail - ing a - way from our
 There I shall see, there I shall see; Ne'er to be tossed by the



rap - tured sight, Tinged by the glow of the fast fad - ing light,
 mor - tal sight, Out of the shad - ow and in - to the light,
 wind or tides, Rest - ing in peace that for - ev - er a - bides,

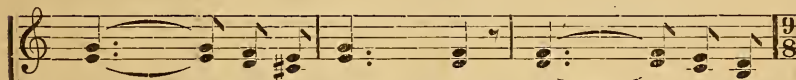
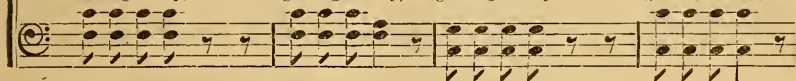


poco ritard.

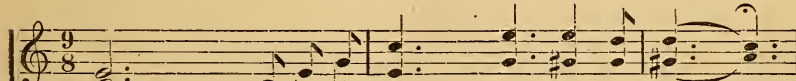
Tinged..... by the glow..... of the fast..... fad-ing light.....
 Out..... of the shad - ow and in - to the light.....
 Rest - ing in peace..... that for - ev - er a - bides.....
 Tinged by the glow of the fast fad-ing light, Tinged by the glow of the fast fading light.
 Out of the shad-ow and in - to the light, Out of the shad-ow and in - to the light.
 Rest-ing in peace that for - ev - er a-bides, Resting in peace that for - ev - er a-bides.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

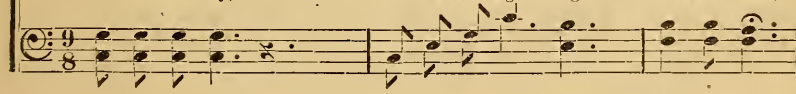
Glid - ing a - way;..... glid - ing a - way;.....
 Glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way,



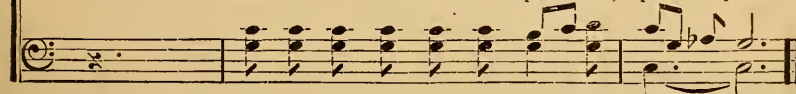
O - ver the storm line in - to the line
 O-ver the storm, line in - to the bay, o - ver the storm line



bay; Sor-row and sigh - ing there shall cease,
 in - to the bay; Sor-row and sigh - ing there shall cease,

*Ritard.*

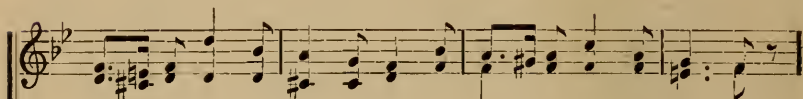
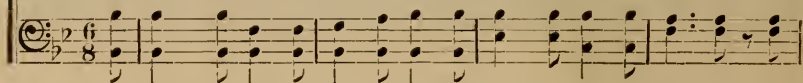
Beau - ti - ful ha - ven of per - fect peace.....
 Beau - ti - ful ha - ven of per - fect, per - fect peace.



ADAM GEIBEL.



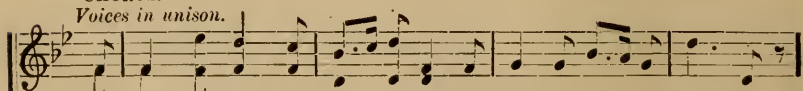
1. This world has noth-ing sweet or fair, Nor love - ly form of beau - ty, That
2. When morn-ing paints the ros - y sky, When rise the gold-en sun-beams; My
3. And when the moonlight soft-ly steals, And heav'n, its eyes re-veal - ing; I
4. Sweet is the note the song-bird sings, And sweet is mu - sic's quiv-'ring; But



tells me not of Christ my King, The source from whence they're springing.
 Sav - iour dear, Thy name I praise, Thou source of all my bless - ings.
 know that He who made the light, Is still more brightly shin - ing.
 sweet-er far Thy sav - ing name, Blest Lord and King and Sav - iour,



CHORUS.

Voices in unison.

There's noth-ing in this world to me, So dear, so pure, so pre - cious;

*Voices in harmony.*

Not life it - self so sweet can be, As is the name of Je - sus



THE WANDERERS ARE COMING HOME.

67

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Re-joice, re-joice with an-gels bright, The wand'ers are com-ing home,
2. Won by the Fa-ther's boundless love, The wand'ers are com-ing home,
3. From thorn-y paths their feet have pressed, The wand'ers are com-ing home,
4. From sin's de-file ment pur - i - fied, The wand'ers are com-ing home,



From dark-ness turn-ing to the light, The wand'ers are com-ing home.
 The rich-es of His grace to prove, The wand'ers are com-ing home.
 To share sal - vation's peace and rest, The wand'ers are com-ing home.
 Cleansed by the blood of Him who died, The wand'ers are com-ing home.



CHORUS.



Com-ing home! com-ing home! The wan d'ers are com-ing home; .



Re-joice, re-joice with an-gels bright, The wand'ers are com-ing home.



O BLESSED HOPE.

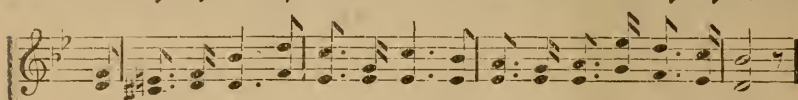
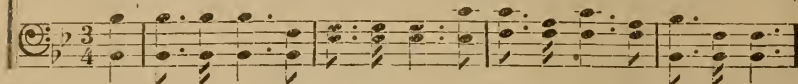
E. E. HEWITT.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

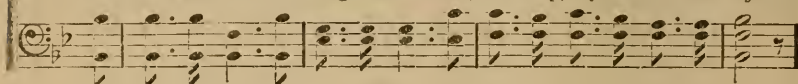
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



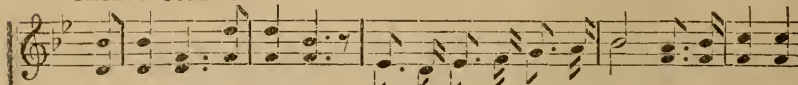
1. O bless-ed hope so dear, so bright, It cheers the watches of the night;
2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face;
3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass away;
4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime;



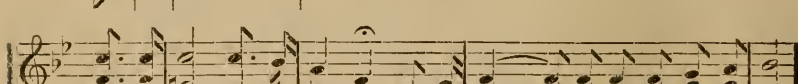
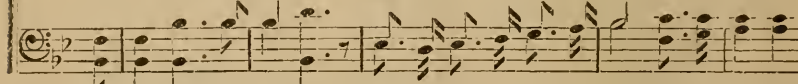
It wakes a song with-in the soul, Till heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs roll.
 He'll own me ev-er-more as his, And I shall see him as he is.
 His spot-less beau-ty I shall wear, His per-fect joy and glo-ry share.
 The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him rejoice!



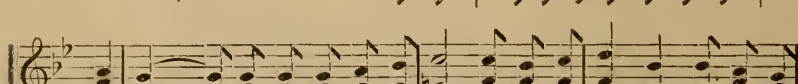
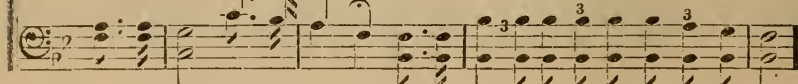
CHORUS. 1 JOHN iii. 2.



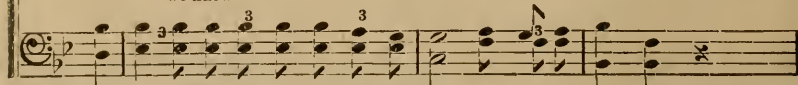
Be-lov-ed, be-lov-ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not



yet appear what we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear,
 we know



We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be
 we know



poco ritard.

like him; For we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is;

a tempo.

We know that when he shall appear, We know that when he shall appear,
we know we know

We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is.

MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

(MAITLAND. C. M.)

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

• No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Close to the fount-ain of bless - ing, Close to the dear Mas-ter's feet,
 2. Close to the fount-ain of mer - cy, Close to the stream's gentle flow,
 3. There at the fount-ain of bless - ing, Stood I in deep-est de - spair,

All of my sins now con-fess - ing I. wait for His par - don sweet.
 Near to that grand, flow-ing riv - er, My heart yearneth now to go.
 Close by the fount, -blessed vis - ion—My Sav-iour was stand - ing there!

There at the fount-ain I lin - ger, Wea-ry and tired of sin,
 Earn - est-ly long-ing for com - fort, Cov-ered all o - ver with sin,
 "Sure - ly my child, thou art faith - ful, Earn-est-ly striv-ing to win.

rit.

In - to the flood, the soul-cleansing blood, O help me to en - ter in!
 In - to the flood, the soul-cleansing blood, O help me to en - ter in!
 In - to the flood, the soul-cleansing blood, I'll help thee to en - ter in!

CHORUS.

Help me in! Help me in! In - to the soul-cleansing fount - ain,
 Help me in, O bless - ed Sav - iour,

Where I may wash, may wash and be clean, O help me to en - ter in!

THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Changing the night in - to day,
 2. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Shin - ing from por - tals - a - bove,
 3. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Shine in our lives ev - er - more,

Shed in our hearts Thy bright ra-diance, Sweet-ly il - lu-mine our way.
 When all a-round us is dark-ness, Send us a gleam of Thy love.
 May we re-lect Thy ef - ful-geance, As we have nev - er be - fore.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun - shine, Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine;

Sun - shine, sun - shine, Sweet - ly il - lu - mine our way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the morning, hap - py morn - ing, That will break on yon - der shore,
 2. O the morning, bliss - ful morn - ing, That from ev - 'ry care is free,
 3. O the morning, gold - en morn - ing, We shall see it by and by,

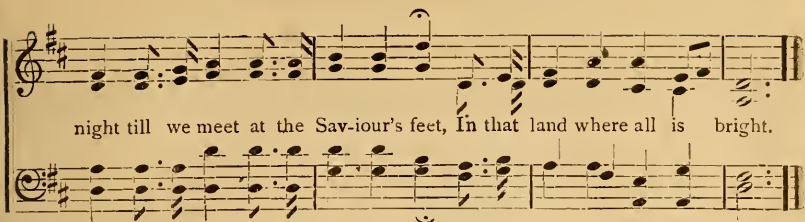
When the march of life is end - ed, And our har - vest work is o'er;
 And for - ev - er with our Sav - iour, And Re - deem - er we shall be;
 Faith be - holds it in the dis - tance, And its draw - ing draw - eth nigh.

When we stand a - mid the gloaming, And our hearts with joy are bright,
 When the sil - ver chord is bro - ken, And our spir - its wing their flight,
 Here we part, for time is fleet - ing, Ev - er fad - ing from our sight,

While we say to those a - round us, With a lov - ing smile, Good night.
 On - ly paus - ing till our dear ones Catch the lov - ing words, Good night.
 But in yon - der hap - py mor - row We shall nev - er say, Good night.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

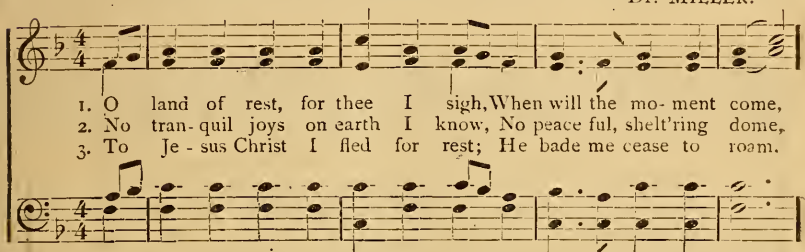
Good night, good night, Till we meet in the morning light. Good
 Good night, good night, good night,



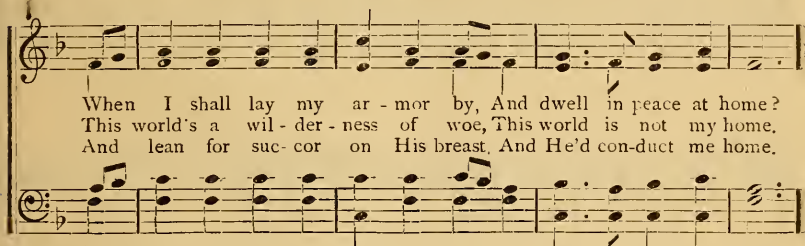
night till we meet at the Sav-iour's feet, In that land where all is bright.

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. MILLER.

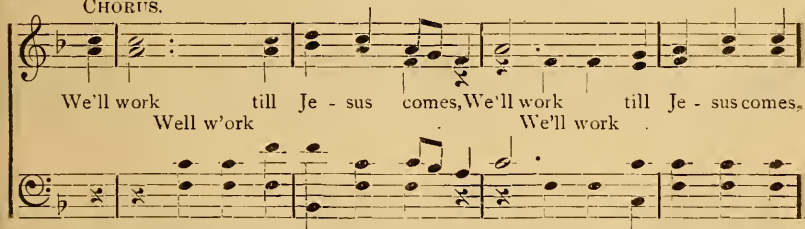


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace ful, shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam.

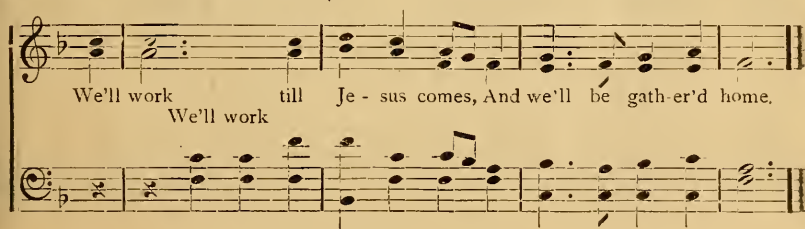


When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd con-duct me home.

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
Well w'ork We'll work



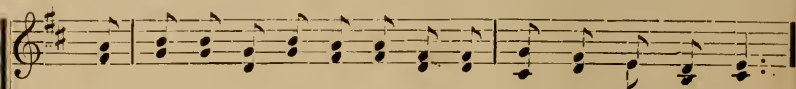
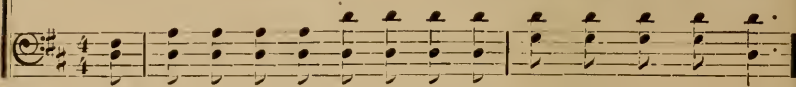
We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home,
We'll work

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

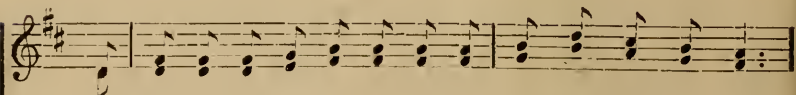
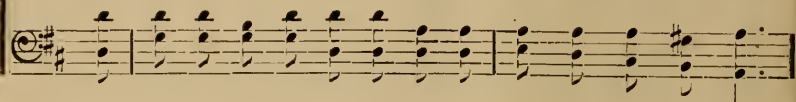
CHAS. II. GABRIEL.



1. O watchman pac - ing Zi - on's hills, what ti - dings from a - far?
2. Lo, yon - der heav-en's por - tal opes—e - ter - ni - ty's in view,
3. O cit - y, set up - on a hill, hide not thine orb of light!



Lo, thro' the shad-ows dark and chill, breaks forth the Morn - ing Star!
 Old things are van - ish - ing a - way, and all be - com - ing new!
 Shine forth un - til it pierce the bounds of earth's re - mot - est night;



The dawn of im - mor - tal - i - ty is ope - ning on mine eye;
 The King of kings sub - du - eth all His foes be - neath His feet,
 'Till na - tions, yet a - far be drawn to own Mes - si - ah King,



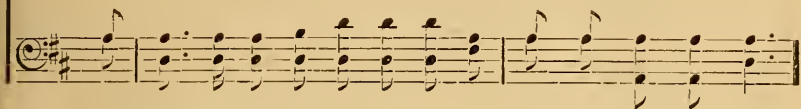
Wake, Zi - on, wake from out thy sleep, thy Lord, thy Lord is nigh!
 And summons thee, His blood-bought Bride, to share His roy - al seat.
 And thou, with joy, un - to thy Lord the whole cre - a - tion bring.



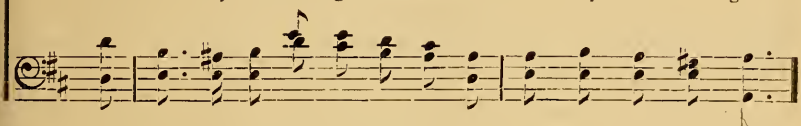
CHORUS.



O cit - y of the liv - ing God I hear His com - ing feet!



Put on thy robes of right-eousness, and rise thy Lord to greet.



The wine-press of His ag - o - ny for thee He trod a - lone,



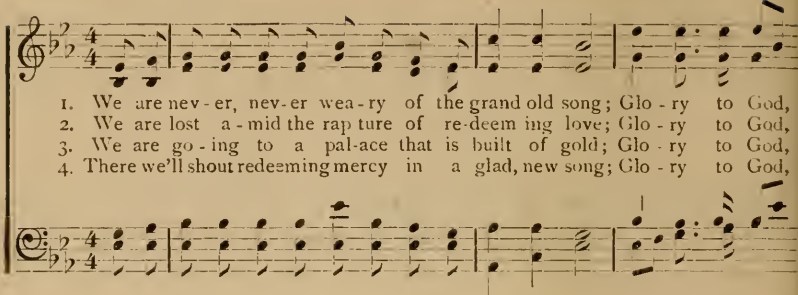
And now, tri-umph-ant o - ver death, He comes to claim His own.



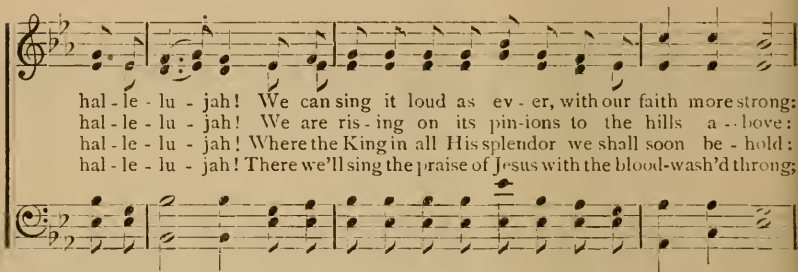
GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



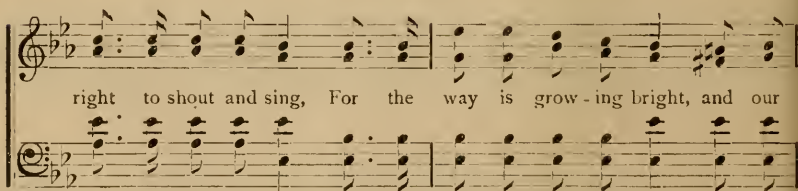
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to God,
 2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love; Glo - ry to God,
 3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to God,
 4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mercy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to God,



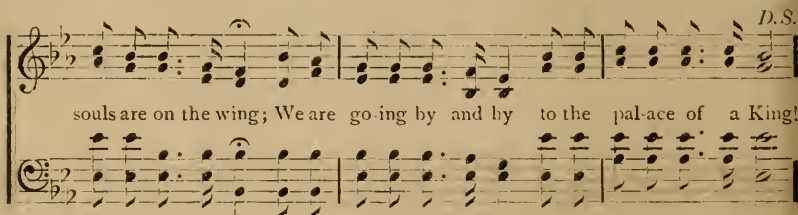
hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong;
 hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its pin - ions to the hills a - bove;
 hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be - hold;
 hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood - wash'd throng;



Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! O, the chil - dren of the Lord have a



right to shout and sing, For the way is grow - ing bright, and our



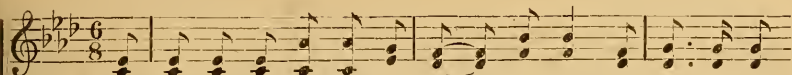
souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and by to the pal - ace of a King!

NEARING MY FATHER'S HOME.

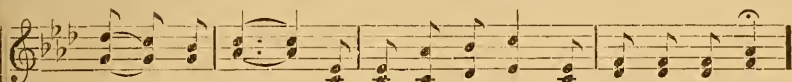
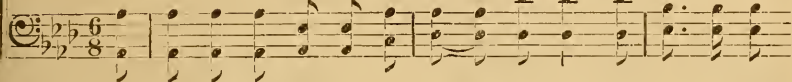
77

E. C. MACARTNEY.

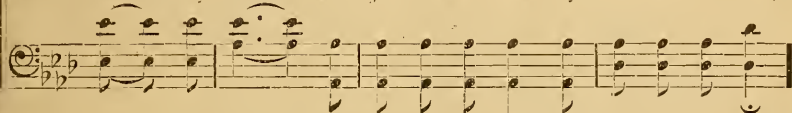
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I know I am near-ing my Fa - ther's home, That beau - ti - ful
2. I know I am near-ing the heav'n - ly goal His glo - ries I
3. I know I am near-ing the por - tals of light Its ra - diance is
4. I know I am near-ing the brink of life's stream, And though the dark



home so fair, Which all is so bright, for there is no night,
soon shall see, Sweet prais-es I'll sing, to Je - sus the King
shin-ing so clear. I'll - soon reach His side, where naught can be - tide
bil-lows may roll, Still Je - sus - is near, my faint heart to cheer,



CHORUS.



And I'll meet with the loved ones there.
And from sin I shall then be free.
And I shall have naught to fear.
He'll give peace to my troub-led soul.

In that hap-py home, that



blest hap-py home, Where all is so bright and fair, I'll sing the glad

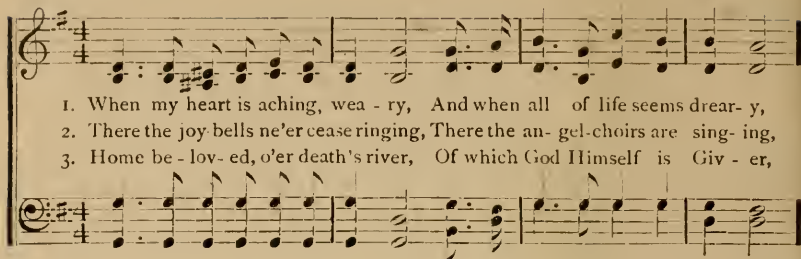


song, with all the sav-ed And rest from all pain and care.

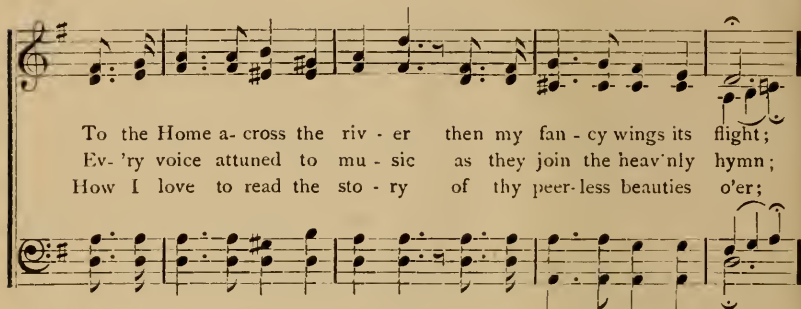


BIRDIE BELL.

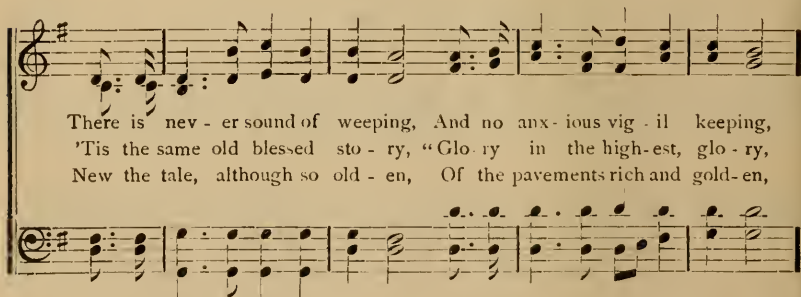
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



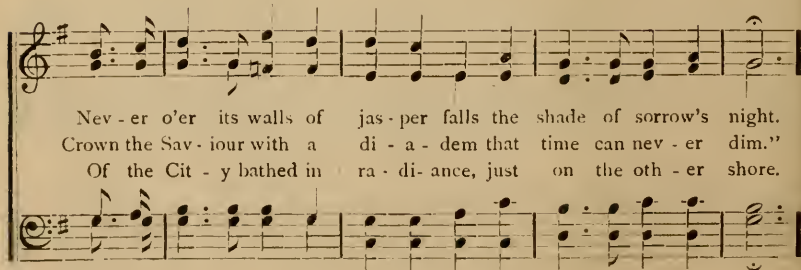
1. When my heart is aching, wea - ry, And when all of life seems drear - y,
 2. There the joy-bells ne'er cease ringing, There the an - gel-choirs are sing - ing,
 3. Home be - lov - ed, o'er death's river, Of which God Himself is Giv - er,



To the Home a - cross the riv - er then my fan - cy wings its flight;
 Ev-'ry voice attuned to mu - sic as they join the heav'nly hymn;
 How I love to read the sto - ry of thy peer-less beauties o'er;



There is nev - er sound of weeping, And no anx - ious vig - il keeping,
 'Tis the same old blessed sto - ry, "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry,
 New the tale, although so old - en, Of the pavements rich and gold - en,



Nev - er o'er its walls of jas - per falls the shade of sorrow's night.
 Crown the Sav - iour with a di - a - dem that time can nev - er dim."
 Of the Cit - y bathed in ra - di - ance, just on the oth - er shore.

CHORUS.

Heav'nly Home a - cross death's stream, Of thy
Heav'nly Home a - - cross death's stream,

glo - rious beauties oft I dream, Till I catch a dazzling
I dream,

ray from thy gates of day, From thy pearl - y gates of day.
of day.

4 Nevermore shall I be sighing,
And there will be no more dying,
Heaven's gate is but the entrance to a never-ending life;
There is joy for all our sorrow,
In the blest and longed for morrow,
There my heart will rest in quiet after this world's empty strife.

5 O my soul, be patient ever,
And be earnest thine endeavor,
To do work for Christ thy Master as the moments speed away;
In His own time He will call thee
Where no ill can e'er befall thee,
To the City of the faithful just beyond the gates of day.

REAP WHAT WE'VE SOWN.

F. M. D.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. The King in His glo - ry will come by and by; The day and the
 2. O what shall we an - swer the King when He comes, And calls for the
 3. Then let us look well to the seed that we sow, And sow for the

hour is un - known; O how will it fare with me and thee, When He
 har - vest we've grown? O will it be naught but leaves we bring, When He
 Mas - ter a - lone, That when He shall call the "Harvest Home," Then re-

CHORUS.

calls us to reap what we've sown? Reap.....what we've sown,.....
 calls us to reap what we've sown? Reap what we've sown, reap what we've sown,
 joicing we'll reap what we've sown.

Reap..... what we've sown,..... Reap..... what we've sown,
 Reap what we've sown, reap what we've sown, Reap what we've sown,

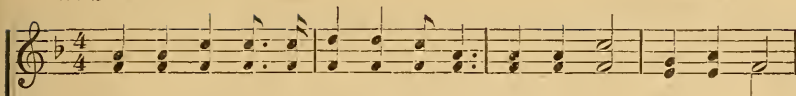
sown,..... When He calls us to reap what we've sown?
 reap what we've sown,
Last verse only—Then re - joic - ing we'll reap what we've sown.

THERE IS ONE.

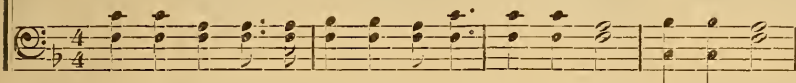
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W. S. W.

W. S. WEEDEN.



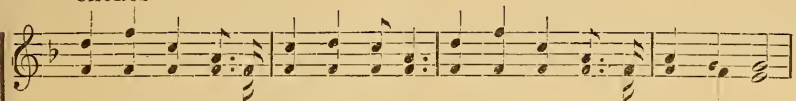
1. There is One to our hearts most precious, There is One, there is One.
2. There is One who is high and ho - ly, There is One, there is One.
3. Though 'tis dark there is One who sees us, There is One, there is One.
4. There is One who's a friend for - ev - er, There is One, there is One.



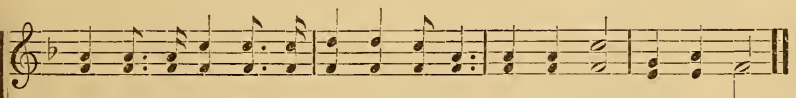
Who knoweth all of our soul's dis-tress-es, There is One, there is One.
 In mer-cy stoops to the sad and low - ly, There is One, there is One.
 And from the per - ils of sin He frees us, There is One, there is One.
 Who will for-sake His be - lov - ed nev - er, There is One, there is One.



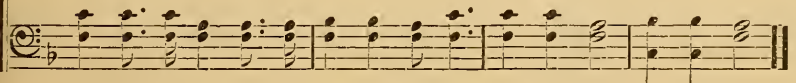
CHORUS.



Je - sus sends us our ev - 'ry blessing, He will keep till the bat - tle's done,



O there is One who will al - ways triumph, There is One, there is One.



THE GRACIOUS CALL.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Feelingly.

1. From the glo - rious heav'n - ly arch - es Comes the
 2. "Do you thirst for liv - ing wa - ter, Are you
 3. "Come, O, sin - ner to the fount - ain, Come, re-

gra - cious call to - day; O heed the voice so gent - ly
 wea - ry— tired of sin? Then come to Me, I will re -
 fresh thy soul and live, Re - fresh - ing streams are ev - er

call - ing, Hear the bless - ed Sav - iour say—
 ceive you, I will bid you en - ter in!"
 flow - ing, Free - ly drink of Me and live!"

CHORUS.

Con Spirito.

"Free-ly drink, . . . drink and live, Ev-er last-ing life re-ceive,
Freely drink, drink and live, re-ceive,

Come ye souls that thirst for liv-ing wa - ter, Freely drink of me and live, and live.
Freely drink of me and live.
Freely drink and live.

JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Je - sus! Name of wondrous love ! Name all oth - er names a - bove !
2. Je - sus! Name of price-less worth To the fall - en sons of earth,
3. Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child,

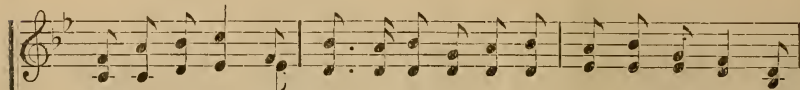
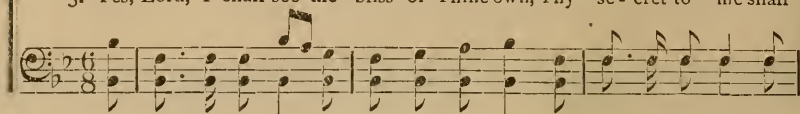
Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
For the prom - ise that it gave— "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.

C. W.

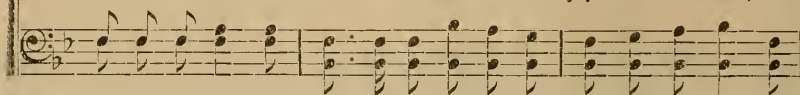
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O what shall I do my Sav-iour to praise, So faith-ful and true, so
2. How hap - py the man whose heart is set free, The peo - ple that can be
3. Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own, Thy se - cret to me shall



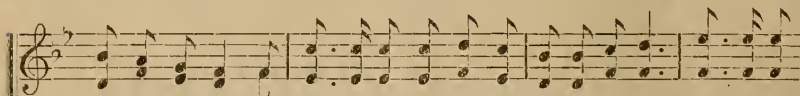
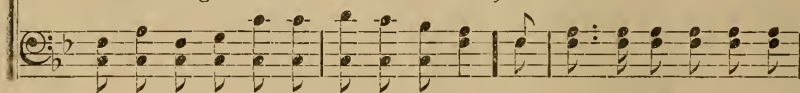
plent'ous in grace, So strong to de - liv - er, so good to re - deem, The
joy - ful in Thee! Their joy is to walk in the light of His face, And
soon be made known; For sor - row and sad ness I joy shall re - ceive, And



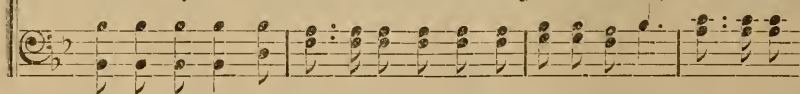
CHORUS.



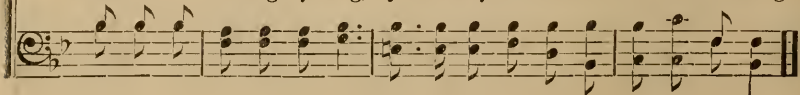
weakest be - liev - er that hangs up - on Him. } I'll give Him my worship, my
talk of His in - fi - nite won - der - ful grace. }
share in the gladness of all that be - lieve. }



ser - vice, my all, His name I will laud, and His goodness ex - tol; Praise Him for -



ev - er, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Re - deem - er, and King.




WORK AND PRAY TOGETHER.


85

F. J. C.

D. F. M., by per.




1. We must work and pray to - geth - er In the vine-yard of the Lord;
 2. We must work and pray to - geth - er, Ev - er for the cause of right;
 3. We must work and pray to - geth - er, Cour-age strong to dare and do;

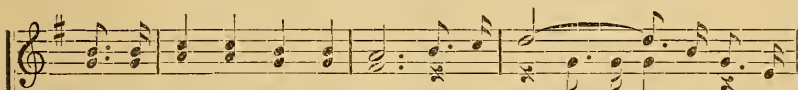


God has giv - en us the weap - on In His own most ho - ly word.
 We must fight the host of e - vil, We shall con-quer in God's might.
 We must save our fal - len broth - er, We must to our cause be true.

CHORUS.



We must work..... as well as pray
 We must work as well as pray



In the glo-rious work be - gun; We must work..... as well as
 We must work



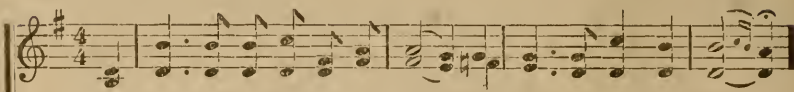
pray as well as pray Till the vic - to - ry is won.

AT MY REDEEMER'S FEET.

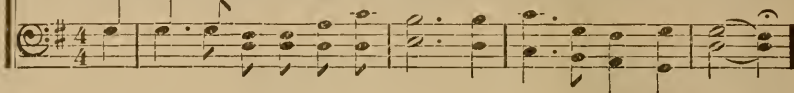
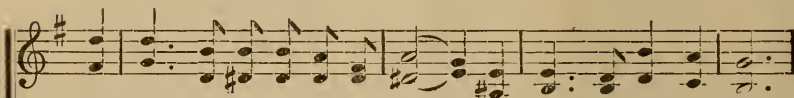
(SOLO OR QUARTET WITH CHORUS.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

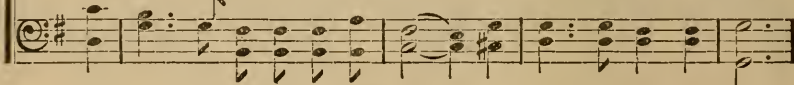
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



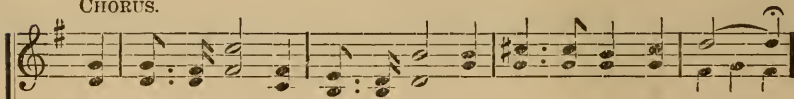
1. I ask not for the highest place, But find a spot more sweet,
 2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re - treat,
 3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin - est of the wheat,
 4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,

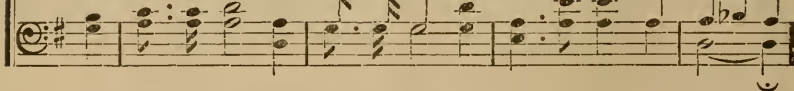
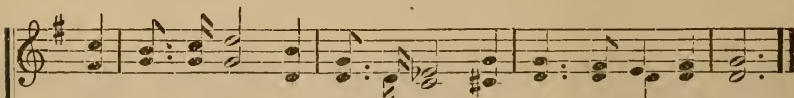
Where God bestows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 No storm can ev - er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I live in heaven's bor-der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.



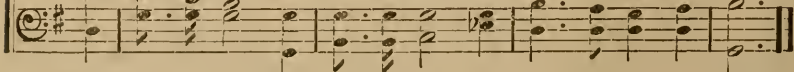
CHORUS.



Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com - plete;

My high-est place is ly - ing low, At my Re-deem-er's feet.



REDEMPTION.

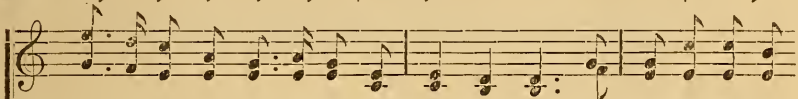
87

ISAIAH TOY.

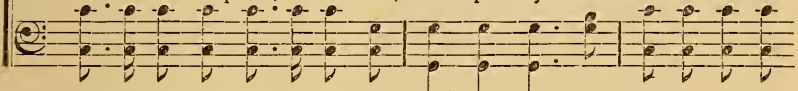

J. LINCOLN HALL.




1. A sin - ner though I am, Of dark - est, deep - est shade, A
 2. This love in - ef - fa - ble My heart hath pre - pos - sessed, And
 3. 'Well might ser - aph - ic tongues Be mute, with sa - cred awe; And
 4. Heav'n's un - ex - am - pled love To man, in Christ dis - played, Shall

righteousness I claim, My own thro' Je - sus made. Unnumber'd worlds could
 filled my fer - vid soul With wonder un - ex - press'd; For tho't or word seeks
 heav'n's sub - lim - est songs Suspend, while an - gels saw A glimpse of what could
 end - less won - der prove, Unfathomed, un - por - trayed. E - ter - nal love! The





not a - tone, But Je - sus bore my sins a - lone, But
 but in vain The ho - ly mys - t'ry to ex - plain, The
 not be told, Nor can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold, Nor
 Of - fended dies To bring the of - fender to the skies, To




CHORUS.

Saved, Saved;




Je - sus bore my sins a - lone.
 ho - ly mys - t'ry to ex - plain.
 can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold.
 bring the offender to the skies.


Saved, O yes, I'm saved, Saved, O yes, I'm saved;



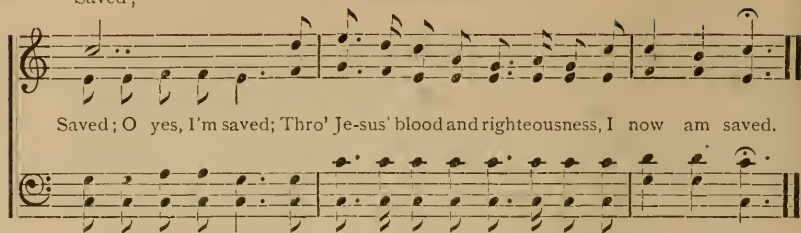
Saved,



Thro' Je - sus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved: Saved, O yes, I'm saved,



Saved;

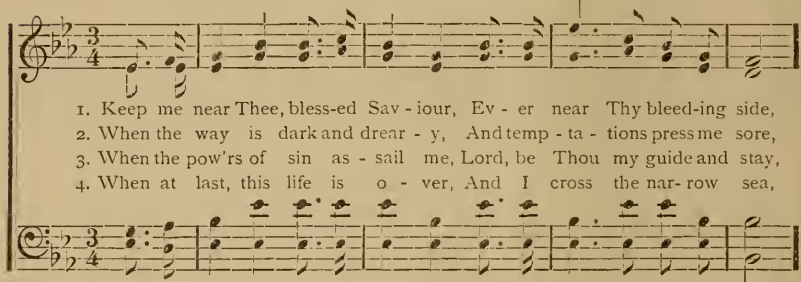


Saved; O yes, I'm saved; Thro' Je-sus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved.

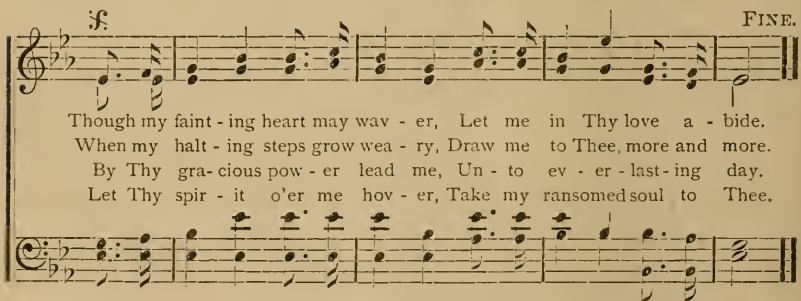
KEEP ME NEAR THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Keep me near Thee, bless-ed Sav-iour, Ev-er near Thy bleed-ing side,
2. When the way is dark and drear-y, And temp-ta-tions press me sore,
3. When the pow'rs of sin as-sail me, Lord, be Thou my guide and stay,
4. When at last, this life is o-ver, And I cross the nar-row sea,

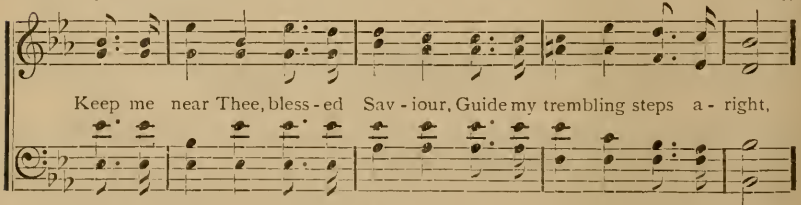


Though my faint-ing heart may wav-er, Let me in Thy love a-bide.
 When my halt-ing steps grow wea-ry, Draw me to Thee, more and more.
 By Thy gra-cious pow-er lead me, Un-to ev-er-last-ing day.
 Let Thy spir-it o'er me hov-er, Take my ransomed soul to Thee.

D.S.—Show to me Thy gra-cious fa-vor, Cheer my way with heavenly light.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Keep me near Thee, bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide my trembling steps a-right,

JUST APPROACH IT WITH A SONG.

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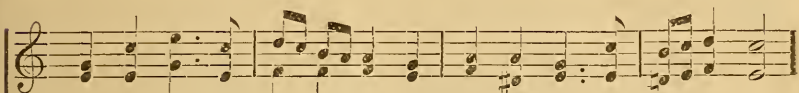
BIRDIE BELL.

Cheerily.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. When you come to snares and pit-falls, When temp-ta-tions round you throng;
2. Glad-ly take each joy that's off-er'd, Ev-'ry smile that comes a-long;
3. Trust in God, He'll keep you ev-er, He will help you conquer wrong;
4. Do not fear the tempter's pow-er, Faint not, tho' the road is long;



Brave-ly meet each threat'ning danger, Just ap-proach it with a song.
 Then when grief stands in your pathway, Just ap-proach it with a song.
 Do not flinch at sight of dan-ger, Just ap-proach it with a song.
 God will help you meet each per-il, Just ap-proach it with a song.



CHORUS.



Gath-er up each joy and blessing, Ev-'ry hour of bliss pro-long;

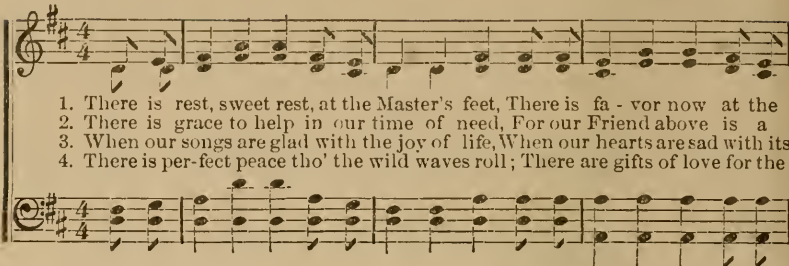


In God's strength meet sin or sor-row, Just ap-proach it with a song.

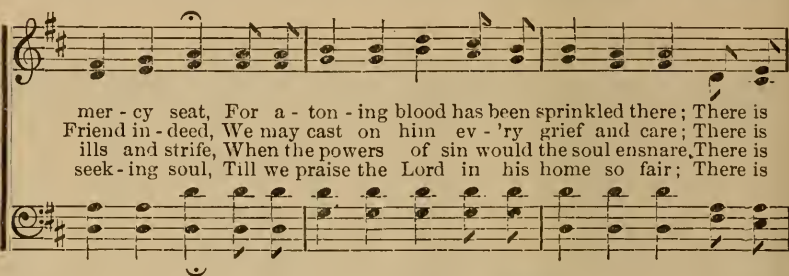


E. E. HEWITT.

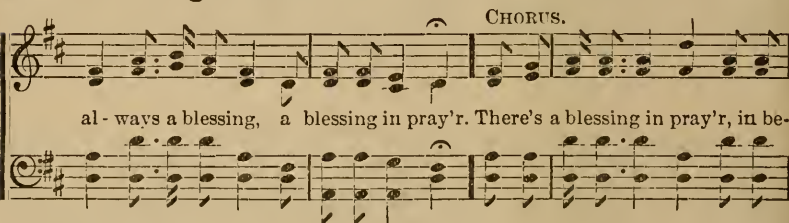
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend above is a
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
 4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

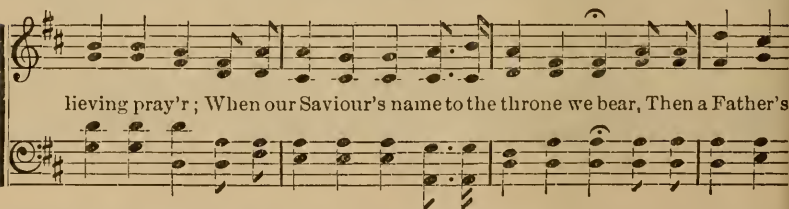


mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
 Friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
 ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair; There is

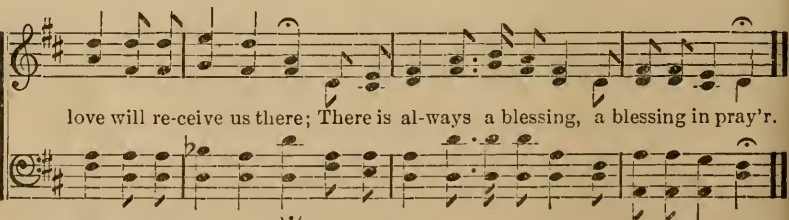


CHORUS.

al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be -



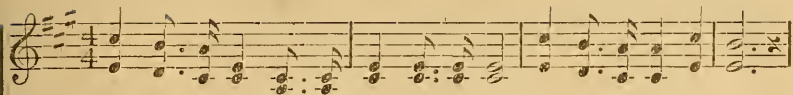
lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's



love will re - ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

F. M. D.

F. M. D., by per.



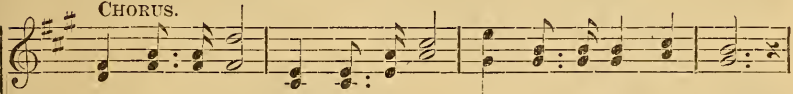
1. Out from the high-ways and by-ways of sin, Out from the storm and cold,
2. Bring them to Je - sus from pal - ace and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
3. Gath - er them in, jew - els bright for His crown, Gather them in to - day;



Gath - er the lambs that are stray - ing a - way, In - to the Shepherd's fold.
 He will receive them as He did of old, Guid - ing their lit - tle feet.
 Gath - er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the nar - row way.



CHORUS.



Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Out from the storm and cold;

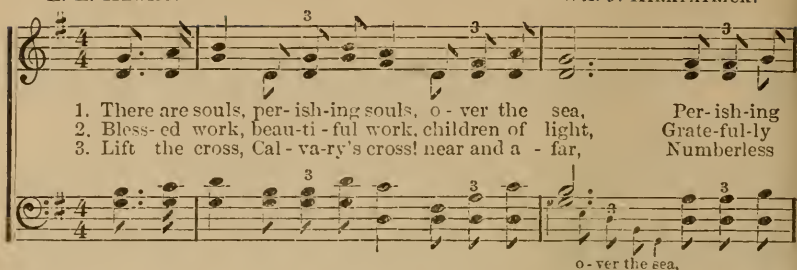


Gath - er the lambs that are stray - ing a - way, In - to the Shepherd's fold.



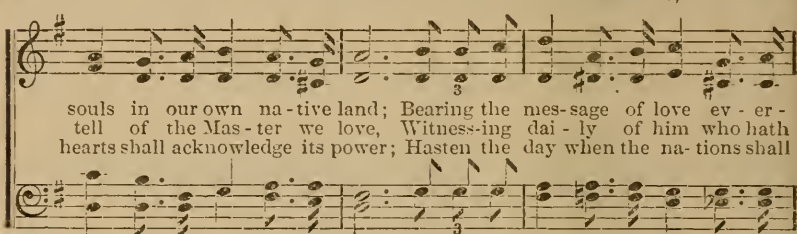
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There are souls, per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea, Per-ish-ing
 2. Bless-ed work, beau-ti-ful work, children of light, Grate-ful-ly
 3. Lift the cross, Cal-va-ry's cross! near and a-far, Numberless

o-ver the sea,

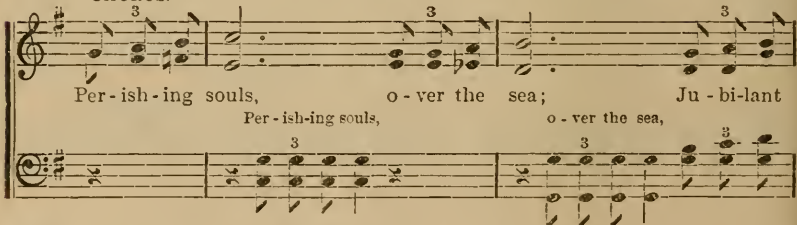


souls in our own na-tive land; Bearing the mes-sage of love ev-er-
 tell of the Mas-ter we love, Witness-ing dai-ly of him who hath
 hearts shall acknowledge its power; Hasten the day when the na-tions shall

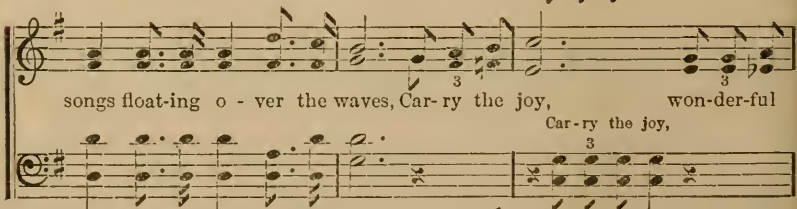


last-ing and free, Let us reach them a kind, help-ing hand.
 scat-tered our night, And pre-pares us for man-sions a-bove.
 fol-low his star, Hail the dawn of the bright, gold-en hour.

CHORUS.



Per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea; Ju-bi-lant
 Per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea,



songs float-ing o-ver the waves, Car-ry the joy, won-der-ful
 Car-ry the joy,

joy, Car-ry the news, glo-rious news, Je - sus saves.....
 Won-der-ful joy, Je - sus saves.

I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow, }
 { World - ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav-iour whol - ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-render all, I sur-render all,
 I sur-render all, I sur-render all, I sur-render all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur-ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee,
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name!

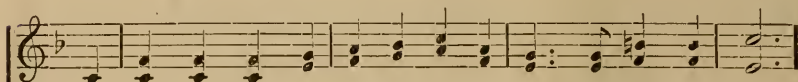
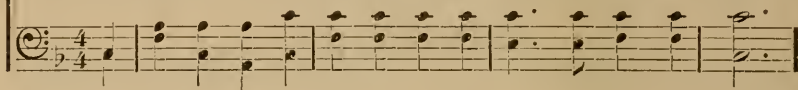
REDEMPTION'S SONG.

J. H. E.

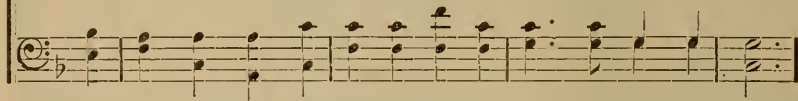
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



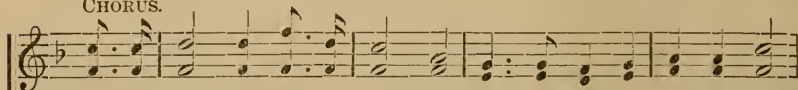
1. O joy - ous day that fixed my heart, On Thee, my Sav - iour, dear,
2. Tho' strangely won by sin - ful love, My foot - prints deep in sin,
3. He welcomed me with smil - ing face, And sweet - ly bid me stay;
4. And so, thro' all my length of days, I'll ren - der praise to Him,
5. And when at last my jour - ney's o'er, When earth - ly cares are gone,



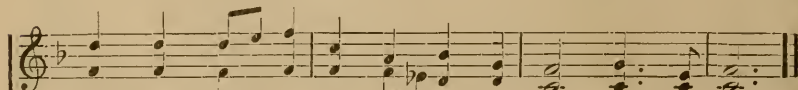
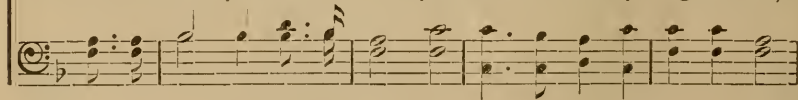
O hap - py mo - ment, gladsome thought, That made my path - way clear.
 I heard the mes - sage from a - bove, And hast - ened back to Him.
 From such a throne of sav - ing grace, O may I nev - er stray.
 Who guid - eth me in all my ways, And keeps me pure with - in.
 I'll sing with loved ones on that shore, The glad Re - demp - tion Song.



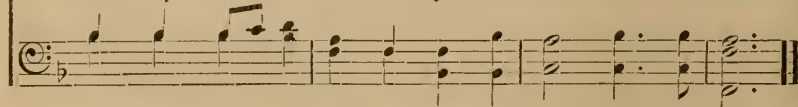
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ev - er - more my song shall be,



All my sins were laid on Je - sus, I've been re deemed!

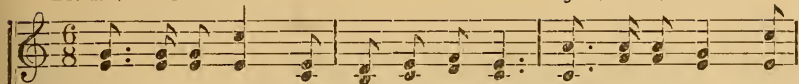


BEAUTIFUL CITY.

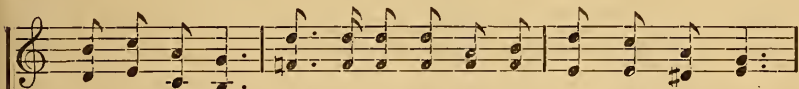
95

Dr. HEINRICH BATSCHURE.

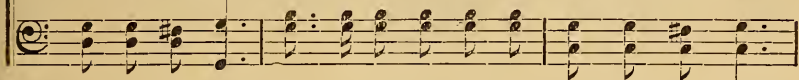
J. LINCOLN HALL.



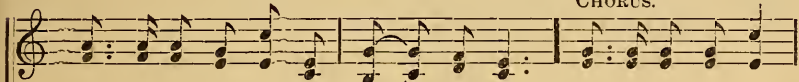
1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, bless - ed and fair, Beau - ti - ful coun - try,
2. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, love - ly thy light, Beau - ti - ful cit - y—
3. Beau - ti - ful home when shall we be there, Beau - ti - ful land, thy



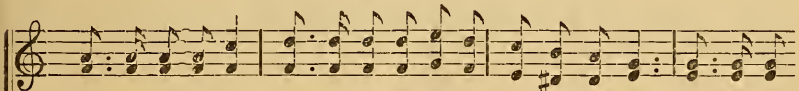
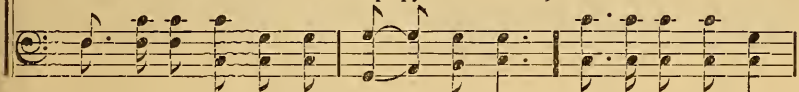
treas - ures most rare, Beau - ti - ful land, who thy glo - ries can tell—
nev - er 'tis night, Beau - ti - ful man - sion pre - pared there for me;
hap - pi - ness share, Beau - ti - ful cit - y we long for thy rest,



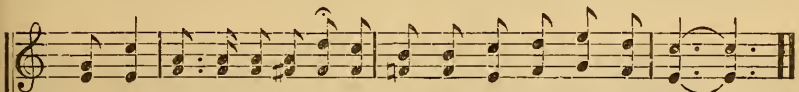
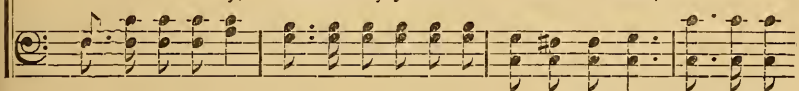
CHORUS.



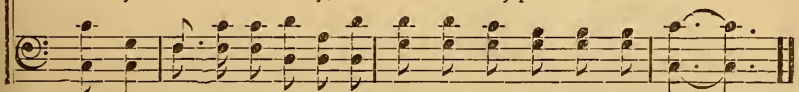
With the re - deem'd ones we there shall dwell.
O how I long thy rich beau - ties to see. } Beau - ti - ful cit - y,
There with the Sav - iour be hap - py and blest.



beau - ti - ful cit - y, Fashioned by Je - sus the build - er di - vine; Beau - ti - ful



cit - y, beau - ti - ful cit - y, O when shall thy pleas - ures be mine.



IDA L. REED.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Till my Fath-er bids me come To the rest a-wait-ing me, To my
 2. Till my Fath-er bids me come Let me fill the pass-ing days, Each with
 3. Till my Fath-er bids me come Let me wait Hisho - ly will, Toil - ing

bless-ed, hap-py home Let me tar-ry pa-tient-ly; Fret-ting not, tho' days are
 ten-der deeds of love, Songs of joy, of trust and praise, By His bless-ed aid di-
 for Him ev-er - more, Watching for His com-ing still. When He bids me come at

long, Work-ing for His king-dom fair, Sing-ing hope's sweet, happy song,
 vine, Let me spread a-broad love's light, Till the world a-bout me shine
 last, Hap-py, hap-py I shall be, All my wait-ing, toil - ing, past

CHORUS.

Till He calls me o - ver there.
 With it's ra - di - ance so bright. } Till my Fath - er bids me come, Let me
 When my bless - ed home I see. }

ev-er pa-tient be, Do-ing all I can for Him, Till my happy home I see.

HE IS MY SAVIOUR DIVINE.

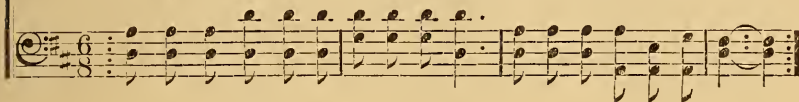
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IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



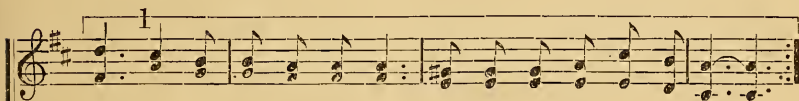
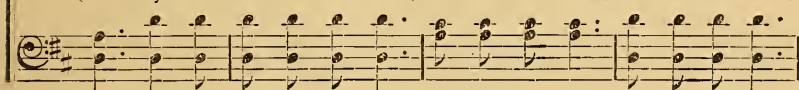
1. { Je - sus can cleanse from my heart every stain, He is my Sav-our di - vine,
Sin-ners sal - va - tion through Je - sus may gain, He is my Sav-our di - vine,
2. { Un - to the fall - en and wea - ry He came, He is my Sav-our di - vine,
Dy - ing; the sin - ful from ev - il to claim, He is my Sav-our di - vine,



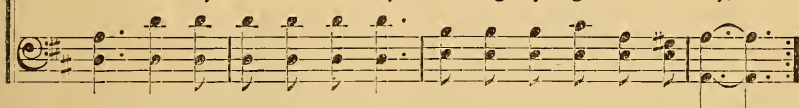
CHORUS.



- { Je - sus my Sav-our di - vine, Sav-our di - vine, Sav-our di - vine,
{ O may we ev - er be Thine, ev - er be Thine, ev - er be Thine,



Ban - ish my sor - row a - way, Turn - ing my night in - to day,



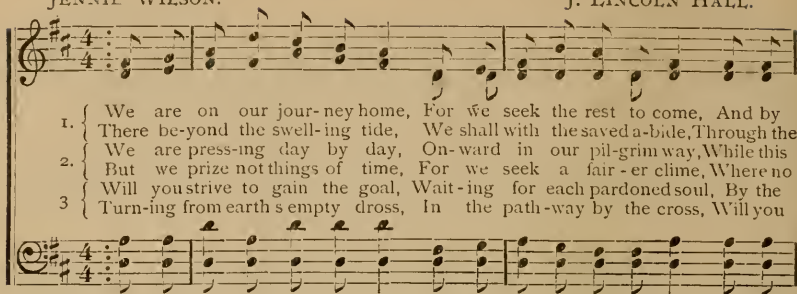
Je - sus my Sav-our di - vine, I would be Thine.



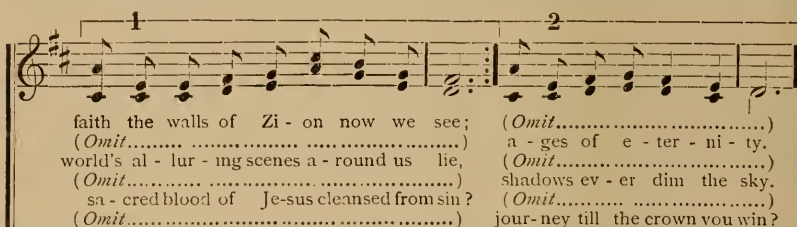
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Sunshine for shadow He ever will give,
He is my Saviour divine,
Blessings for all who His promise receive,
He is my Saviour divine.</p> | <p>4 Water for them that are thirsting is free,
He is my Saviour divine,
With the redeemed through His blood we
He is my Saviour divine. [may be,</p> |
|--|---|

JENNIE WILSON.

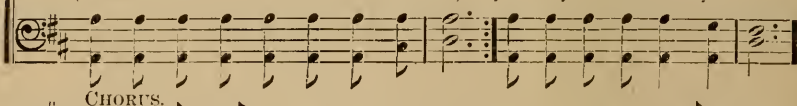
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. { We are on our jour-ney home, For we seek the rest to come, And by
There be-yond the swell-ing tide, We shall with the saved a-bide, Through the
2. { We are press-ing day by day, On-ward in our pil-grim way, While this
But we prize not things of time, For we seek a fair - er clime, Where no
3. { Will you strive to gain the goal, Wait-ing for each pardoned soul, By the
Turn-ing from earth's empty dross, In the path-way by the cross, Will you



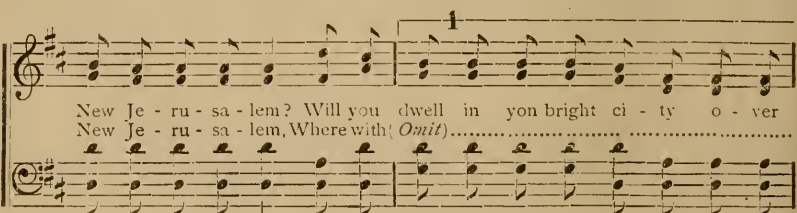
1
faith the walls of Zi - on now we see; (Omit.....)
(Omit.....) a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
world's al - lur - ing scenes a - round us lie, (Omit.....)
(Omit.....) shadows ev - er dim the sky.
sa - cred blood of Je - sus cleansed from sin? (Omit.....)
(Omit.....) jour-ney till the crown you win?



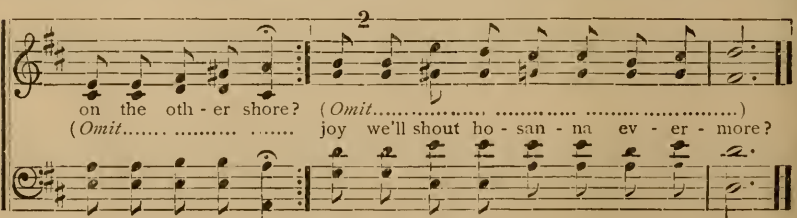
CHORUS.



{ Will you come and jour - ney with us to the
{ Will you come and jour - ney with us to the



1
New Je - ru - sa - lem? Will you dwell in yon bright ci - ty o - ver
New Je - ru - sa - lem, Where with (Omit.....)




2
on the oth - er shore? (Omit.....)
(Omit.....) joy we'll shout ho - san - na ev - er - more?

COME, O COME!


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F. J. C.

F. M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Je - sus has o - pened up a foun - tain, Where wea - ry,
2. Ma - ny have washed in these pure wa - ters—Washed all their
3. They who are pure in heart are bless - ed; They heav - en's

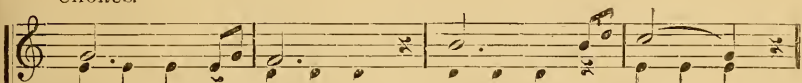


sin - sick souls may go; Hear Him in ten - der ac - cents
stains as white as snow; O, may the mill - ions heed the
joys a - lone shall know; Who then would fail to heed the




say - ing, "Come where the heal - ing wa - ters flow."
mes - sage, "Come where the heal - ing wa - ters flow."
mes - sage, "Come where the heal - ing wa - ters flow."

CHORUS.



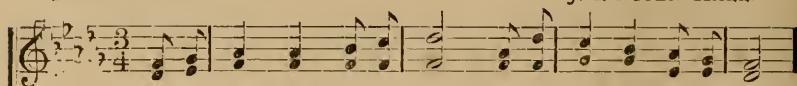
Come, O come! Come, O come!
Come, O come! Come, O come! Come, O come! Come, O come!



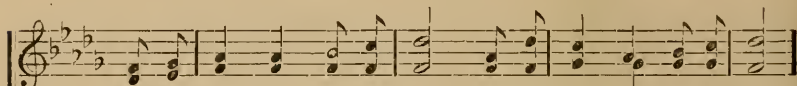
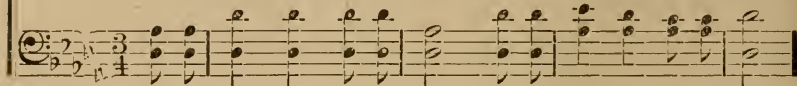
Hear him in ten - der accents say - ing, "Come where the healing wa - ters flow."

IRVIN H. MACK.

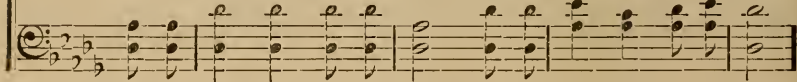
J. LINCOLN HALL.



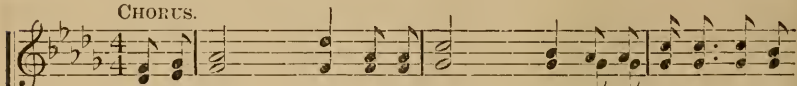
1. To the cross of Christ I cling, To a lov - ing, gen - tle friend,
2. With the weight of sin and shame, Bearing down the mind and heart,
3. Sin - ner dear, though short the time, Peace and joy for you is here,



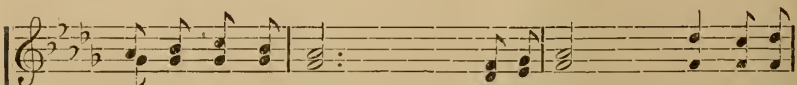
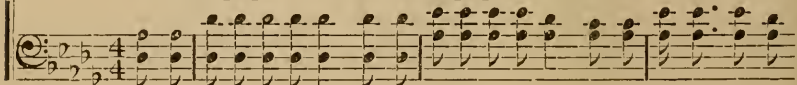
All my guilt and sin I bring, He will keep me to the end.
 To the Lord, in pray'r I came, And He bade my guilt de - part.
 Un - to God your heart in - cline, Come to Him, your pray'r He'll hear.



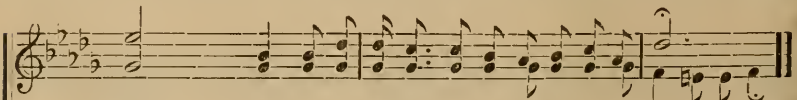
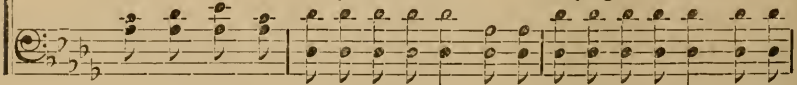
CHORUS.



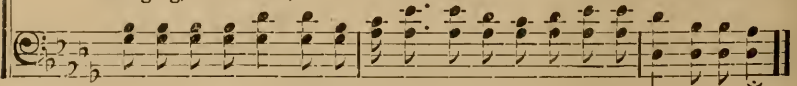
I am cling - ing, I am cling - ing, I am clinging, I am
 I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross,



cling - ing to the cross; I am cling - ing, I am
 yes to the cross, clinging to the cross,

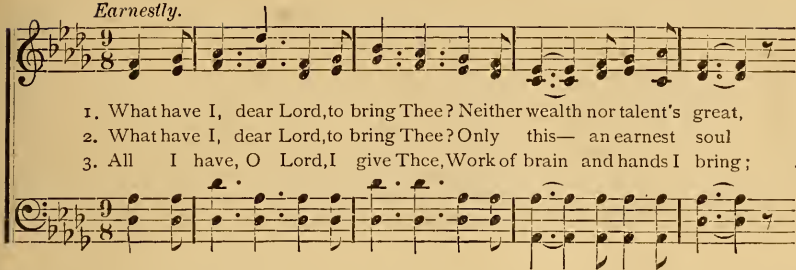


cling - ing, I am clinging, I am clinging to the cross.
 clinging, to the cross, to the cross.

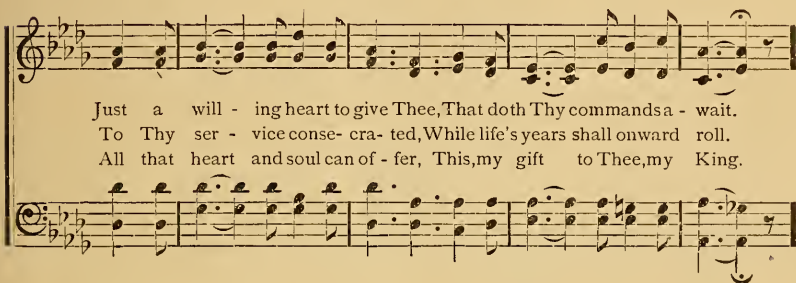


IDA L. REED.

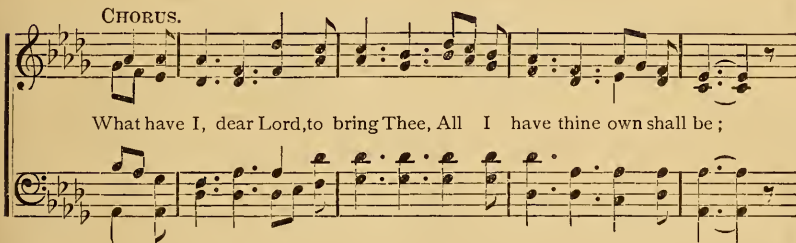
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Earnestly.


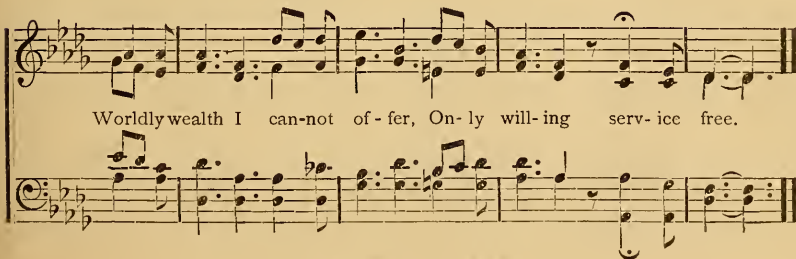
1. What have I, dear Lord, to bring Thee? Neither wealth nor talent's great,
 2. What have I, dear Lord, to bring Thee? Only this— an earnest soul
 3. All I have, O Lord, I give Thee, Work of brain and hands I bring;



Just a will - ing heart to give Thee, That doth Thy commands a - wait.
 To Thy ser - vice conse - cra - ted, While life's years shall onward roll.
 All that heart and soul can of - fer, This, my gift to Thee, my King.

CHORUS.


What have I, dear Lord, to bring Thee, All I have thine own shall be;



Worldly wealth I can - not of - fer, On - ly will - ing serv - ice free.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Mas-ter com-eth, If at morn-ing,
 2. Watch and pray; the tempt-er may be near us; Keep the heart with
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev-er wea-ry; Je-sus watched and
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post, of du-ty, Till we hear the

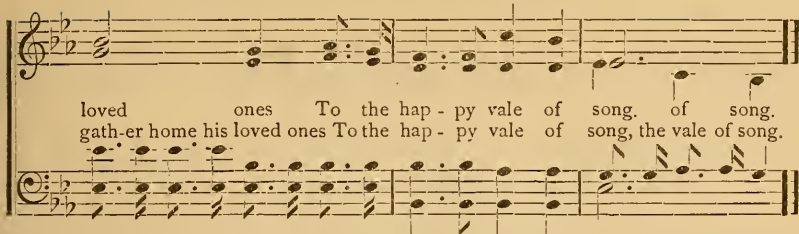
noon or night, He may find a lamp in ev-'ry window, Trimmed and
 jeal-ous care, Lest the door, a mo-ment left un-guard-ed, E-vil
 prayed a-lone: Prayed for us when on-ly stars be-held him, While on
 Bridegroom's voice: Then, with him the marriage feast par-tak-ing, We shall

CHORUS.

burn-ing clear and bright. Watch and pray,..... the Lord com-
 thoughts may en-ter there.
 Ol-ive's brow they shone.
 ev-er-more re-joice. Watch and pray, the Lord com-mand-eth, Watch and

mand-eth; Watch and pray,..... 'twill not be
 pray, the Lord com-mand-eth; Watch and pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and

long;
 pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath-er home his
 Soon he'll gath-er home his loved ones, Soon he'll

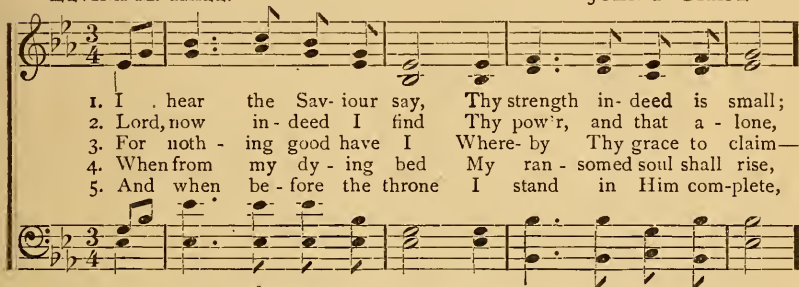


loved ones To the hap - py vale of song. of song.
gath-er home his loved ones To the hap - py vale of song, the vale of song.

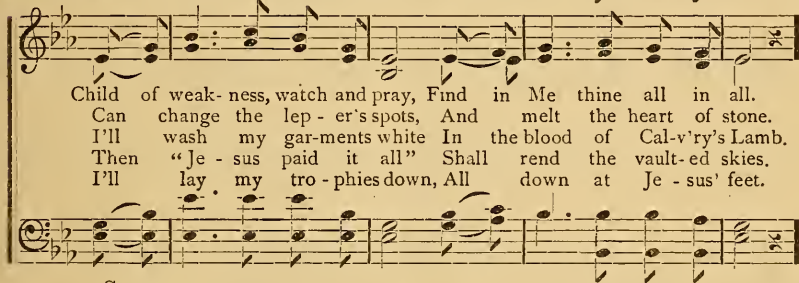
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

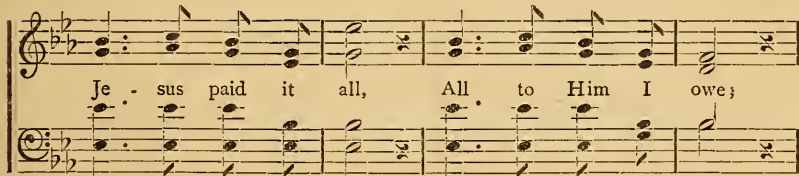


1. I hear the Sav- iour say, Thy strength in- deed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where- by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

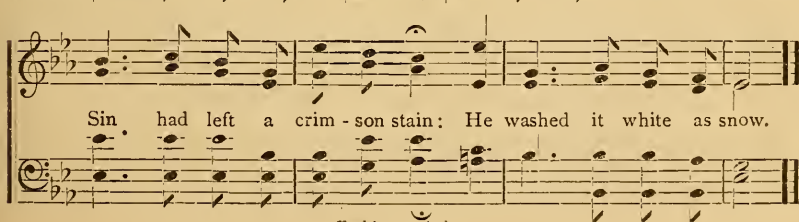


Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.



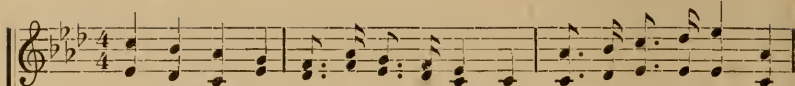
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



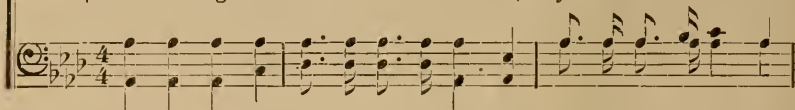
Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Like a shep-herd, ev - er true and lov - ing, Je - sus leads us and we
2. When we faint, His arm is thrown around us, Je - sus leads us and we
3. He by cool - ing wa - ters will at - tend us, Je - sus leads us and we
4. When the night of death shall o - ver - take us, Je - sus leads us and we



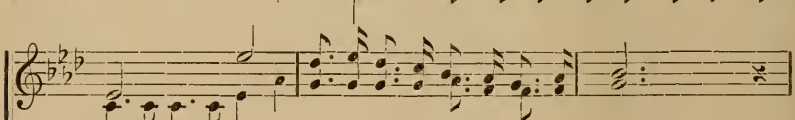
fol - low; Bet - ter ev - 'ry day His love is prov - ing, Je - sus
 fol - low; For 'twas He who in the des - ert found us, Now He
 fol - low; Safe - ly from all dan - gers will de fend us, For He
 fol - low; In the fold of heav'n He will a wake us, Je - sus



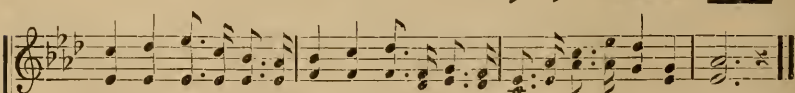
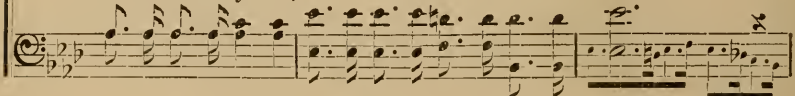
CHORUS.



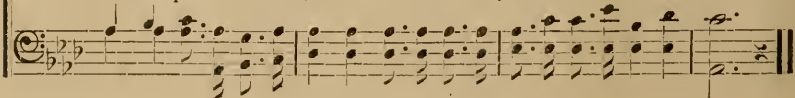
leads, and we fol - low. We will fol - low, we will fol - low



Je - - sus, For He knoweth all our dai - ly needs;
 we will fol - low Je - sus,



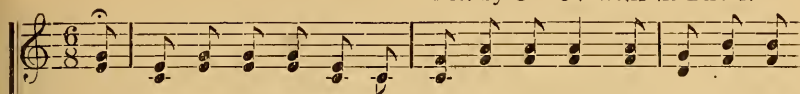
Thro' the pastures vernal, in - to fields e - ter - nal, We will follow where He leads.



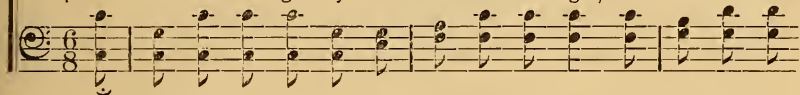
AND SHALL I TURN BACK?

105

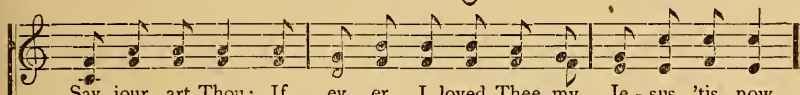
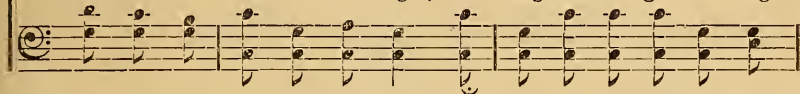
Arr. by GRACE WEISER DAVIS.



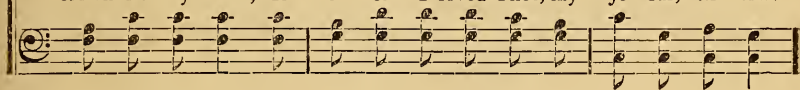
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



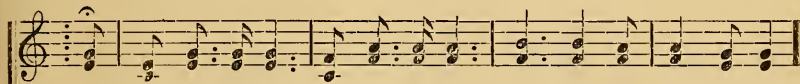
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou giv - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



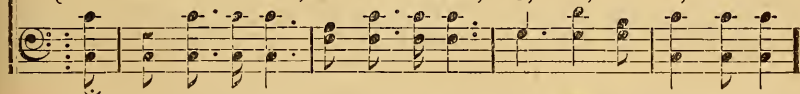
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



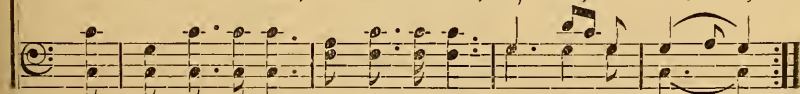
CHORUS.



{ And shall I turn back in - to the world? O, no, not I, not I!
I'll nev - er turn back, nev - er turn back, O, no, not I, not I!

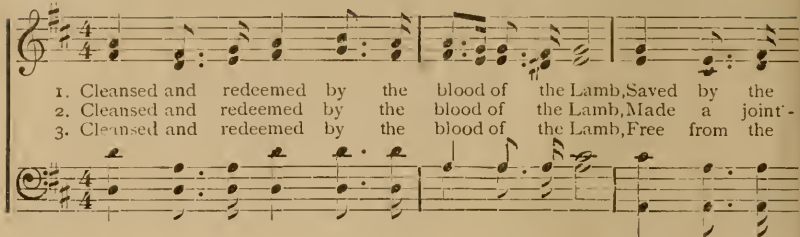


And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I! . . . }
I'll nev - er turn back, nev - er turn back, O, no, not I! . . . }

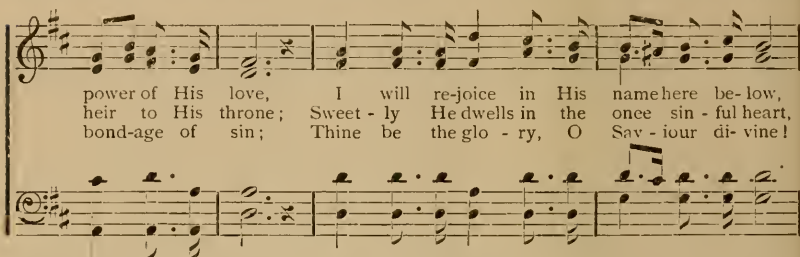


F. M. D.

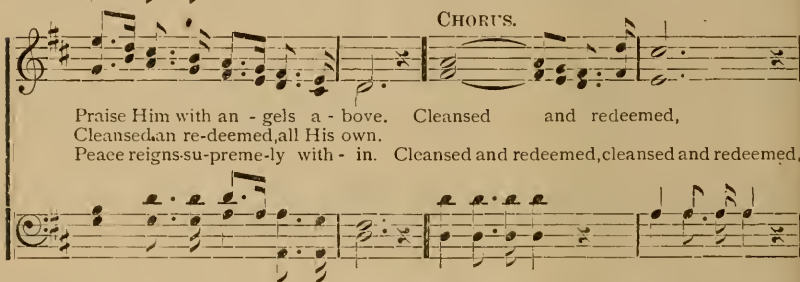
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Cleansed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Saved by the
 2. Cleansed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Made a joint-
 3. Cleansed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Free from the

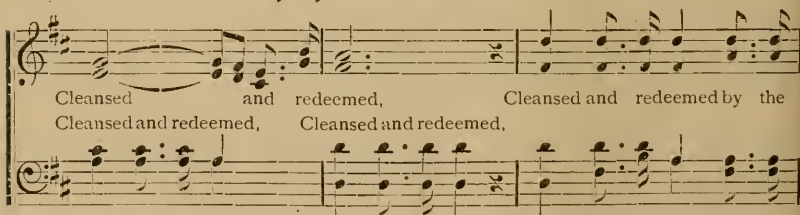


power of His love, I will re-joyce in His name here be-low,
 heir to His throne; Sweet-ly He dwells in the once sin-ful heart,
 bond-age of sin; Thine be the glo-ry, O Sav-iour di-vine!

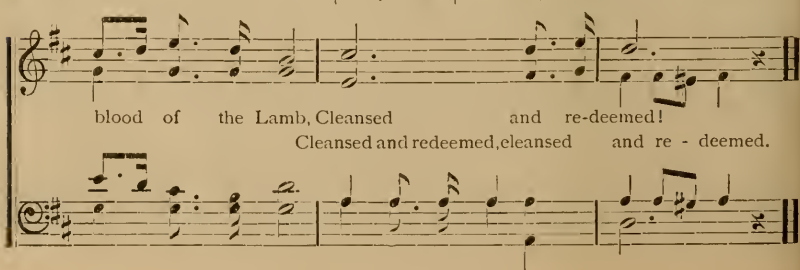


CHORUS.

Praise Him with an-gels a-bove. Cleansed and redeemed,
 Cleansed and re-deemed, all His own.
 Peace reigns su-preme-ly with-in. Cleansed and redeemed, cleansed and redeemed,



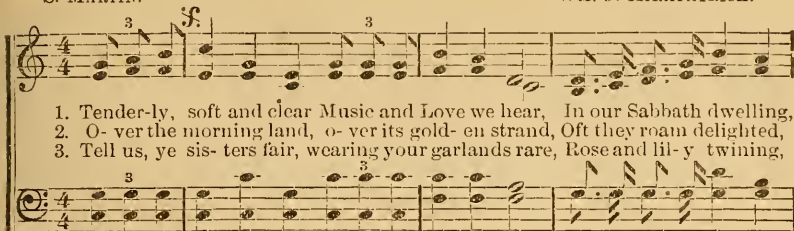
Cleansed and redeemed, Cleansed and redeemed by the
 Cleansed and redeemed, Cleansed and redeemed,



blood of the Lamb, Cleansed and re-deemed!
 Cleansed and redeemed, cleansed and re-deemed.

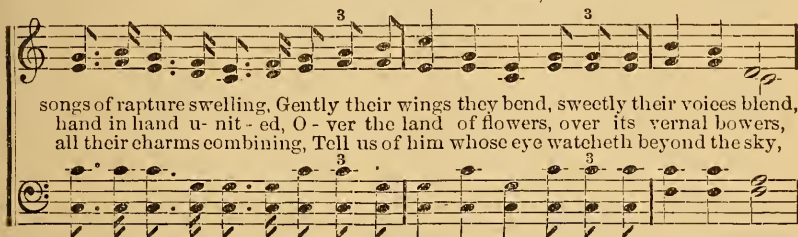
S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

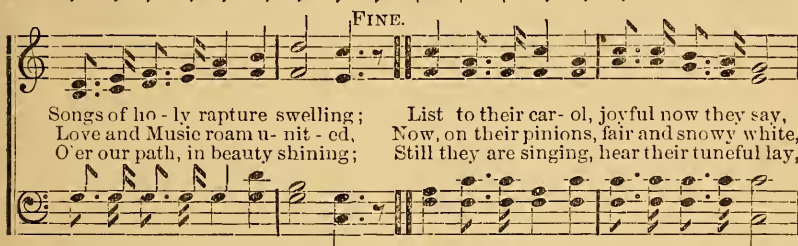


1. Tender-ly, soft and clear Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling,
 2. O-ver the morning land, o-ver its gold-en strand, Oft they roam delighted,
 3. Tell us, ye sis-ters fair, wearing your garlands rare, Rose and lil-y twining,

D.S.—soft and clear Music and Love we hear, etc.

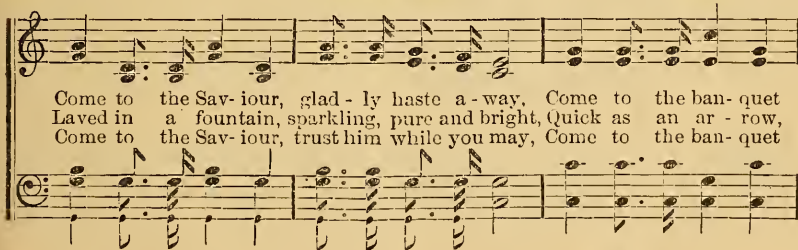


songs of rapture swelling, Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend,
 hand in hand u-nit-ed, O-ver the land of flowers, over its vernal bowers,
 all their charms combining, Tell us of him whose eye watcheth beyond the sky,

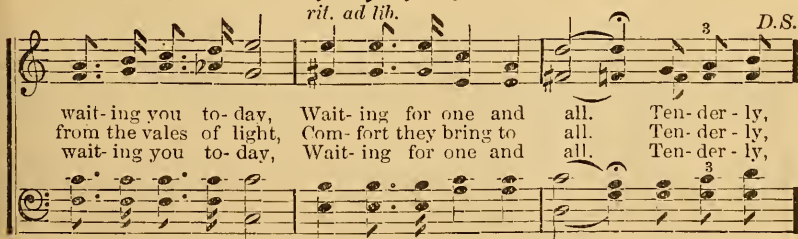


Songs of ho-ly rapture swelling;
 Love and Music roam u-nit-ed;
 O'er our path, in beauty shining;

List to their car-ol, joyful now they say,
 Now, on their pinions, fair and snowy white,
 Still they are singing, hear their tuneful lay,



Come to the Sav-iour, glad-ly haste a-way, Come to the ban-quet
 Laved in a fountain, sparkling, pure and bright, Quick as an ar-row,
 Come to the Sav-iour, trust him while you may, Come to the ban-quet



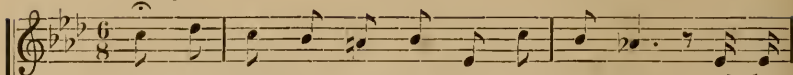
wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all. Ten-der-ly,
 from the vales of light, Com-fort they bring to all. Ten-der-ly,
 wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all. Ten-der-ly,

108 MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED.

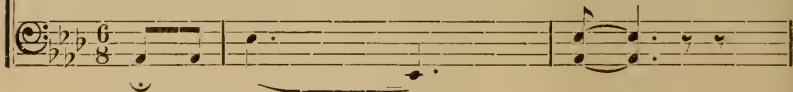
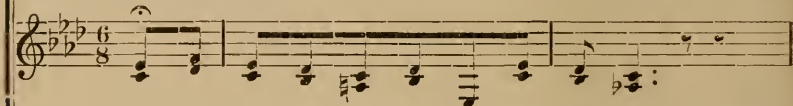
Mrs J. E. ROBINSON.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

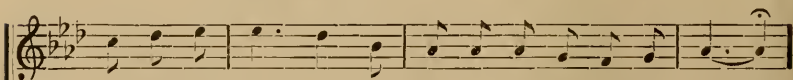
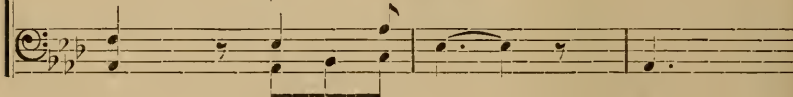
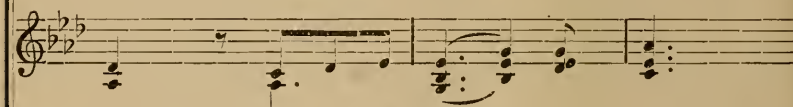
Slowly.



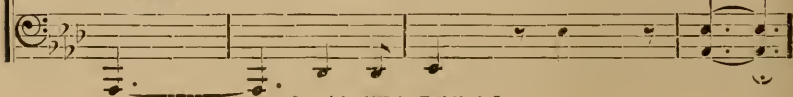
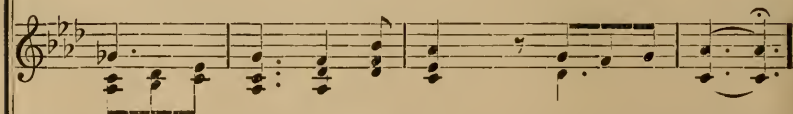
1. Are you hun - gry and faint - ing, my broth - er? Will you
2. Are you thirst - ing for right - eous - ness, broth - er? Are you
3. Are you fear - ful and trem - bling, my broth - er? As
4. He's the light of this dark world, my broth - er, He's the



come un - to Christ and be fed? The world can - not
wea - ry of sin and of strife? Then Je - sus is
death and e - ter - ni - ty near? In Je - sus is
life, and the truth, and the way, He's a rock and a



sat - is - fy ful - ly. But Je - sus will give liv - ing bread.
read - y to aid you, For He is the wa - ter of life.
life ev - er - last - ing, Ac - cept Him, a - bide in Him here.
for - tress for - ev - er, Oh! come and ac - cept Him to - day.



CHORUS.

My God..... shall sup- ply all your need,..... If
My God your need,

you..... on His Son will be - lieve,..... Then to..... the sweet
If you be-lieve, Then to

mes-sage take heed,..... Oh, come..... and the Saviour re - ceive.
take heed, Oh, come

HE IS CALLING.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than (Omit.) lib - er - ty.

2. { There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good ;
There is mer - cy with the Saviour ; There is heal-ing (Omit.) in His blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK. By per.

1. O the brightness and the glo-ry of love that came to me. On the
 2. In this won-der-ful sal-va-tion, and his re-deeming grace, I have
 3. 'Tis the hope of joys e-ter-nal when life on earth is done Fills my

morn-ing of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Savior whose
 peace and joy, and nothing can dis-may; In the comfort of His presence, the
 soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho-san-na! for

pardon made me free. Now there's bright and blessed sun-light all the way.
 shin-ing of His face There is bright and blessed sun-light all the way.
 ev-ry vic-t'ry won And the bright and blessed sun-light all the way.

CHORUS.

There is sun-light, sun-light, beaming bright and clear In the
 sun-light, sun-light,

sweetness of His ser-vice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
 sunlight, sunlight,

with my Sav-ior near, There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way,

FACE THE OTHER WAY.

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Broad the road of e - vil, And the crowd is there, Sowing to the whirlwind,
2. What the Lord commandeth, Hear it and o - bey, Ere too late for - ev - er,
3. In the way so nar - row, Where His people go, Let your feet be treading,
4. "Blessed of my Fa - ther!" Hear the Savior say; E'en this moment choose Him,

Lay-ing up de-spair; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,
Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,
Sin - ner here be-low; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,
Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,

D. S.—If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,

FINE. CHORUS.

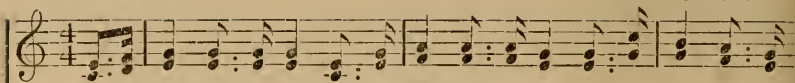
If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way,
If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

Face the oth - er way, If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

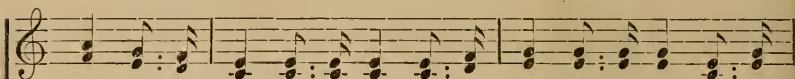
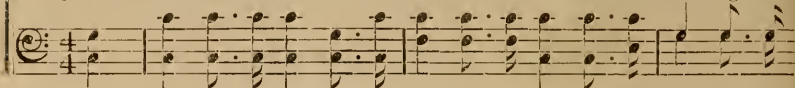
LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

F. M. D.

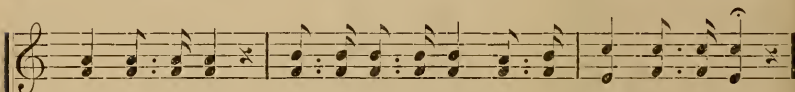
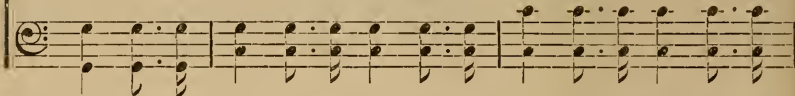
ROSA BURTON.



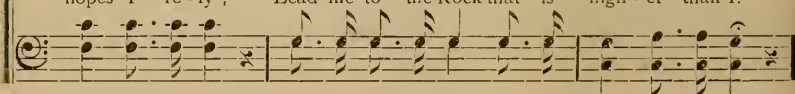
1. When wea - ry and worn with the bur - dens of life, And the soul has grown
 2. When tempt - ed by e - vil to wan - der a - way From the path Thou hast
 3. When done with the ills that be - set us be - low, And the swell - ing of



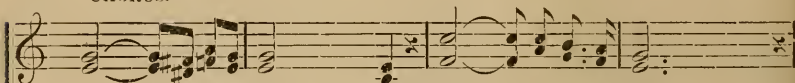
faint in the bat - tling and strife, Then to Thee, O my God, in my
 made to the realms of bright day, Then to Thee, O my Sav - iour my
 Jor - dan is near me, I know, Then on Thee, O my Sav - iour my



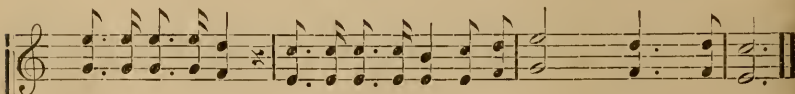
an - guish I cry; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 Re - fuge I fly; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 hopes I re - ly; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.



CHORUS.



Lead, O lead me! Lead me to the Rock,
 Lead, O lead me! Lead me to the Rock; Lead, O lead me! Lead me to the Rock,



Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock, That is high - er than I!
 Lead, O lead me! Rock that is high - er than I.

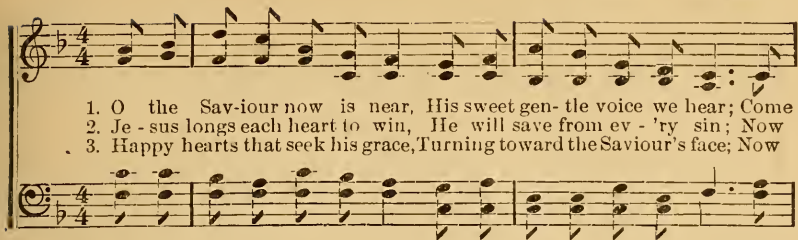


O THE SAVIOUR NOW IS NEAR.

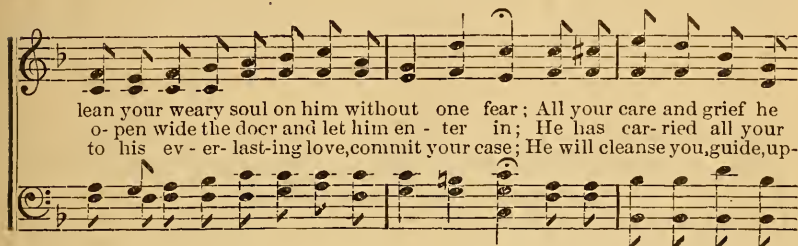
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C. H. S.

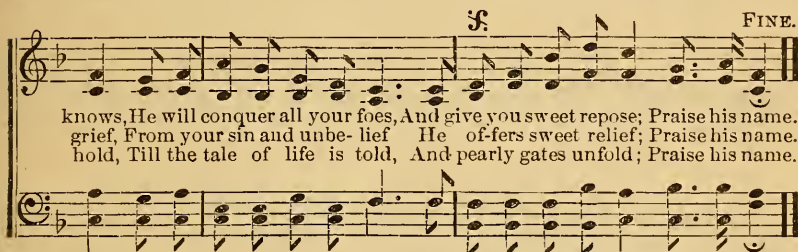
CLARISSA H. SPENCER.



1. O the Sav-iour now is near, His sweet gen- tle voice we hear; Come
2. Je- sus longs each heart to win, He will save from ev - 'ry sin; Now
3. Happy hearts that seek his grace, Turning toward the Saviour's face; Now



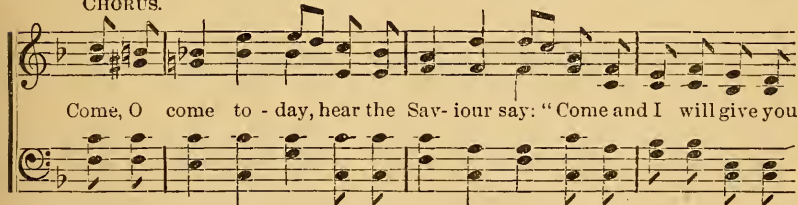
lean your weary soul on him without one fear; All your care and grief he
o- pen wide the door and let him en - ter in; He has car- ried all your
to his ev - er- last- ing love, commit your case; He will cleanse you, guide, up-



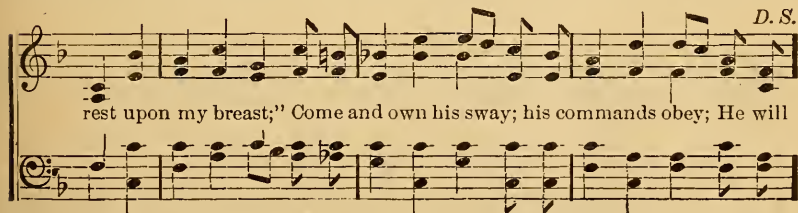
knows, He will conquer all your foes, And give you sweet repose; Praise his name.
grief, From your sin and unbe- lief He of- fers sweet relief; Praise his name.
hold, Till the tale of life is told, And pearly gates unfold; Praise his name.

D. S.—take your sins away; Praise his name.

CHORUS.



Come, O come to - day, hear the Sav- iour say: "Come and I will give you



rest upon my breast;" Come and own his sway; his commands obey; He will

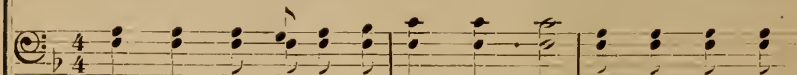
TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES.

F. M. D.

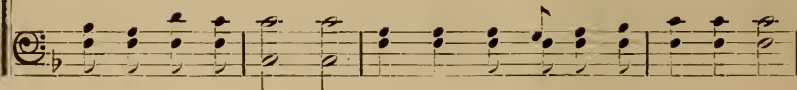
F. M. D., by per.



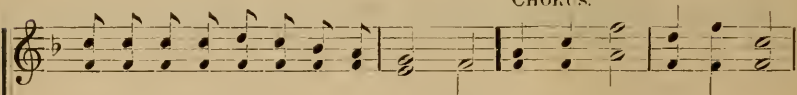
1. I go sing-ing on my pil - grim way, Trust - ing in the
2. Life to me is heav-en here be - gun, Trust - ing in the
3. Tho' the storms of doubt and fear as - sail, Trust - ing in the
4. I must try to drive a - way the night Trust - ing in the



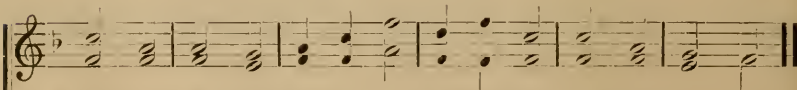
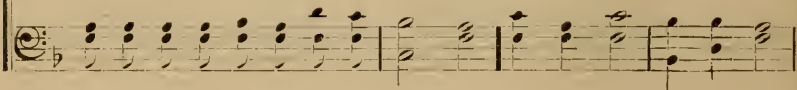
prom - is - es of Je - sus; Now my soul is hap - py ev - 'ry day,
 prom - is - es of Je - sus; I will la - bor till my race is run,
 prom - is - es of Je - sus; They can nev - er ov - er me pre - vail,
 prom - is - es of Je - sus; Lead some soul in - to the gos - pel light,



CHORUS.



Trusting in the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
 Trusting in the prom-is - es of Je - sus. } Joy is mine, peace di - vine,
 Trusting in the prom-is - es of Je - sus. }
 Trusting in the prom-is - es of Je - sus.



Trust - ing Je - sus; Now I rest ful - ly blest, Trust - ing Je - sus.

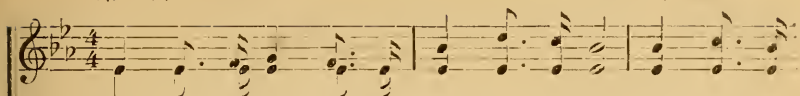


LOOK FOR THE SUNBEAMS.

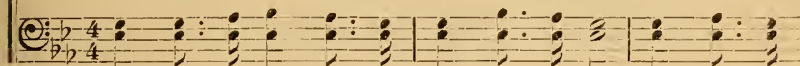
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IDA L. REED.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. Look for the sun-beams, That glad - den the way, Sing though the
2. Look for the sun-beams, Be sure they will shine. Thro' the dark
3. Look for the sun-beams, The rift in the cloud. Somewhere 'tis



storm-cloud May dark - en the day. A - bove them still shin - eth The
shad - ows, To bless thee and thine. In sea - sons of sor - row Look
gleam - ing, And sing thou a - loud. A - bove thee thy Fa - ther, Keeps



beau - ti - ful light. The dark - ness dis - pell - ing, As dawn fol - lows night.
up and be glad, God's love - light is shin - ing, Thou canst not be sad.
watch o - ver thee, Un - fail - ing for - ev - er, Thy ref - uge is He.



CHORUS.



Look for the sun - beams, That glad - den the way.



Sing though the storm-cloud May dark - en the day. dark - en the day.



A SHOUT OF VICTORY.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, fol-low the mighty Com-mander; March on, march on;
 2. March on, march on; joy-ful-ly sing-ing, ho-san-na; March on, march on;
 3. March on, march on; still by his might o-ver-coming; March on, march on;

Je-sus our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
 fight-ing the bat-tle of faith; March on, march on; man-ful-ly
 sing-ing his glo-ry and grace; March on, march on; till in the

steps nev-er fal-ter, March on, march on, heed-ing his ev-'ry word.
 bear-ing his ban-ner, March on, march on, faith-ful e'en un-to death.
 heav-en-ly pal-ace, March on, march on, we shall be-hold his face.

CHORUS.

There's a song,..... that blends with prayer,..... There's a
 There's a song, that blends with prayer,

shout..... up-on the air;..... 'Tis a song..... of grace so
 There's a shout up-on the air, 'Tis a song

free,..... 'Tis a shout..... of vic - to - ry...vic-to - ry.
of grace so free, 'Tis a shout,the shout of vic - to - ry.

THAT BLESSED HOPE.

G. A. WARBURTON.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Im - pa - tient heart, be still, be still! What tho' He tar - ries long? What
2. My ea - ger heart, be still, be still! Thy Lord will sure - ly come, And
3. My an - xious heart, be still, be still! Watch, pray, and work, and then It

tho' the tru-umph song Is still de - layed? Thou hast His pro-mise sure,
take thee to His home, With Him to dwell. It may not be to - day,
will not mat - ter when Thy Lord shall come. At mid-night or at noon,

And that is all se - cure, Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can - not tell, I can - not tell!
He can - not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home!

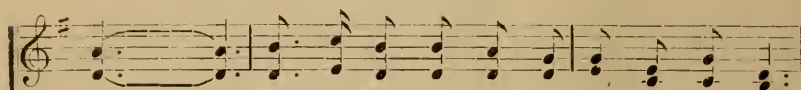
COME TO THE MIGHTY TO SAVE.

HARRIET E. JONES.

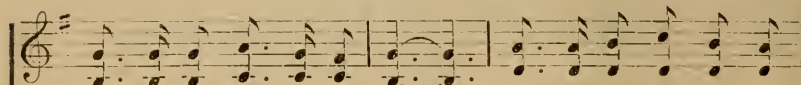
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



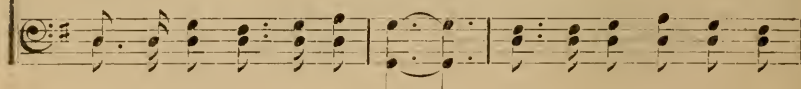
1. Are you in by-ways of sor-row and sin? Come to the Might y to
 2. Claim-ing the prom-ise and claiming it now, Come to the Might y to
 3. Pre-cious the prom-ise contained in the word, Come to the Might y to



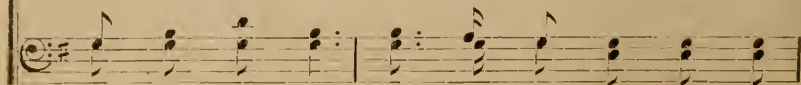
save! . . . Would you the life of the chris-tian be-gin?
 save! . . . None ev-er per-ished where pen-i-tents bow,
 save! . . . All may be saved who be-lieve on our Lord,
 to save

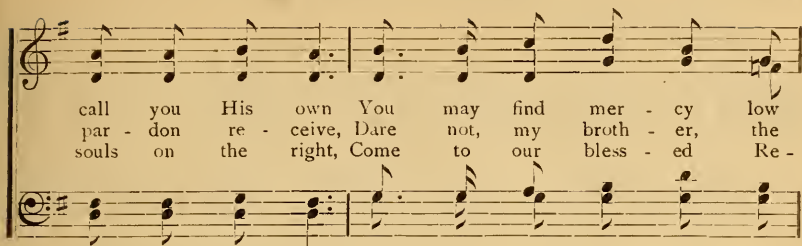


Come to the Might-y to save! Lo! He is call-ing in
 Come to the Might-y to save! Kneel to our Sav-iour, con-
 Come to the Might-y to save! Come and be clothed in the

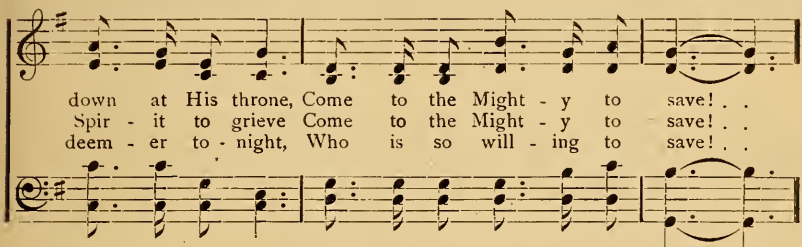


ten-der-est tone, Wait-ing this mo-ment to
 fess and be-lieve, While you are ask-ing, free
 gar-ment of white, Come, and be heir with the



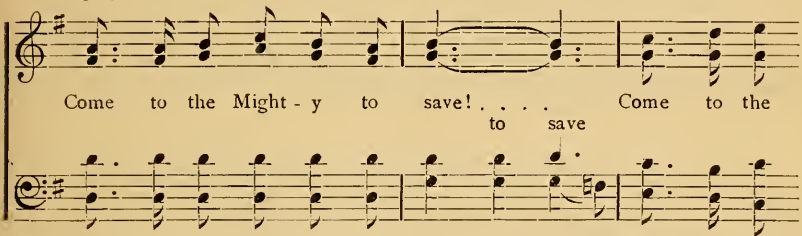


call you His own You may find mer - cy low
par - don re - ceive, Dare not, my broth - er, the
souls on the right, Come to our bless - ed Re -

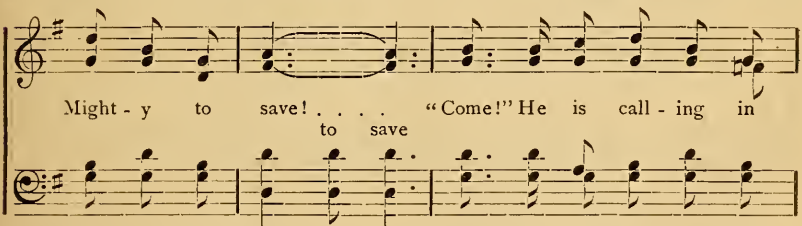


down at His throne, Come to the Might - y to save! . .
Spir - it to grieve Come to the Might - y to save! . .
deem - er to - night, Who is so will - ing to save! . .

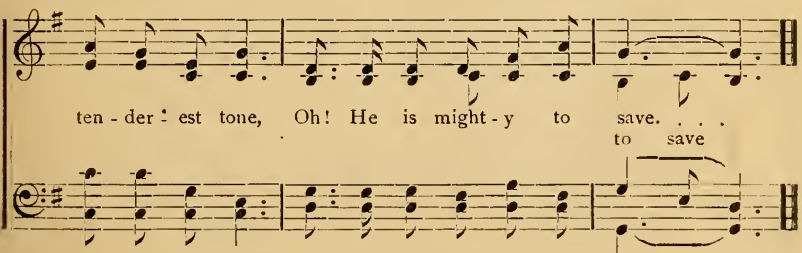
CHORUS.



Come to the Might - y to save! . . . Come to the
to save



Might - y to save! . . . "Come!" He is call - ing in
to save

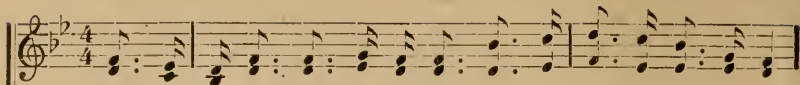


ten - der - est tone, Oh! He is might - y to save. . . .
to save

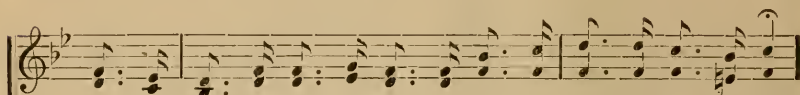
WE ARE COMING.

ALEXCENA THOMAS.

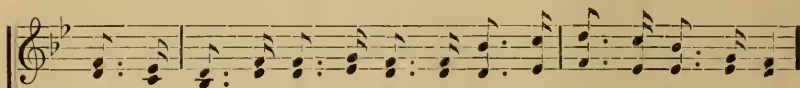
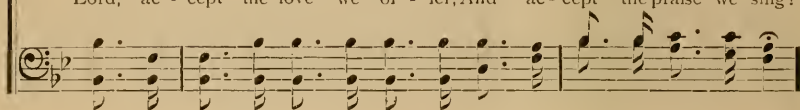
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



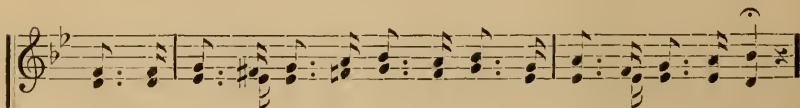
1. "We are com-ing! we are com-ing!" Hear the mer - ry, glad re-frain,
2. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, To the bless - ed mer - cy-seat,
3. We are com-ing, we are com-ing! Lord, ac - cept the vows we bring;



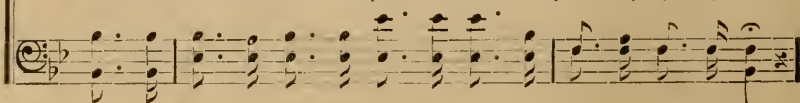
As it ech - oes o'er the val - ley, As it ech - oes o'er the plain,
Where the song of our sal - va - tion We may joy - ful - ly re - peat;
Lord, ac - cept the love we of - fer, And ac - cept the praise we sing!



Lo! a band of hap - py child - ren March-ing neath the cross are we,
Where the Lord of life will meet us, And His bless - ing will be - stow,
We would fol - low where Thou lead - est, We would e'er with Thee a - bide,



And we jour - ney to Mount Zi - on, With a ring - ing mel - o - dy.
As we jour - ney thro' the val - ley, In our pil - grimage be - low.
We would walk with Thee in pa - tience, As we jour - ney by Thy side.

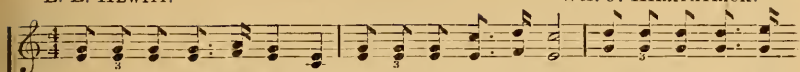


LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

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E. E. HEWITT.

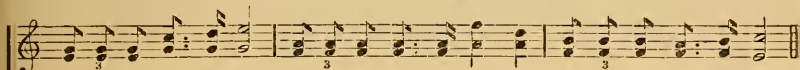
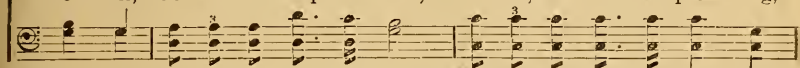
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



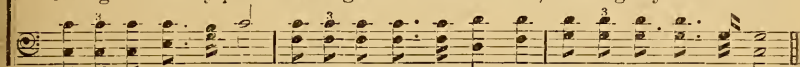
1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and
2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; letting him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is his
3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; looking to him a-lone, Turning a-way from



ev - er, cheer-i - ly let us sing; Wholly at his command - ment,
ban - ner. fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the 'midst of bat - tle,
e - vil, Je - sus will keep his own; Onward, still on-ward press - ing,



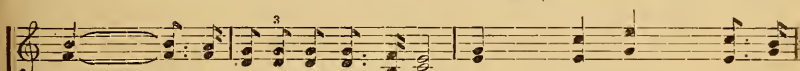
let ev-'ry soldier be, Joyful-ly serving Je - sus, serving with loy - al - ty.
conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o - ver the dead-ly foe.
seeing the star-ry prize Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.



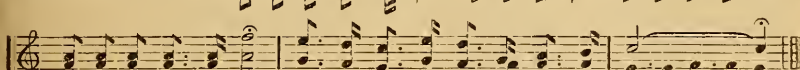
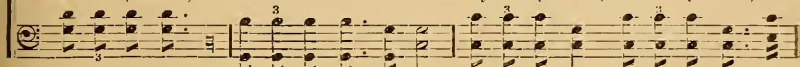
CHORUS.



Loy - al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - - ward,
Joy-ful - ly march,



for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a
stead-i - ly march, Joy-ful - ly march, stead-i - ly march,



happy and loy - al throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King.....
to our Saviour and our King.



J. W. VAN DE VENTER

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shattered the fet - ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly winning me
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of ser - vice and

bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, The way of Sal - va - tion He
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - pli - cit - ly,

taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.
 dore Him. Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He
 know - ing, That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry,

1 His spir-it a-bid-eth with-in: 2 His blood cleanseth me from all sin. *Rit.*

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovreign die?
Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm..... as I?

CHORUS.
1. Oh, the blood of Je - sus, The precious blood of Je - sus;
Oh, the blood of Je - sus It washes from..... all sin.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

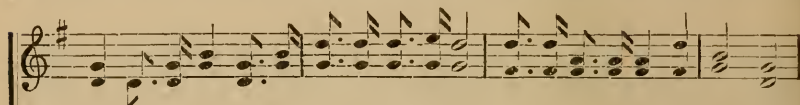
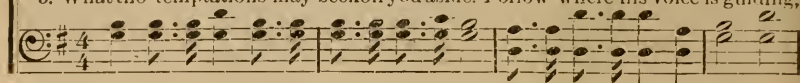
WHERE HIS VOICE IS GUIDING.

E. E. HEWITT.

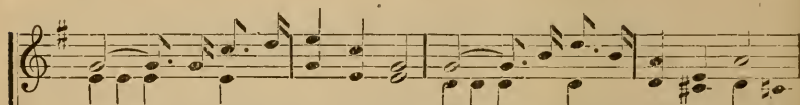
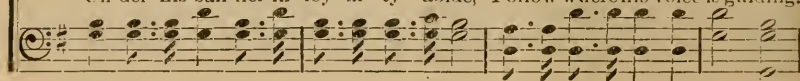
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



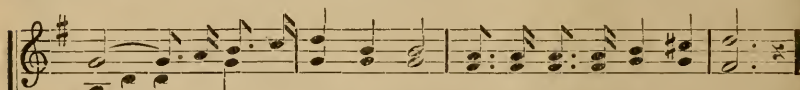
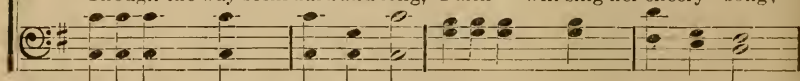
1. Hark, 'tis the Master! he's calling you to-day. Follow where his voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where his voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guiding;



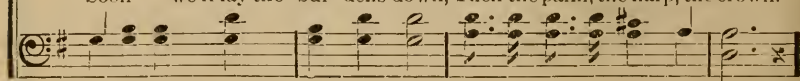
Look for his footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where his voice is guiding.
 Seeking his Spirit, your daily strength renew, Follow where his voice is guiding.
 Un-der his ban-ner in loy-al-ty abide, Follow where his voice is guiding.



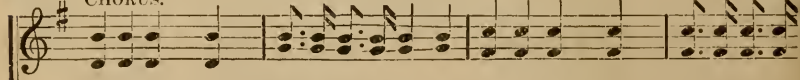
He..... who lives for-ev - er-more, Trod this earthly path be - fore,
 Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will his serv-ice be,
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;



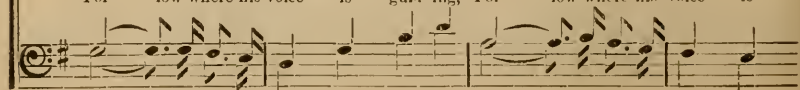
Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
 Rich - er his re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
 Soon we'll lay the bur - dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.



CHORUS.



Follow, fol - low, where his voice is guiding, Follow, fol-low where his voice is
 Fol - low where his voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where his voice is



guiding, Fol - low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow, fol-low on.
Follow where His

CROWN HIM.

EDWARD PERRONET.

R. C. WARD.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall, }
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. }
2. { Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, }
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. }
3. { Oh! that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, }
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all, }

CHORUS.

We will crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, Give to
We will crown Him Lord of all, Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all, Give to

Je - sus all the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! We will crown Him,
Je - sus all the glo - ry, all the glo - ry, Hal lelujah! We will crown Him Lord of all!

Yes, we'll crown Him, We will crown the Saviour Lord of all!
Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all!

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high - er than I; This my
 2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv - en for me; From the
 3. I am safe in the Rock let what - ev - er be - tide; Death and

ref - uge thro' storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the
 pow'r of the tempt - er I'm free; Tho' my path - way be dark and the
 hell have no ter - ror to me; I can walk with out fear through the

bil - lows' mad foam, Yet I'm shel - tered for - ev - er in Thee.
 storms sweep the sky, Yet se - cure - ly I'm shel - tered in Thee.
 shad - ow - y vale, For se - cure - ly I'm shel - tered in Thee.

CHORUS.

Shel - tered in Thee, Shel - tered in Thee, O Thou
 Shel - tered in Thee, in Thee,

blest Rock of A - ges, I am shel - tered in Thee.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Are we keep - ing close to Je - sus, Hour by hour and day by day?
2. Are we walk - ing in the sunshine? Are we dwell - ing in His love?
3. Are we ev - er true and faith - ful, Serv - ing Je - sus with a will?



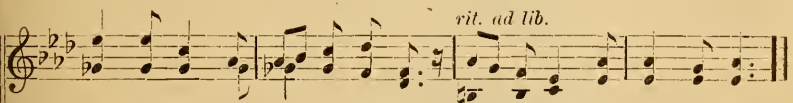
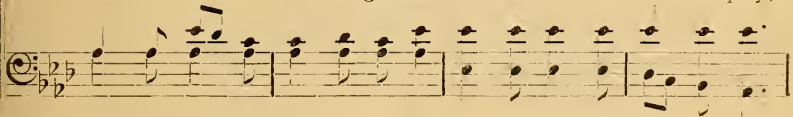
All His blest com - mands o - bey - ing, As we jour - ney on the way?
 Are we day by day re - ceiv - ing, In - spir - a - tion from a - bove?
 Do we prove a light to oth - ers, Like a cit - y on a hill?



CHORUS.



Let us serve our Lord with gladness, Let us la - bor, watch and pray;



Thus be keep - ing close to Je - sus, All a - long our pil - grim way.



J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I have found a friend divine, And his saving grace is mine; When I trusted
 2. I will evermore abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
 3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Calva-ry; Thy sal-va-tion

in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where he
 curely there. In his ten-der care. When the storms of life assail, When dis-
 is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross; Count all

wash'd my sins away, Where his Spirit fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole.
 tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
 else but earthly dross; Come, ye ruined by the fall, There is rest for all.

CHORUS.

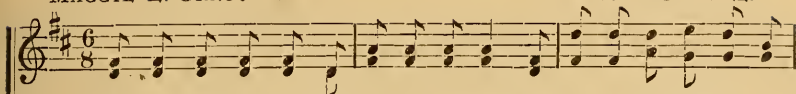
{ Oh, what a resting place! Oh, what a - bidding grace!
 { There was the blood applied, Now I am sat - is - fied;
 { Oh, what a rest - ing, a rest - ing place! Oh, what a - bid - ing, a - bid - ing grace!
 { There, oh, there was the blood ap - plied, Now, just now I am sat - is - fied;

Down at the cross of Jesus Where I found the blessed Saviour;
 Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! praise his name forever- (*Omit.*) . . . more.
 Down at the cross, at the cross of Je - sus,
 Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! I'll praise. I'll praise his

USE ME, DEAR SAVIOUR.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

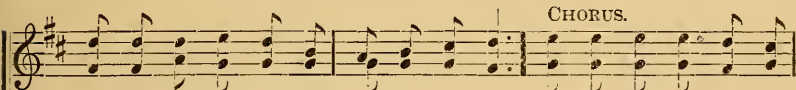
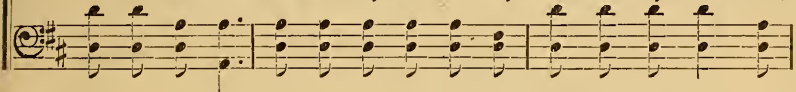
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



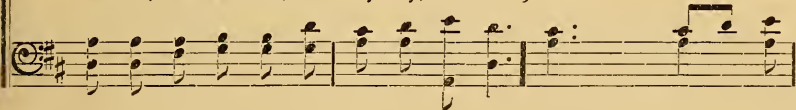
1. Take me, dear Sav-iour, oh do not re-fuse me, Oft have I shrunk from Thy
2. Take me, dear Sav-iour, And fill me with Thy pow'r, Teach me how best I can
3. Take me, dear Lord; I renounce worldly pleas-ure, Naught do I ask but Thy



serv-ice di-vine; Now I come plead-ing, Lord, take me and use me,
 glo-ri-fy Thee; Help me to serve Thee each day and each hour,
 fa-vor di-vine; Thou art my all, Thou my heav-en-ly treas-ure,



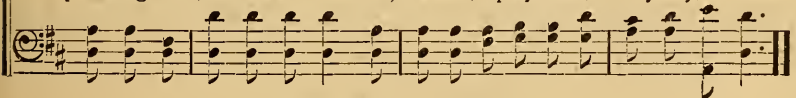
Use me, I pray Thee, in Thy way, not mine. } Use me, dear Sav-iour in
 Take me, dear Sav-iour, for Thine would I be. }
 Use me, dear Sav-iour, in Thy way, not mine. } Use me dear



serv-ice, Use me in serv-ice di-vine..... Now I come
 Saviour in serv-ice, Use me in serv-ice di-vine.



plead ing, Lord, take me and use me, Use me, I pray Thee, in Thy way, not mine.



IDA L. REED.

CHAS. A. BECHTER.

1. Look to Je - sus, He will save thee, Tho' the tem-pest ra - ges high;
 2. Look to Je - sus, He will save thee, Tho' thou'rt tempted oft and tried,
 3. Look to Je - sus, then for-ev - er, Look to Him in faith and love,

Trust in Him, His love un-fail - ing Will not let thee help-less die.
 He thy soul from sin will res - cue, 'Twas for this Thy Sav - iour died.
 Sing thy heart's sweet songs of glad-ness, He will bless thee from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus He will save thee, Trust in Him from day to day,

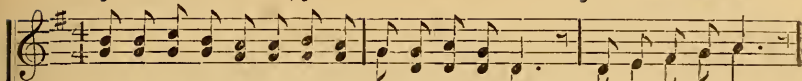
He will keep thee, He will strengthen, Guard and guide thy steps al - way.

I WILL FOLLOW ON.

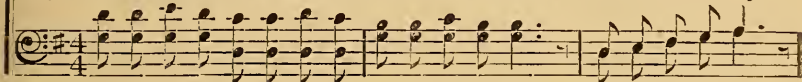
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



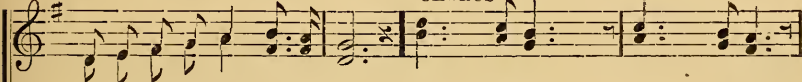
1. Where my Saviour leads me in this changing world below, I will fol-low on,
2. Tho' the world entreats me and though pleasures bid me stay, I will follow on,
3. Tho' my friends forsake me and I seem to be a-lone, I will fol-low on,
4. Tho' He leads thro' sunshine till I walk on earth no more, I will fol low on,



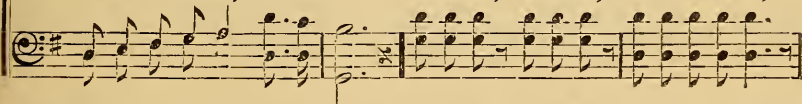
I will fol-low on; While He walks before me, tho' the way I do not know,
 I will fol-low on; Tho' the road be rugged, and tho' thorny be the way,
 I will fol low on; Knowing that my Saviour, can for ev-erything a-tone,
 I will fol-low on; Or tho' darkness hide me, till I reace the gold-en shore,



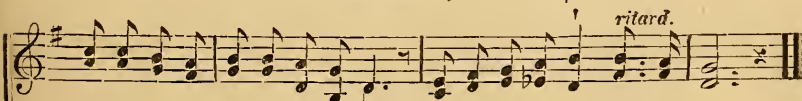
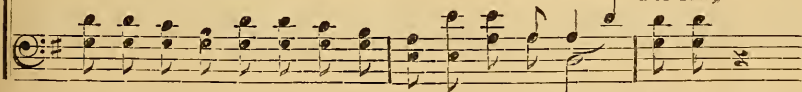
CHORUS



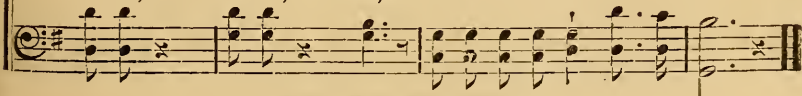
I will fol-low on, fol-low on. Fol - low on, Fol - low on,
 I will fol low on, fol-low on. }
 I will fol low on, fol low on. } Follow on, follow on, I will follow on,
 I will fol-low on, fol low on.



Fol-low where the Saviour in the way be-fore has gone, Till I rest be-
 Fol-low,

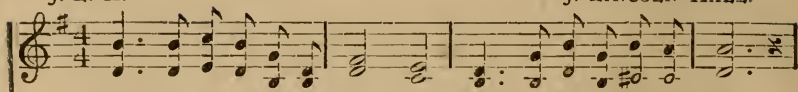


side Him, up in heaven's golden dawn, I will fol-low on, fol-low on.
 fol-low, fol-low, on,


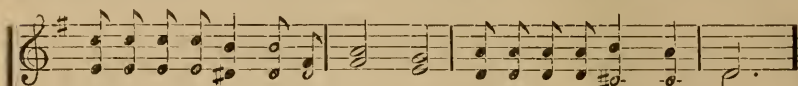


J. L. H.

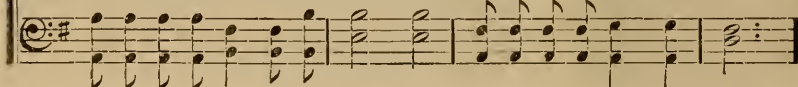
J. LINCOLN HALL.




1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Learn - ing of Him day by day,
 2. Rest - ing in the arms of Je - sus, How se - cure from all a - larm;
 3. Lean - ing on the breast of Je - sus, What a bless ed peace di - vine!

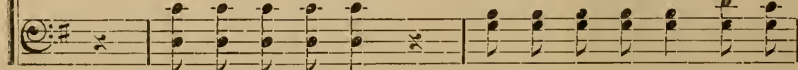
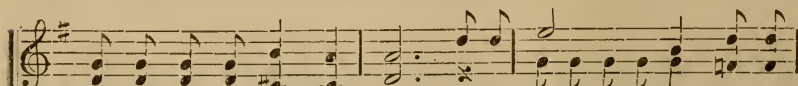
Listening to the voice of His coun - sel, Finding out the bet - ter way.
 As He draws me close to His bos - om, How He sweetly keeps from harm.
 I can hear His voice as He whis - pers, "Child! for-ev-er thou art mine."



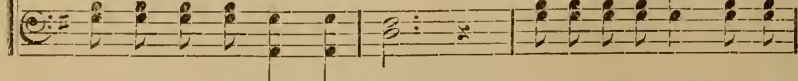
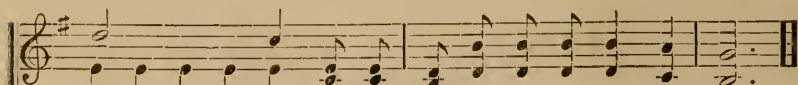
CHORUS.



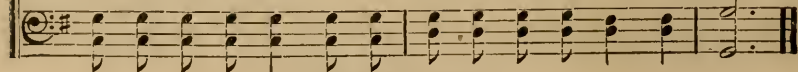
I am sit - - - ting, I am rest - - - ing, I am
 Sit - ting at His feet, Rest - ing in His arms, I am

lean - ing on His breast di - vine, I am sit - - - ting, I am
 Sit - ting at His feet, I am

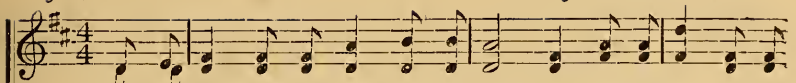



rest - - - ing, O what bless - ed joy and peace are mine.
 rest - ing in His arms,




J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

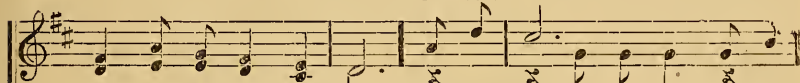


1. There is rest at the cross, O ye wand - 'rer, There is rest at the
 2. There is hope at the cross, O ye lost one, There is hope and a
 3. There is peace at the cross, O ye sad one, There is peace which the




cross for thee; There is mer - cy, and peace, and a bless - ing, O ac -
 par - don sure; Why re - fuse to ac - cept free re - demp - tion, Which the
 Lord will give; Thro' thy - self at the feet of His mer - cy, Take a

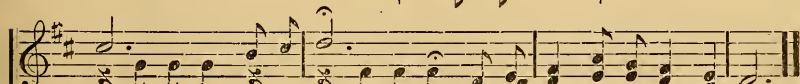
CHORUS.



cept this sal - va - tion free. } There is rest, there is
 Sav - iour came to se - cure. }
 look at the cross and live. } There is rest,



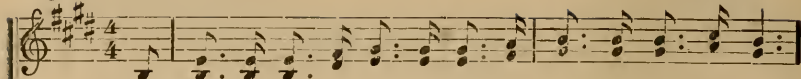
hope, There is peace at the cross for thee; There is
 there is hope,



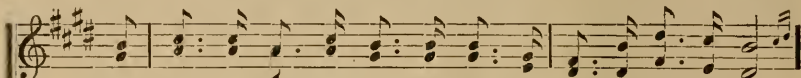
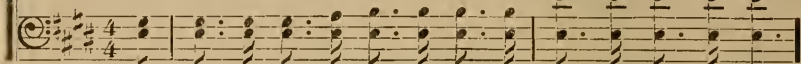
rest, there is hope, O ac - cept this sal - va - tion free.
 There is rest, There is hope,

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I, sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



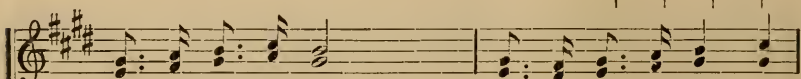
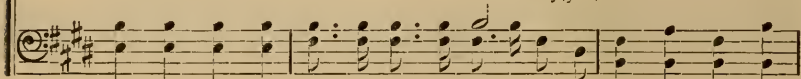
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



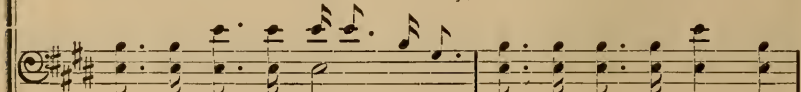
CHORUS.



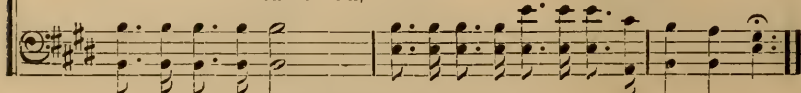
Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to-day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to-day, yes,



all a - long the way. Since the Sav - iour found me,
 the nar - row way,

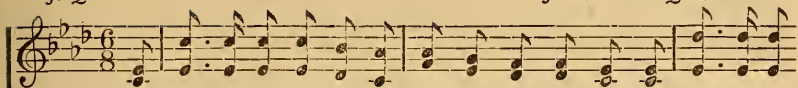


took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
 load of sin,

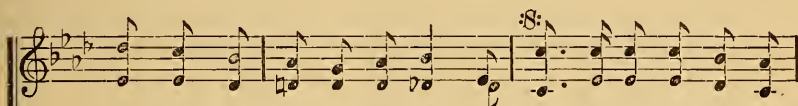
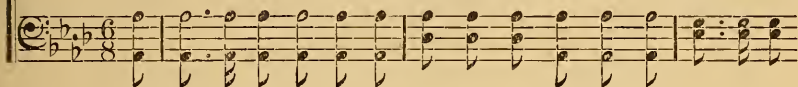


J. Q.

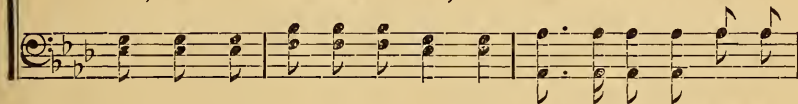
JOSEPHINE QUERNS.



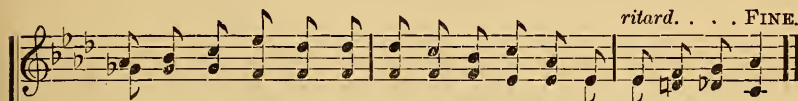
1. Far out on the mountain of sin I had wandered, Far out on the
2. So long I have sought thee, and pa-tient-ly wait-ed, So long I have
3. Come all who are wan-der-ing, foot-sore and wea-ry, Come trust in His



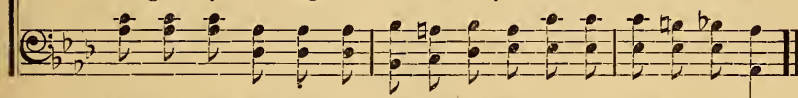
mount-ain so drear-y and cold; When gent-ly I heard a sweet
sought Thee—O list-en to me; My love hath re-deem'd thee O
love, 'tis so bound-less and free; Oh hear His sweet voice as 'tis



D.S.—List to the voice that so



voice to me call-ing, "Oh come back thou lost one, come in-to the fold."
come back dear lost one, My love hath redeem'd thee, Oh come un-to me."
now gent-ly call-ing, "Oh come back my loved one, Oh come un-to me."



sweet-ly is call-ing, "My love hath redeem'd thee, Oh come un-to me."

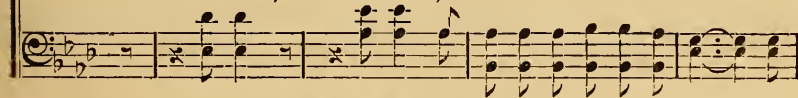
CHORUS.

D.S.



Come home, . . . come home, . . . The Saviour is watching for thee, Oh

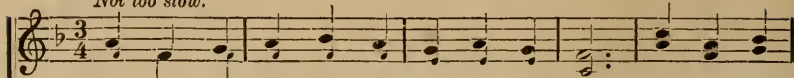
Come home, come home,



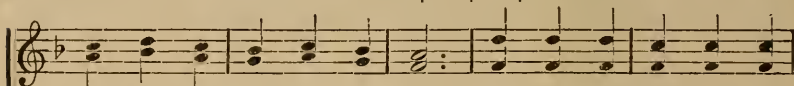
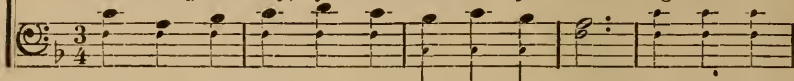
THE BRIGHT MORNING-LAND.

E. E. HEWITT.

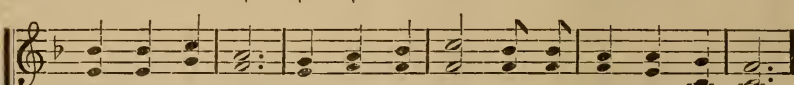
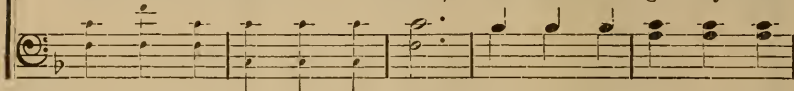
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too slow.

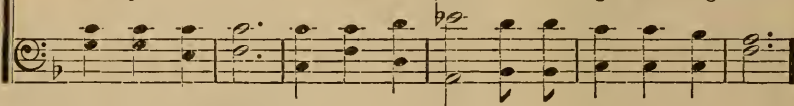
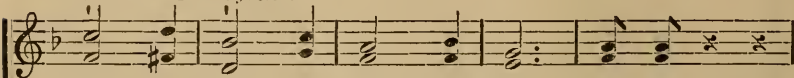
1. Sometimes we grope 'mid the shad-ows of pain, Some-times the
2. O, let us walk as the "chil-dren of light," Know-ing the
3. Come, let us live in the might of his name, Kin-dling our
4. Dark though the way, yet "the Lord will pro - vide" Light that will



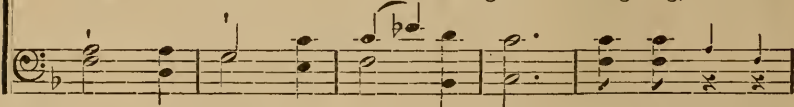
clouds will "re - turn aft - er rain;" Cling, then, more close - ly to
 "Day-spring" must con-quer the night; Mys-t'ries we nev - er can
 lamps by the Heav-en - ly Flame; On - ward! o - bey - ing the
 shine at the calm e - ven - tide; Por - tals of glo - ry wide



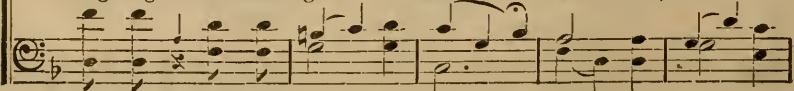
God's bless-ed hand, Lead-ing us on to the bright Morning-Land.
 here un - der-stand Spar-kle with love in the fair Morn-ing-Land.
 Mas-ter's com-mand, Joy, rest and peace in the blest Morn-ing-Land.
 o - pen will stand, Beau-ti - ful gates of the bright Morn-ing-Land.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Hark! O hark! a cho - rus grand Ring - ing,



ring - ing from that gold - en strand. Sav - iour, hold us



by Thy hand,..... Lead us to the Morn - ing - Land.

HOME TO REST.

(CAN BE USED AS A SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET WITH CHORUS.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When-e'er my work on earth is done I'll face the glow-ing west
 2. I'll trust in Je - sus, come what may, He'll help me when op - pressed;
 3. I know what ev - er lot I share, My Fa - ther's will is best,
 4. Some day be - side the crys - tal sea I'll stand a - mong the blest,

And calm - ly view life's set - ting sun, And then go home to rest.
 I'll fol - low Him till close of day, And then go home to rest.
 So while I live my cross I'll bear, And then go home to rest.
 For soon my Lord will call for me, Then I'll go home to rest.

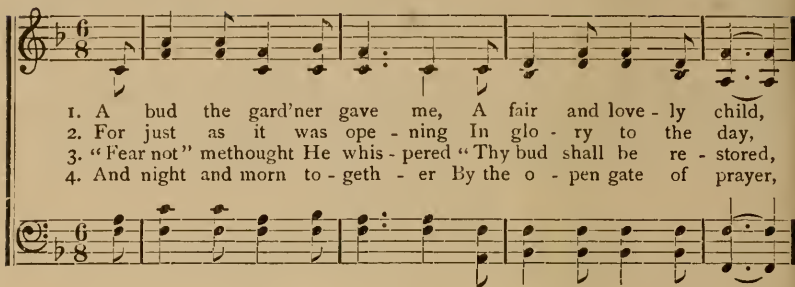
CHORUS.

Home to rest,..... Home..... to rest,.....
 Home to rest, home to rest, Home to rest in my Saviour's breast,

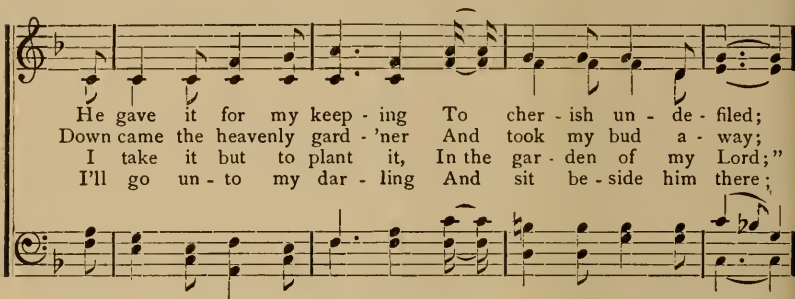
My la - bor done, at the set of sun, I'm go - ing home to rest.

F. I. DARLING.

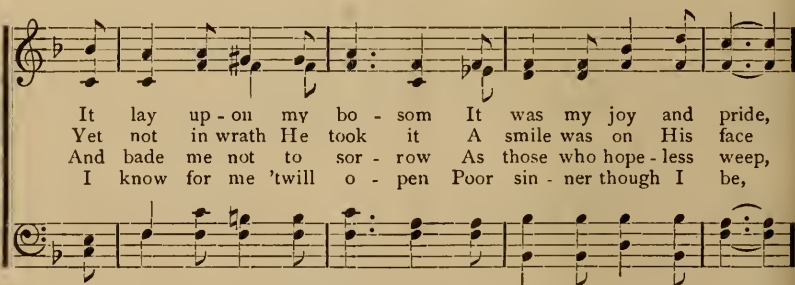
W. S. WEEDEN.



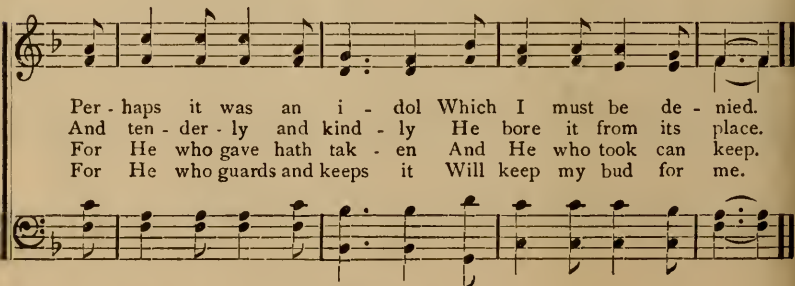
1. A bud the gard'ner gave me, A fair and love - ly child,
 2. For just as it was ope - ning In glo - ry to the day,
 3. "Fear not" methought He whis - pered "Thy bud shall be re - stored,
 4. And night and morn to - geth - er By the o - pen gate of prayer,



He gave it for my keep - ing To cher - ish un - de - filed;
 Down came the heavenly gard - 'ner And took my bud a - way;
 I take it but to plant it, In the gar - den of my Lord;"
 I'll go un - to my dar - ling And sit be - side him there;



It lay up - on my bo - som It was my joy and pride,
 Yet not in wrath He took it A smile was on His face
 And bade me not to sor - row As those who hope - less weep,
 I know for me 'twill o - pen Poor sin - ner though I be,



Per - haps it was an i - dol Which I must be de - nied.
 And ten - der - ly and kind - ly He bore it from its place.
 For He who gave hath tak - en And He who took can keep.
 For He who guards and keeps it Will keep my bud for me.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a hap - py land o'er the riv - er of death, 'Tis the realm of e -
 2. In that hap - py land on the heav - en - ly shore, Is the home of the
 3. To the hap - py land we are hast - en - ing on, As we pass thro' the
 4. In that hap - py land we shall rest by and by, From all wea - ri - ness,

ter - nal life; There im - mor - tal flow - ers of joy nev - er fade,
 glo - ri - fied, There the saved who have gathered from ev - er - y clime,
 vale of time; On the sight of faith, ev - en now from a - far,
 pain and care, And our Sav - iour's praise thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years,

CHORUS.

As they pale in this world of strife.
 In God's pres - ence for aye a - bide.
 Breaks the vis - ion of scenes sub - lime. } Hap - py land! blessed land o - ver
 Glad - ly sing with the ran - somed there.

death's surg - ing stream! Mor - tal nev - er its bliss has told; In the

gold - en light of the morning so bright, We its beau - ty shall soon be - hold.

WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS.

JENNIE WILSON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

Con spirito.

1. In the name of our God we will set up our ban - ners,
 2. We will set up the ban - ners of love and sal - va - tion,
 3. In the glo - ri - ous ar - my en - list - ed for Je - sus
 4. Tho' the march - ing be long and the con - flict be wea - ry,

And pro - claim the glad ti - dings from mount - ain and plain,
 In the name of our God, which en - dur - eth for aye,
 We will seek to keep step with the faith - ful and strong,
 With the vis - ion of faith our re - ward we now view,

Grand - ly on - ward the cause of our Lord is ad - vanc - ing,
 More and more shall the pow'r of our Lord be ex - alt - ed
 And led on by the Lord, in His strength o - ver - com - ing,
 Lov - ing praise from our Mas - ter, palm - branch - es of glo - ry

Truth tri - umph - ant o'er er - ror for - ev - er shall reign.
 Till the na - tions of earth all shall yield to His sway.
 We will sing with re - joic - ing the con - quer - or's song.
 And life's crown shall be ours when the war - fare is through.

CHORUS.

In the name of our God we will set up our ban - ners,

Far and near let the em - blem di - vine be un - furled,

Tell a - broad o'er land and sea, wrong and dark - ness soon must flee,

For the king - dom of Christ shall with light fill the world.

SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
2. When the Apos - tles' frag - ile bark Struggled with the bil - lows dark,
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

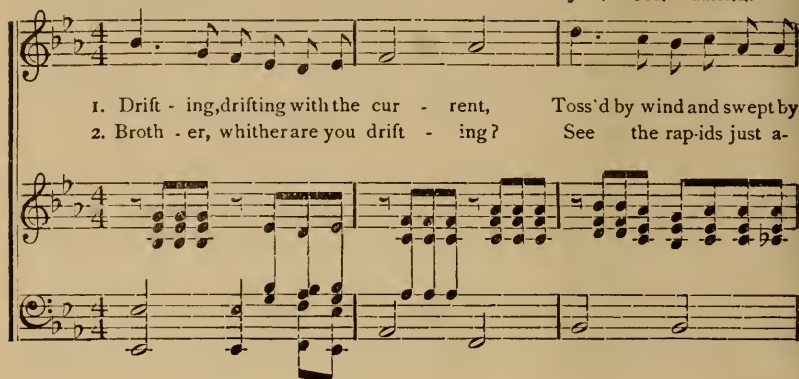
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D.C.

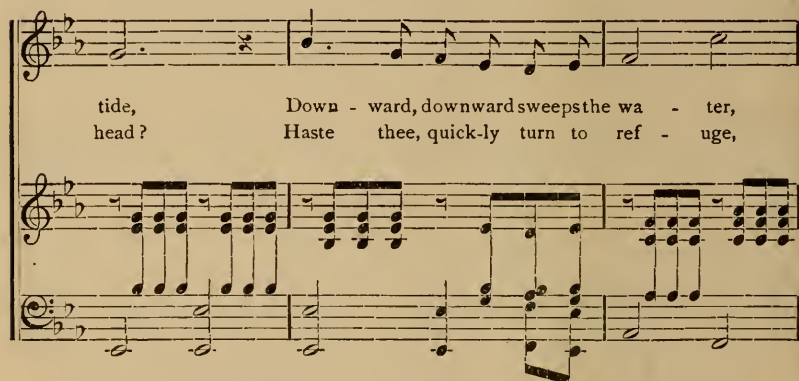
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
 On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

IRVIN H. MACK.

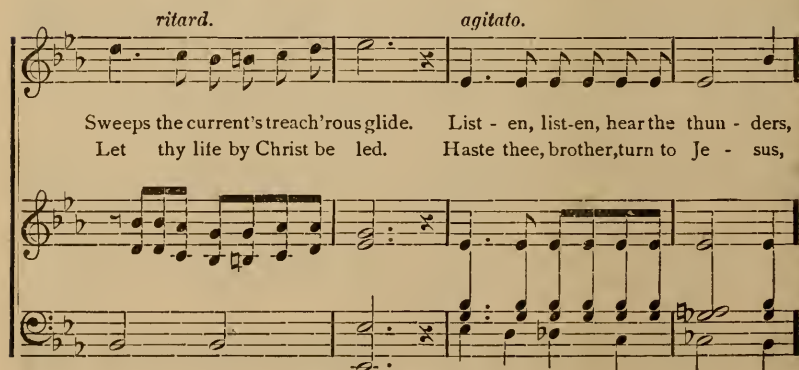
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Drift - ing, drifting with the cur - rent, Toss'd by wind and swept by
2. Broth - er, whither are you drift - ing? See the rap-ids just a-



tide, Down - ward, downward sweeps the wa - ter,
head? Haste thee, quick-ly turn to ref - uge,



ritard. *agitato.*
Sweeps the current's treach'rous glide. List - en, list-en, hear the thun - ders,
Let thy life by Christ be led. Haste thee, brother, turn to Je - sus,

ritardando.

f accelerato.

From the dark a-byss be-low,
He's a ref-uge and a guide,

Waft-ing pre-cious souls to
Surg-ing bil-lows can-not

colla voce.

tempo.

ff

ritardando.

ru-in, Down the stream of sin they go.
harm thee, You'll be safe by Je-sus' side.

p

rit.

QUARTETTE.

Drift-ing, drifting quickly drift-ing, Are you going down in sin?

O down in sin?

Hast-en, hast-en, heed the warn-ing, Je-sus bids you come to Him.

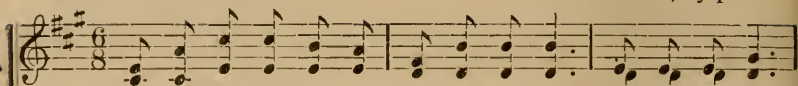
Je-sus,

bids you come to Him.

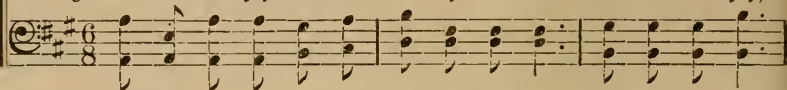
WILL YOU BE ONE?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

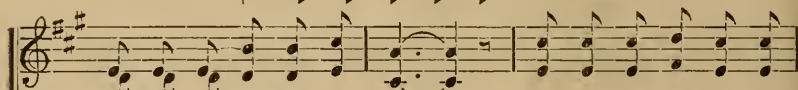
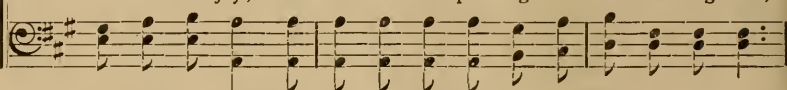
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



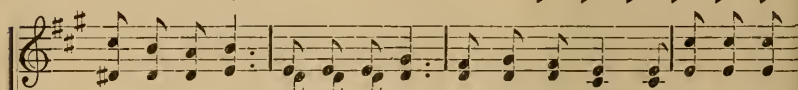
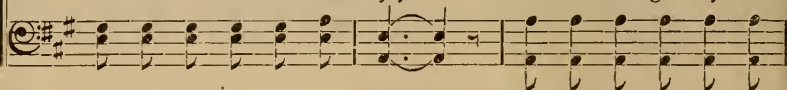
1. Will you be one in that beau - ti - ful land? Will you be one,
2. Will you be one whom the Sav - iour will claim? Will you be one,
3. There will be joy in that cit - y so fair, Won - der - ful joy,



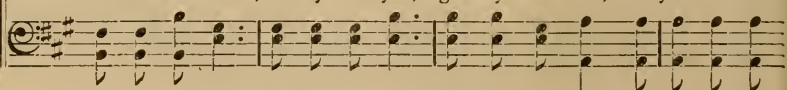
will you be one? A-round the white throne of the Sav - iour to stand?
 will you be one? An heir of sal - va - tion thro' faith in His name?
 won - der - ful joy; There'll nev - er be part - ing nor sor - row - ing there,



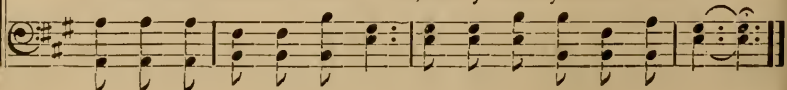
Will you, O will you be one? Will you be there in the
 Will you, O will you be one? Will you with Je - sus for -
 All will be won - der - ful joy. There will be glo - ry for



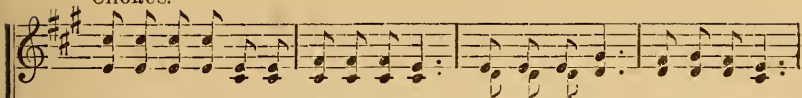
glo - ri - fied thron'g? Will you be there, will you be there? To sing the sweet
 ev - er a - bide, Safe - ly at home, safe - ly at home? Where ev - ry heart
 sin - ners redeemed, Glo - ry for you, glo - ry for me, Be - yond all that



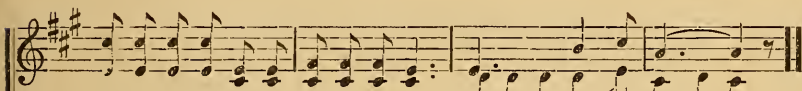
strain of that bless - ed new song, Will you, O will you be there?
 long - ing shall be sat - is - fied, Safe - ly for - ev - er at home.
 mor - tals have heard or have dream'd, Glo - ry for you and for me.



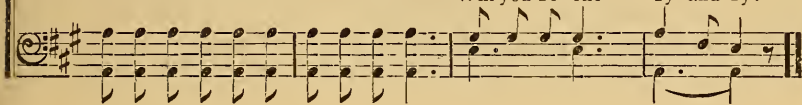
CHORUS.



Will you be one in that beau-ti-ful land? Will you be one, will you be one?



Ev-er re-joic-ing at Jesus' right hand, Will you be one?.....
Will you be one by and by?



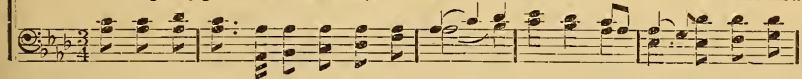
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

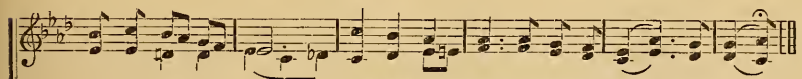
J. B. DYKES.



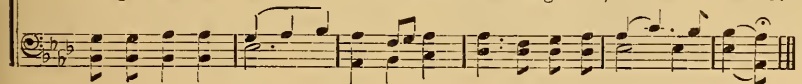
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

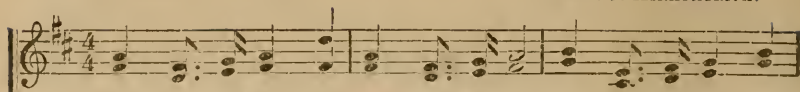


do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and spite of fears,..... Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

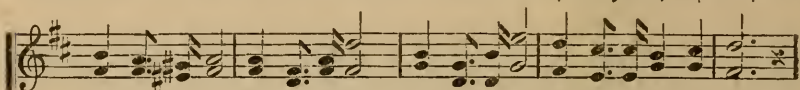


E. E. HEWITT.

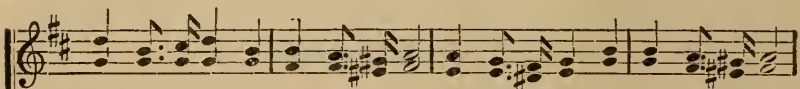
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



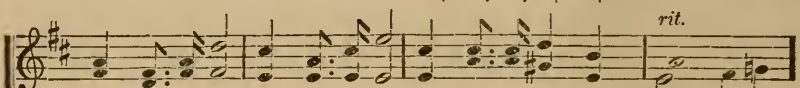
1. Work for the Mas - ter; an - swer his call; Take up the du - ty;
 2. Work for the Mas - ter; work with de - light; Serve him with glad - ness,
 3. Work for the Mas - ter; great the re - ward; Stars for the crown - ing,



trust him for all; Walk in the way o - pen'd to-day, Promptly his word obey.
 soon comes the night; Seeking his face, using his grace, Resting in his embrace.
 joy in the Lord, Songs by the way, blessings to-day, Richly our toil repay.




Life's bloom and sunshine cheerfully bring, Ev'ry good talent lent by our King;
 Scorn not the tri - fles, sometimes a word Spoken in kindness, grate - ful - ly heard,
 Bless - ings that ev - er brighten the more, Till we shall enter home's golden door,



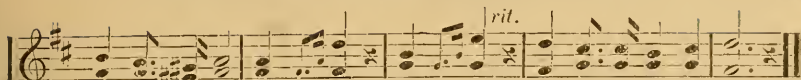
Life through his name freely proclaim, Spreading the heav'nly flame.....
 Seed - like in pow'r, lives as a flow'r Growing for E - den's bow'r.....
 Then at his feet, glad - ly we'll meet, Singing his prais - es sweet.....

1. Spread - ing the heaven'ly flame.

CHORUS.



Work for the Mas - ter, look - ing a - bove, Led by his Spir - it,




fill'd with His love, Work, work, work, work, Fill'd with His boundless love.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.



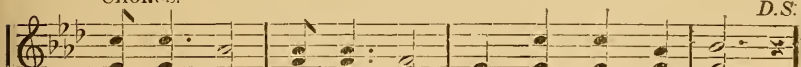
1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

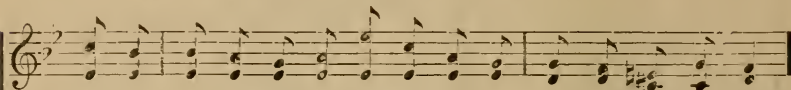
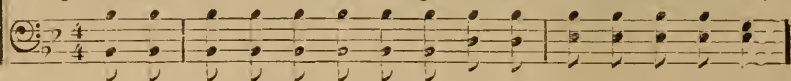
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

EMILY P. MILLER.

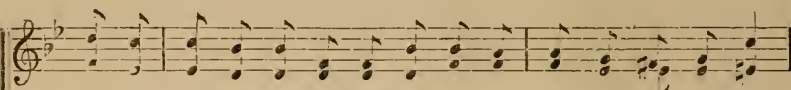
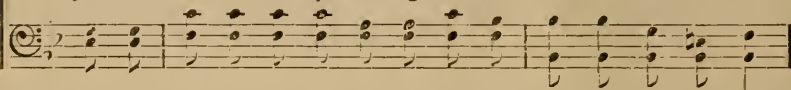
J. LINCOLN HALL.



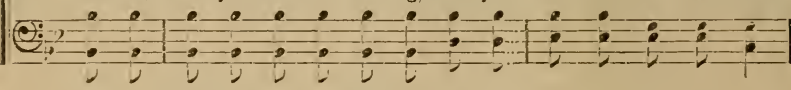
1. I have found a pre-cious Sav-iour, Such a friend so kind and true;
2. I have found a bless-ed Sav-iour, When with tri-als I am pressed,
3. Sin-ner, list-en to the message, Of sal-va-tion full and free;



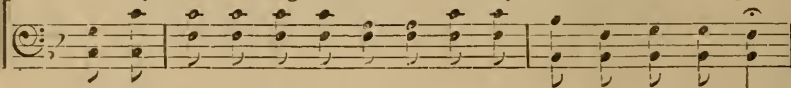
Would that I could lead you to Him, So that you might love Him too.
 Swift-ly brings His grace to strengthen, And af-fords me sweet-est rest.
 Je-sus now is sweet-ly call-ing; "Sinner, come, oh, come to me."



I have found a lov-ing Saviour—Tho' a might-y King is He—
 I have found my Lord and Mas-ter, He whose ser-vice is so sweet;
 Sin-ner, will you heed the warning, Ere you find it is too late?

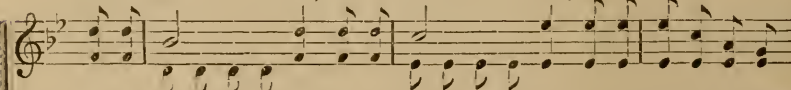


Dai-ly He will walk be-side me, And my faith-ful guide will be.
 And my soul is filled with gladness As I'm kneel-ing at His feet.
 You may knock and long to en-ter, But may find a fast closed gate.

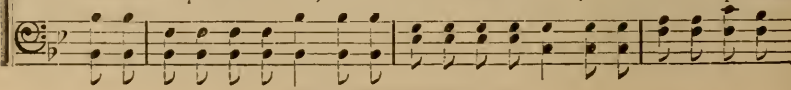


CHORUS.

I have found Him, I have found Him,



I have found a precious friend, I have found a friend so true; I have found a precious



I HAVE FOUND A PRECIOUS SAVIOUR. Concluded. 149

true;

I have found

Him, I have

Saviour kind and true, so kind and true; I have found a precious friend, I have

found . . . Him,

found a friend so true, O that you would find the precious Saviour too, the Saviour too.

WHEN THE WAY IS SO DARK.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the way is so dark That I scarce-ly can see, A dear lov-ing
2. His eye is on me In dark-ness or light, In storm or in
3. Then when death comes at last, And the Jor dan I see; O Je-sus, my

Sav-iour Calls sweet-ly to me; He bids me look up-ward, Tho' the
sunshine, His love al-ways bright; In sleeping or wak-ing, Where-
Sav-iour, My Guide Thou shalt be; Tho' storm-y the wa-ters, Tho'

skies are so dim, He bids me press onward, Cling clos-er to Him.
ev-er I be, I know He is watching, And car-ing for me.
dark swells the tide, No fears shall a-larm me, When I'm at Thy side.

CHAS. D. CASTLE.

1. Hark! the sound..... of hap - py voice - es..... Ring - ing
 2. Long a - go..... our bless - ed Sav - iour..... Left His
 3. Let us give..... our earn - est ser - vice..... Loud pro -

clear..... from shore to shore;..... Earth re - sounds with Hal - le -
 Fa - ther's throne a - bove;..... Came to earth..... and brought re -
 claim..... the sto - ry 'round;..... Till the earth..... in might - y

lu - jah's Sin and death..... shall reign no more.....
 demp - tion Show - ing thee..... His won - drous love.....
 con - cord. With ho - san - nas loud re - sound!.....

CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu jah! Hal - le - lu jah! Let the
 Hal - le - lu jah let it ech - o o'er the sea;

song..... beloud and free..... Hal - le - lu jah!
 Hal - le - lu jah! let the song beloud and free, Hal - le - lu jah!

Hal - le - lu jah! Earth re-sound the ju - bi - lee!.....
 Ev - ry na - tion bows the knee.

BROTHER, WHENCE ART THOU STEERING?

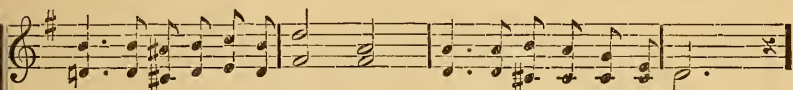
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EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Broth-er, whence art thou now steering? On to rocks and on to reefs?
2. Take the Saviour as your pi - lot, He will guide you o'er the shoal,
3. Storms may threaten oft to wreck you, And the port seem hid from view;

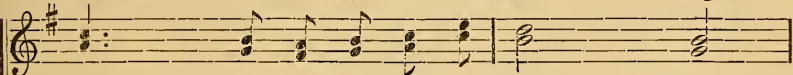


Or up to the port of glo - ry, There up - on the shore of peace?
He will nev - er leave you, But will bring you to the goal.
Put your trust in Christ our Saviour, He will nev - er prove un - true.

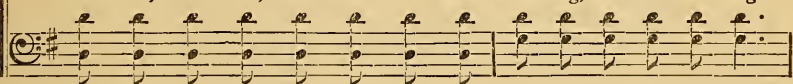


CHORUS.

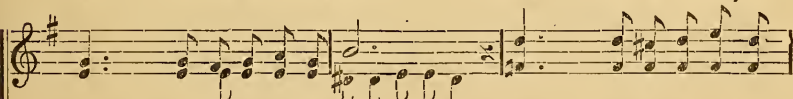
Broth - er, whence art thou now steer - ing?



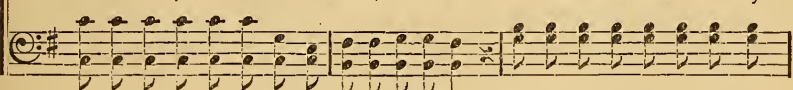
Broth - er, broth - er, whence art thou now steer - ing, art thou steer - ing?



T'ward the blest e - ter - nal shore? Take the Saviour as your



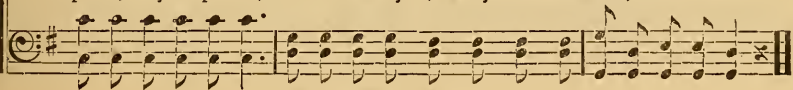
T'ward the blest, the blest eternal shore, eternal shore? Take the blessed Saviour as your



pi - lot, He will leave you nev - er more.



pi - lot, as your pi - lot, He will leave you, leave you nev - er more, oh never more.



LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul, When life's storm-y bil-lows
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
 Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly

way;
 roll;
 past,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 To the land of end-less day,
 I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.
 I would in Thy love a-bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a-way.
 I would in Thy love a-bide. } Lead me, lead me,

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray (lest I stray,) Gen - tly down the stream of

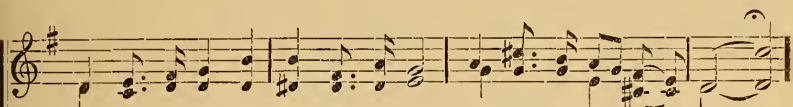
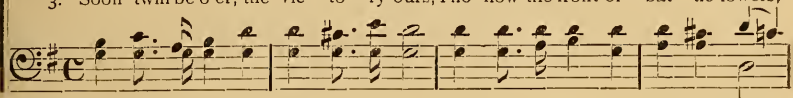
rit - e - dim.
 time (the stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - iour, all the way (all the way.)

R. H.

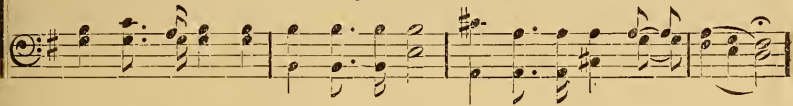
RICHARD HARDING.



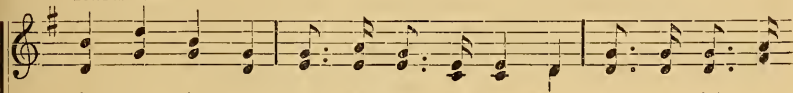
1. "Forward to bat-tle!" hear now the call—Some, fainter-hearted, back-ward fall,
2. Stern is the con-flict, yet we shall win,—Tho' for our foes we've death and sin,
3. Soon 'twill be o'er, the vic-to-ry ours, Tho' now the front of bat-tle lowers,



Stay not to ques-tion,—here lies the way. We've naught to do but o-bey.
 Close by our side stands Je-sus, our Lord, We may re-ly on His word.
 Trust we our Lead-er,—He'll help us thro', He's ev-er strong and true.



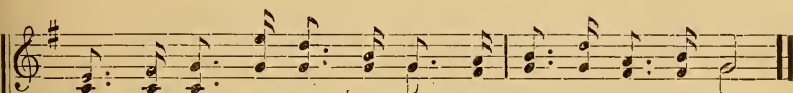
REFRAIN.



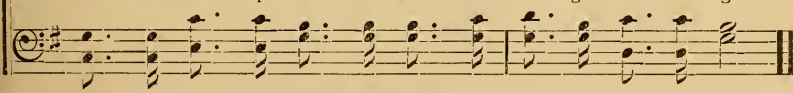
On-ward! On-ward! ev-er press-ing on-ward—Bear-ing high our



stand-ard thro' the thick-est fight—On-ward! on-ward! ev-er press-ing on-ward,

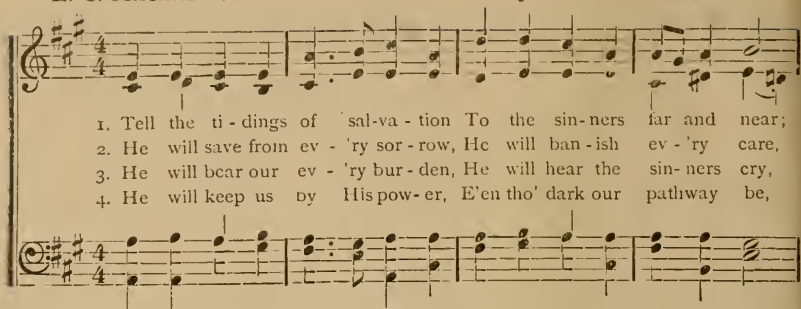


Till in tri-umph we shall stand in heav'n's glo-ri-ous light.

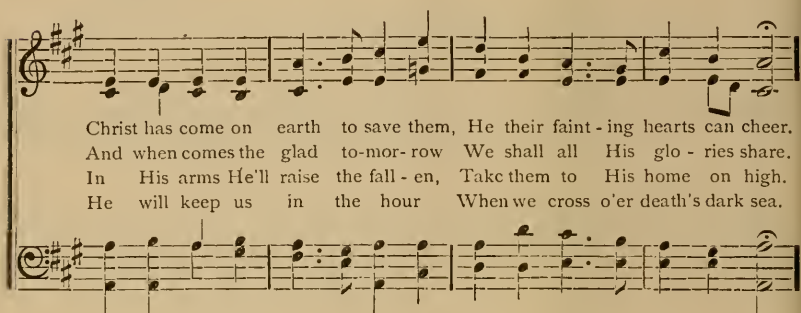


E. C. MACARTNEY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

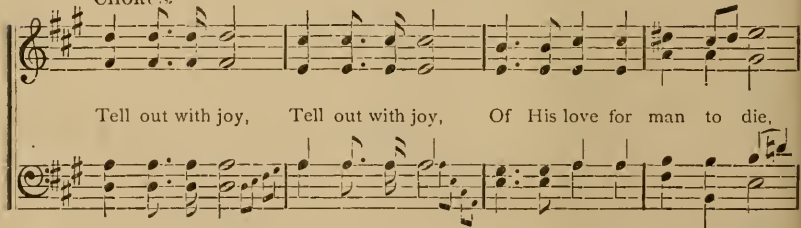


1. Tell the ti - dings of sal - va - tion To the sin - ners far and near;
 2. He will save from ev - 'ry sor - row, He will ban - ish ev - 'ry care,
 3. He will bear our ev - 'ry bur - den, He will hear the sin - ners cry,
 4. He will keep us by His pow - er, E'en tho' dark our pathway be,

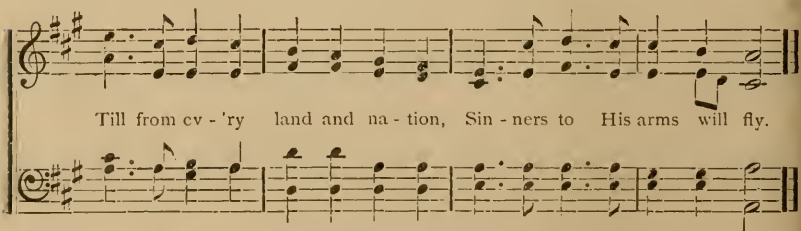


Christ has come on earth to save them, He their faint - ing hearts can cheer.
 And when comes the glad to - mor - row We shall all His glo - ries share.
 In His arms He'll raise the fall - en, Take them to His home on high.
 He will keep us in the hour When we cross o'er death's dark sea.

CHORUS.



Tell out with joy, Tell out with joy, Of His love for man to die,



Till from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, Sin - ners to His arms will fly.

MARY A. MCKEE,

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rare-ness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv-ers of glad-ness Will ban-ish all sad-ness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven, From o-ver that
 4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can sha-dow the

pave-ment of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
 ci-ty of God; We'll view then in won-der, Thro' all that may
 bliss of that home; And pil-grims who rest there, Forev-er are

CHORUS.

dreary,—And no one can ev-er grow old. Oh, there is a ci-ty, a
 brighten, That ci-ty by night or by day.
 sunder, The path that in sorrow we trod.
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau-ti-ful ci-ty, Whose builder and maker is God; A far-away

ci-ty, A won-der-ful ci-ty, The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In the cit - y built on high, Joy is com - ing by and by,
 2. Are we numbered now with those, Who the pow'rs of sin op - pose,
 3. May we gain the great re - ward, Of a toil - er for the Lord,

To the faith - ful as they lis - ten To the call - ing of the roll,
 Till our Lord shall reign tri - umph - ant, And all yield to His con - trol?
 And for - ev - er in His king - dom, With the blest His name ex - tol.

When glad an - gels read the name, Of each saved one who can claim,
 If we serve Him tru - ly here, With His own we shall ap - pear,
 With our earth - ly la - bor done, And the life e - ter - nal won,

An in - her - i - tance with Spir - its By the Lamb made pure and whole.
 When His fol - low - ers as - sem - ble, At the call - ing of the roll.
 May we meet with joy up yon - der, At the call - ing of the roll.

CHORUS.

At the call - - - ing of the roll!
 Call - ing of the roll, call - ing of the roll,

At the call - ing of the roll
Call - ing of the roll, the call - ing of the roll,

Oh will you and I be there, In the won-'drous bliss to share,

When re - deemed ones an - swer, Present, At the call - ing of the roll?

HOSANNA, BE THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Joyous.

1. Ho - san - na, be the chil - dren's song To Christ, the children's King;
2. Ho - san - na, on the wings of light O'er earth and o - cean fly;
3. Ho - san - na, then our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King;

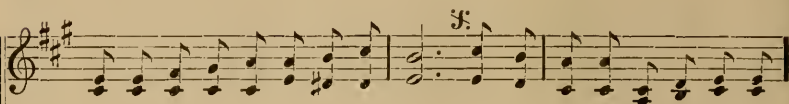
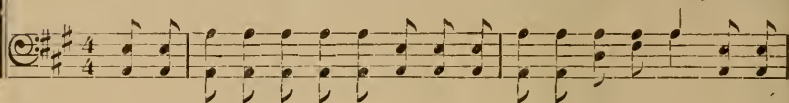
His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
Till morn and eve, and noon 'to night, And heav'n to earth re - ply.
This is the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.

C. B.

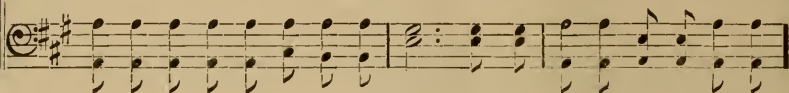
CHAS. BENTLEY.



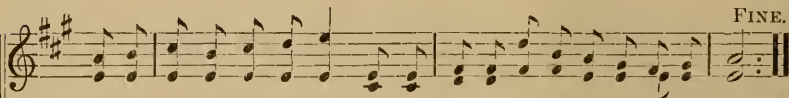
1. When we near the riv- er Jor-dan, With its rush-ing, swelling tide, Let us
2. As we cross the riv- er Jordan, With its flood that none can check, Then the
3. We are near-ing that dark riv- er Which we all must cross some day; But the



put our trust in Je- sus as we go; We shall hear His gen- tle whis- per,
Saviour's guiding hand will lead us o'er; Tho' the bil- low's roar be mighty,
faith- ful of the Fa- ther need not fear, For the Sav- iour there is wait ing,

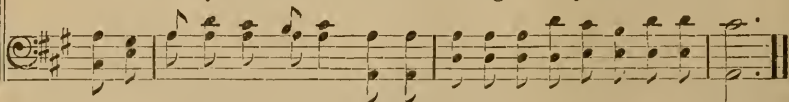


D.S.—There'll be mu- sic, there'll be shout ing



FINE.

"Fear not, I am by thy side," At the crossing o- ver Jordan, He'll be there.
There is noth ing we need fear, At the crossing o- ver Jordan, He'll be there.
He will safe- ly take us o'er, At the crossing o- ver Jordan, He'll be there.

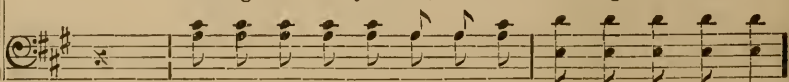


Just be- yond the swelling tide, At the crossing o- ver Jor- dan, He'll be there.

CHORUS.



At the cross - - ing o - ver Jor - - dan,
Cross-ing o - ver Jor- dan, at the cross- ing He'll be there,



At the cross - - ing He'll be there;
Cross-ing o - ver Jor-dan, He'll be there, He'll be there.

LIKE AN ARMY WE ARE MARCHING.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like an ar-my we are march-ing, In the ser-vice of the Lord;
2. Like an ar-my we are march-ing, With our ban-ners, day by day,
3. Like an ar-my we are march-ing, Ma-ny tri-als tho' we meet,

Marching on-ward to the vict-'ry He has promised in His word.
Look-ing ev-er un-to Je-sus, Trusting Him to guide our way.
We shall count them scores of bless-ings, When we rest at Je-sus' feet.

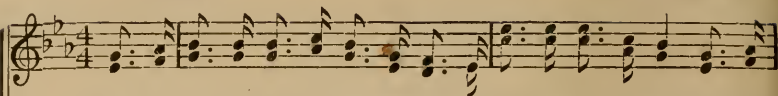
CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, March-ing brave and strong,.....
Marching, marching, marching, marching, we are marching.

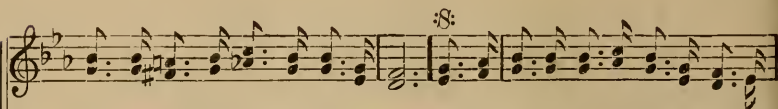
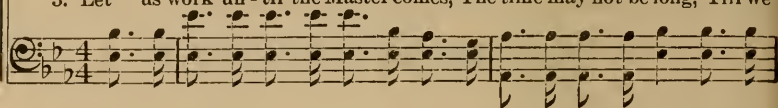
Like an ar-my we are march-ing. While we sing our hap-py song.
Like an ar-my we are marching, marching,

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

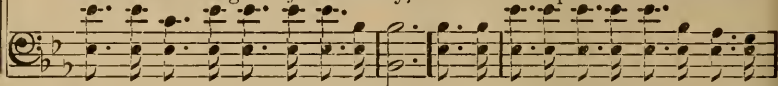
W. S. WEEDEN.



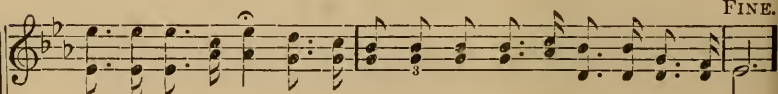
1. When we see the King of kings appear In judgment on His throne, When the
2. When the na-tions of the earth shall hear The summons of the King, When the
3. Let us work un-til the Master comes, The time may not be long, 'Till we



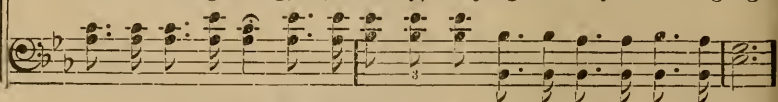
liv-ing and the dead in Christ a-rise, We will be a-mong the glorified; When
 saved of earth shall meet Him face to face, We will answer when our names are called, And
 see the Lord of glo-ry in the sky, When the trumpet shall awake the dead To



D. S.—When our names are read up yonder, From the



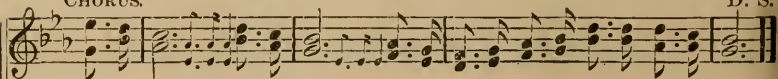
Je-sus calls His own, When we gath-er to meet the Sav-ior in the skies.
 praise Him as wes-ing Hal-le-lu-jah! for Je-sus sav'd us by His grace.
 meet the coming throng, Oh, be read-y, the judgment day is draw-ing nigh.



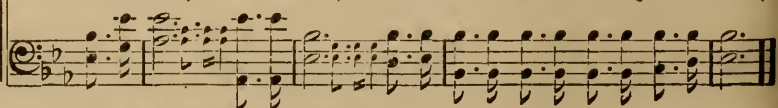
pages white and fair, When the gen-er-al roll is called, we'll all be there.

CHORUS.

D. S.



You'll be there, I'll be there, On the res-ur-rec-tion morning we'll be there;




LOOKING THIS WAY.

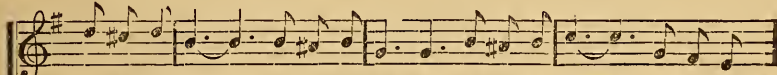
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DUET.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

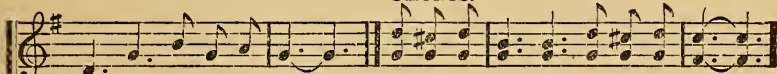


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones



looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bearing the loved ones over the tide In - to the
 coming sometime; Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for
 beckon - ing come; Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is

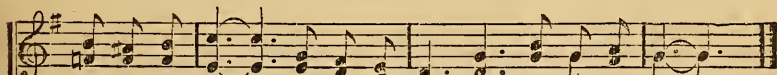
CHORUS.



watching patiently there.
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones waiting be - low. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 cal - ling, "Sinner, come home."



Loved ones are wait - ing, looking this way; Fair as the morning,



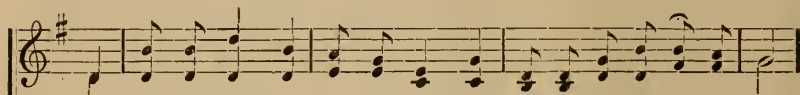
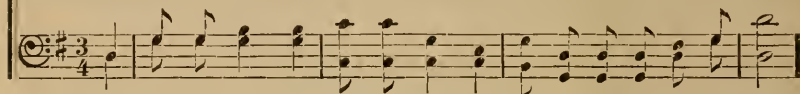
bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

HARRIET E. JONES.

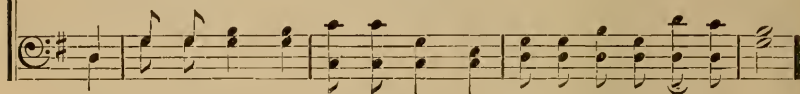
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Our bless - ed Lord is just the same, As when be-side the calm, blue sea,
2. Our bless - ed Lord is just the same As when He cleaned the lepers ten,
3. Our bless - ed Lord is just the same As when He saved the Magda - lene
4. Our bless - ed Lord is just the same As in the gold- en days of old,



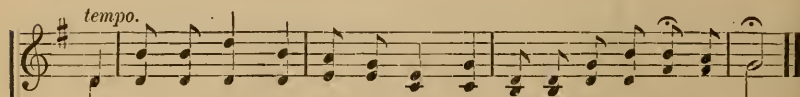
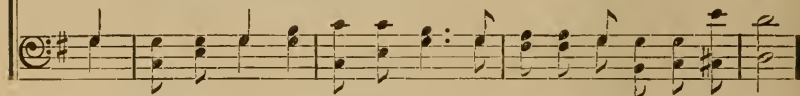
He cured the sick, the blind the lame Who dwelt in His loved Gal - i - lee.
 Those in the depths of sin and shame, He waits to cleanse as He did then,
 Who so re- vered and loved the name Of the sin-pard'ning Naz-a - rene.
 When all who came, of ev - 'ry name, He cleansed and welcomed to His fold.



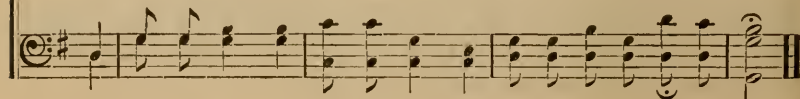
CHORUS.

rit......

O praise His name! He's just the same As when He cured the blind and lame,



By speech and song the news pro-claim: To - day, our Lord will save the same.



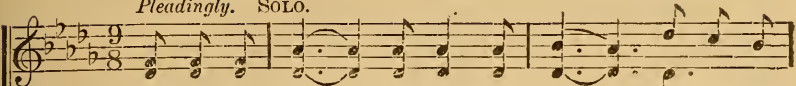
HEAREST THOU NOT?

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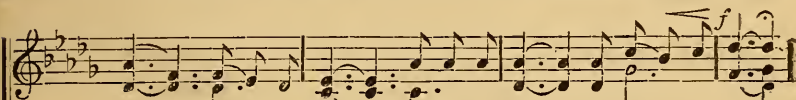
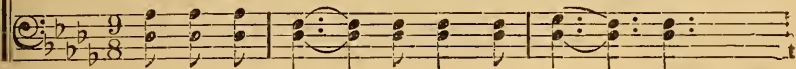
W. R. WINTERS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

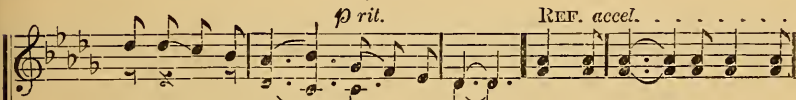
Pleadingly. SOLO.



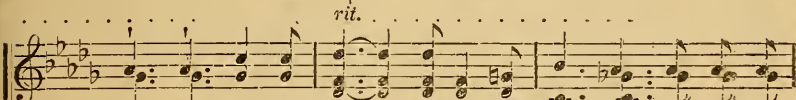
1. Hear - est thou not the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing the
2. On Calv'ry's cross His blood He shed, To save thy
3. No ran - som He of thee re - quir - eth, The price is
4. De - lay not then thy soul's re - turn - ing, Flee to His



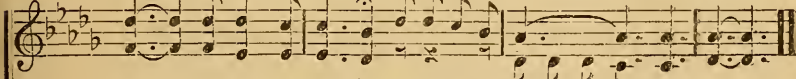
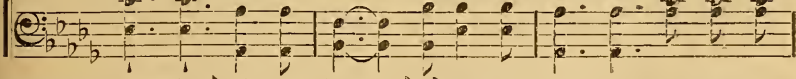
lost ones home to the fold? In tend'rest tones He thee en-treateth,
soul from end - less death; To wash a - way thy guilt and sin,
paid, thy par - don sealed; Yield now to Him thy heart's af - fec - tion,
outstretched arms of love; This ver - y hour claim thou His promise,



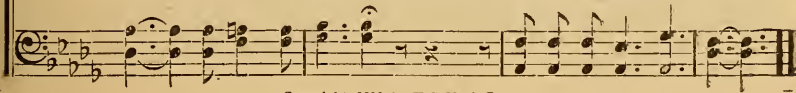
Re-ject not His proffered mer-cy and love.
That thou e - ter - nal life might have.
Trust thou His love and be for-giv'n. } Won't you give your heart to
Be-lieve and now thy Sav - iour own.



Je - sus? Oh, so lov - ing - ly He calls thee; Dear sin - ner,

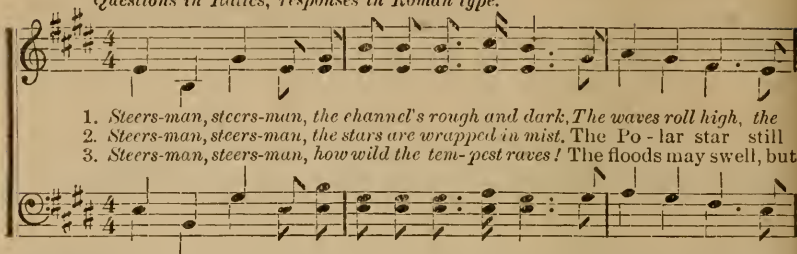


friend, oh, haste to greet Him, And low at His feet DOWN bow.
Low at His feet DOWN bow.

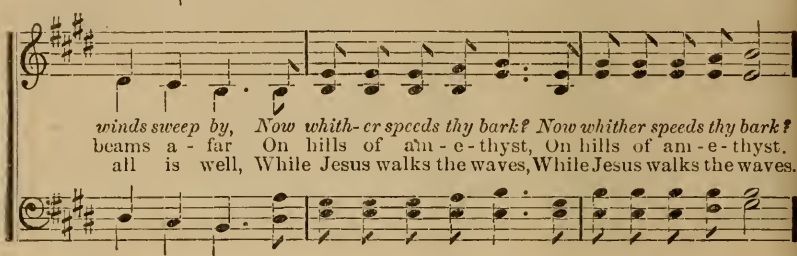


PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

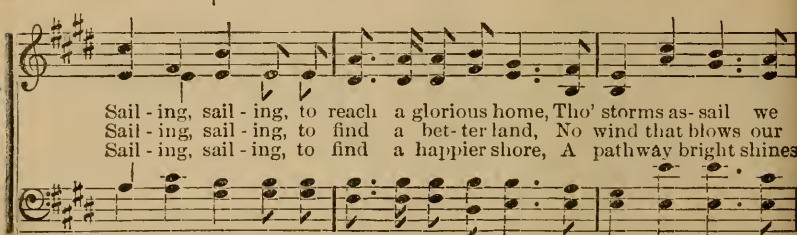
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Questions in Italics, responses in Roman type.


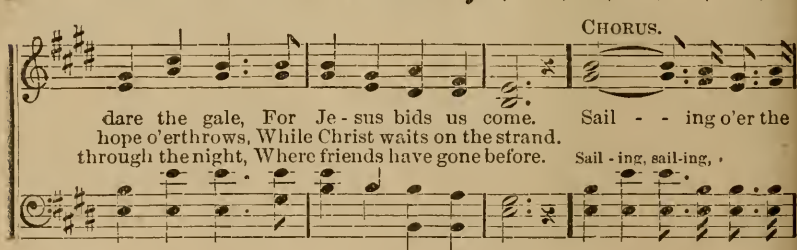
1. *Steers-man, steers-man, the channel's rough and dark,* The waves roll high, the
 2. *Steers-man, steers-man, the stars are wrapped in mist.* The Po-lar star still
 3. *Steers-man, steers-man, how wild the tem-pest raves!* The floods may swell, but



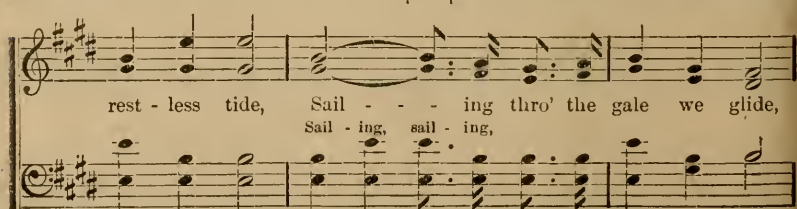
winds sweep by, Now *whith-er speeds thy bark?* Now *whither speeds thy bark?*
 beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of am - e - thyst.
 all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.



Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms as-sail we
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet-ter land, No wind that blows our
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines



CHORUS.
 dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
 hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
 through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sail - ing, sail - ing, ,



rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
 Sail - ing, sail - ing,

There,..... beyond the bil-lows' foam, We see the lights of home.
There, be - yond, be-yond

rit.

JESUS TOUCHED MY HEART.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful - heart, Bade my tears re - pent - ant start,
2. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade me walk with him a - part,
3. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade my e - vil tho'ts de - part,
4. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade me choose the bet - ter part,

Showed me all my guilt and sin, Made me clean and pure with - in.
Stooped my lamp of faith to trim, Mad me feel my need of him.
Soft - ly whis-pered in my ear Ten-der words of hope and cheer.
Led me gen - tly to his breast, Fill'd my soul with peace and rest.

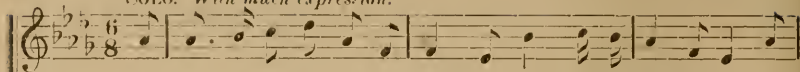
CHORUS.

Jesus touch'd my heart with his pow'r divine, His pow'r divine, his pow'r divine;

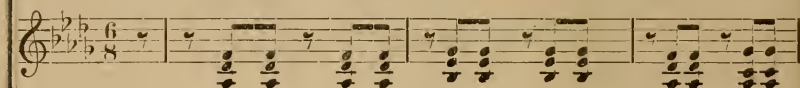
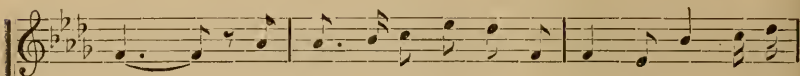
Jesus touch'd my heart with his pow'r divine; I'm happy since his love is mine.

BIRDIE BELL.

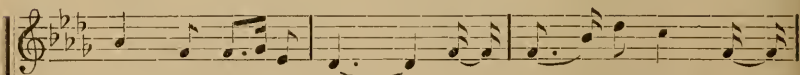
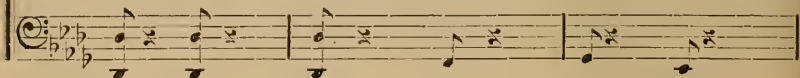
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *With much expression.*

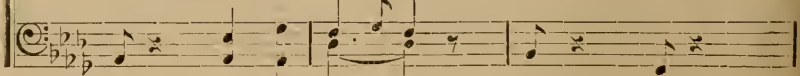
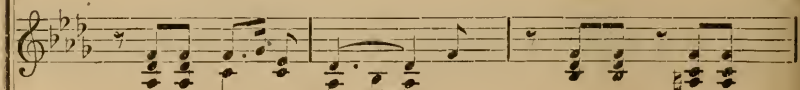
1. A sow - er was wending his home-ward way, And his steps were sad and
2. The sow - er made an-swer in words like these, "I have toiled since break of
3. "O sow - er, be trust-ful" I made re- ply, "You have worked for Christ the
4. A sow - er was wending his home-ward way, But his steps were glad and

*p*

slow,	So	wea - ry with toil - ing the live - long day,—And I
day,	My	fore - head was kissed by the morn - ing breeze And 'twas
Lord,	He	send - eth the sun - light from smil - ing sky, From His
fleet;	He	car - rolled a song, 'twas a hap - py lay, And it



called	in	ac - cents	low,	"O,	why	are you	sad	at
scorched	by	noontide	ray,	But	I	fear	that	the thorns
hand	the	rain is	poured;	He'll	watch	the	seed	which your
told	of	faith so	sweet;	For	trust	had	come	in the



e - ven - tide? You've scat - tered the good seed far and wide, By
 choke the seed, The birds of the air may on it feed, Per-
 hand did sow, The dews will fall and the soft winds blow, Till
 place of fear, "In God's good time will the grain ap-pear," A

rit ad lib.

stream-lets fair and on mountain side, You've worked till the sunset glow."
 chance on the rocks 'twill die indeed, Then what will the Mas - ter say?"
 tall and fair shall the ripe grain grow—For such is the prom - ised word."
 glad "well done" will the toil - er hear, His heart shall with rap-ture beat.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

You've worked to the sun-set glow, You've worked till the sunset glow,
 Then what will the Mas-ter say? Then what will the Mas-ter say?
 For such is the promised word, For such is the promised word,
 His heart shall with rapture beat, His heart shall with rapture beat,
 sun-set glow, sunset glow,

poco rit. *tempo.*

By streamlets fair and on mountain side, You've worked till the sunset glow.
 Perchance on rocks it will die in-deed, Then what will the Master say?
 Till tall and fair shall the ripe grain grow—For such is the promised word.
 A glad "well done" will the toiler hear, His heart shall with rapture beat.
 sun-set glow.

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. As we jour - ney on our pathway, Which thro' life's great valley leads;
 2. Let us help the wea - ry pilgrim, Whom we meet up - on our way,
 3. Let us not de - lay our actions, Thoughtless for an - oth - er day;

Let us scat - ter seeds of kindness, Strew our path with lov - ing deeds.
 With a kind - ly word and ac - tion, With a lov - ing deed to - day.
 There are souls that must be rescued, Let us help them while we may.

CHORUS.

We pass this way, this way but once, We
 We pass this way, this way but once,

pass this way but once; Let us
 We pass this way, this way but once; Let us

scat ter seeds of kindness, For we pass this way but once.
 scatter seeds of kindness, scatter seeds of kindness,

THERE'S A HOME.

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IDA L. REED.

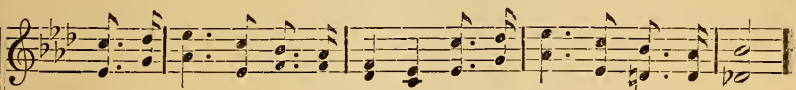
CHAS. A. BECHTER.



1. There's a home for wea - ry pilgrims, They who long life's thorns have pressed,
2. All life's wea - ry bat - tles o - ver, At the gold - en e - ven - tide,
3. What are all earth's cares and crosses When they gain the oth - er shore,



In the king - dom o - ver yon - der They shall en - ter in - to rest.
They will turn their fa - ces homeward, Pass be - yond the riv - er - side.
Where there's no more griefs and loss - es, All is joy for - ev - er - more.



There's a home of joy and gladness, There's a place of peace and rest,



Where shall dwell the saint - ed pil - grim, 'Mid the man - sions of the blest.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark, I have fold-ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho a-

wan-der'd, my Sav-iour, from Thee; But Thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me
 ho-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am fill'd with the light of Thy
 round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
 pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
 day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Sav-iour, from Thee; A smile and a wel-come for me;

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee.
 in Thee.

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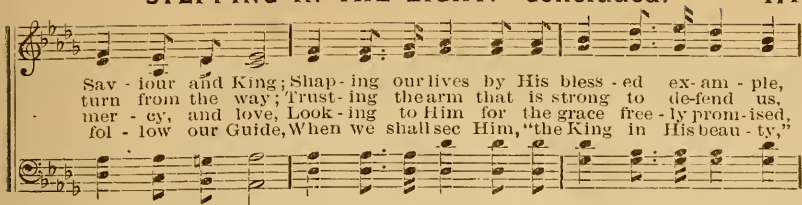
STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

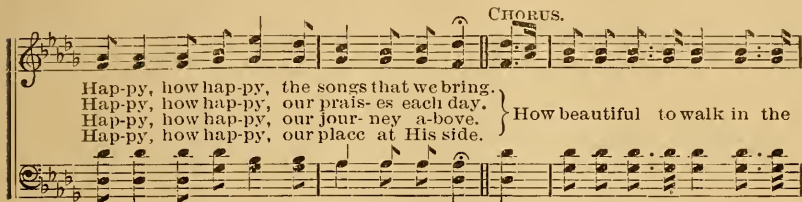
1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try-ing to fol-low our
 2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempt-ed to
 3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen-tle for-bearance, Foot-steps of faith-ful-ness,
 4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll

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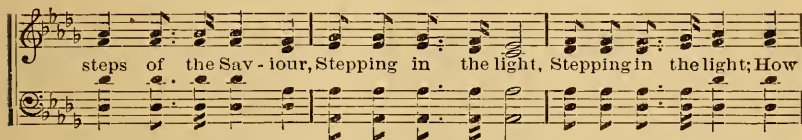


Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"

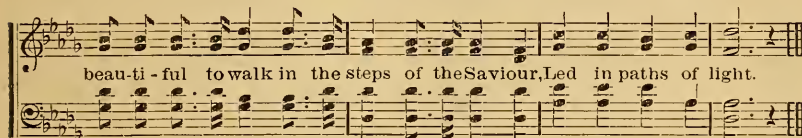
CHORUS.



Hap - py, how hap - py, the songs that we bring.
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our prais - es each day.
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove. } How beautiful to walk in the
 Hap - py, how hap - py, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

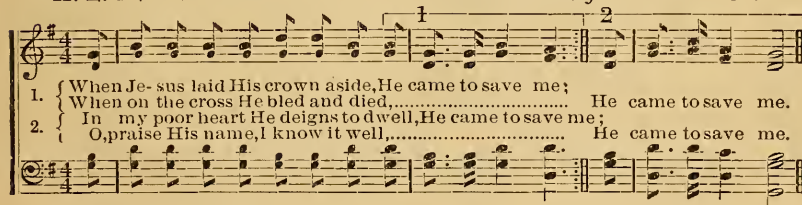


beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

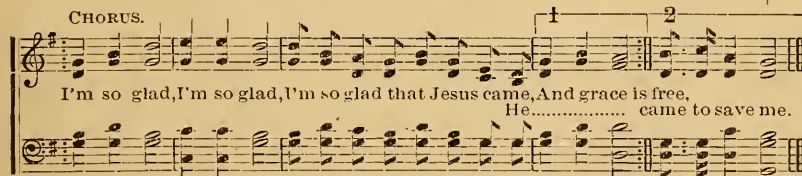
H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. { When Je - sus laid His crown aside, He came to save me;
 2. { When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.
 1. { In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 2. { O, praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me.

CHORUS.



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
 He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
 He came to save me;
 And trusting Him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me;
 To Him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.

WHAT REJOICING THERE WILL BE.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Slow, and with great expression.

1. When the toil-ing time is o-ver here be-low, And we
 2. When we step be-yond the por-tals, pass-ing fair, And be-
 3. When we stand with our Re-deem-er, robed in white, From His

rise to that sweet home with light a-glow— And a-mid the bright im-
 hold the ma-n-y mansions wait-ing there— Homes of beau-ty that shall
 hand our crowns re-ceive-ing, crowns of light, Which He purchased on the

mortals, loved ones see,..... What a shout, O what re-joic-ing there will be.
 stand e-ter-nal-ly..... What a shout, O what re-joic-ing there will be.
 cross of Cal-va-ry..... What a shout, O what re-joic-ing there will be.

CHORUS.

When the toil-ing time is o - ver, and we rise Where the ma - ny shin - ing
 man - sions greet our eyes, And our bless - ed Lord and loved ones we shall
 see, What a shout, O what re-joic - ing there will be. there will be.

rit.

RUEBUSH. 7s.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

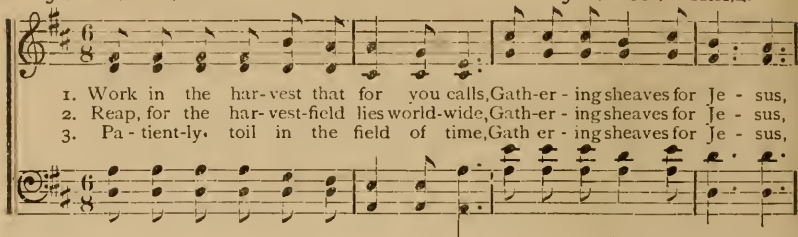
1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly fair, E'en on earth Thy tem - ples are;
 2. From Thy gra - cious pres - ence flows Bliss that soft - ens all our woes;
 3. Here we sup - pli - cate Thy throne, Here Thou mak' st Thy glo - ries known;
 4. Thus with sa - cred songs of joy, We our hap - py lives em - ploy;

Here Thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.
 While Thy Spir - it's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de - sire.
 Here we learn Thy right - eous ways, Taste Thy love and sing Thy praise.
 Love, and long to love Thee more, Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

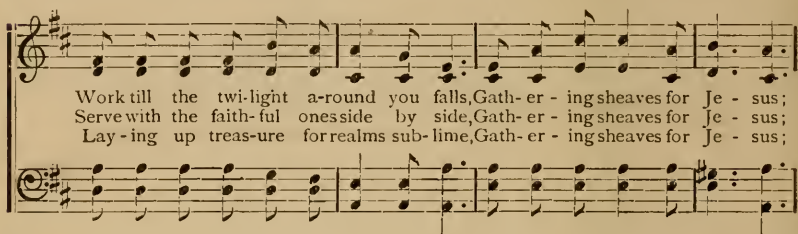
GATHERING SHEAVES FOR JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

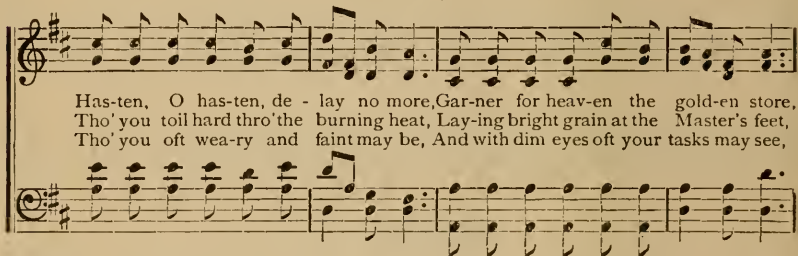
J. LINCOLN HALL.



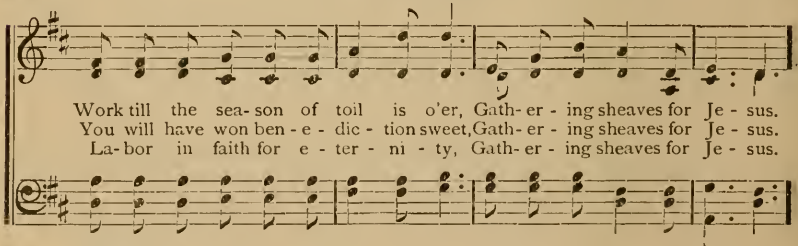
1. Work in the har-vest that for you calls, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus,
 2. Reap, for the har-vest-field lies world-wide, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus,
 3. Pa - tient-ly, toil in the field of time, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus,



Work till the twi-light a-round you falls, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus;
 Serve with the faith-ful onesside by side, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus;
 Lay-ing up treas-ure for realms sub-lime, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus;

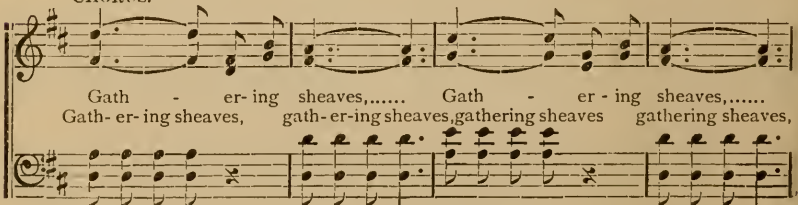


Has-ten, O has-ten, de - lay no more, Gar-ner for heav-en the gold-en store,
 Tho' you toil hard thro' the burning heat, Lay-ing bright grain at the Master's feet,
 Tho' you oft wea-ry and faint may be, And with dim eyes oft your tasks may see,



Work till the sea-son of toil is o'er, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.
 You will have won ben - e - dic - tion sweet, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.
 La-bor in faith for e - ter - ni - ty, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.

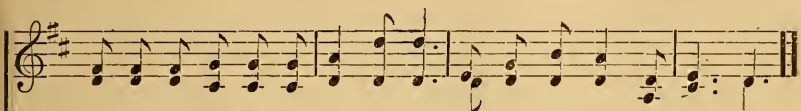
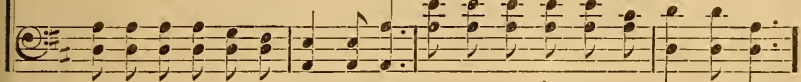
CHORUS.



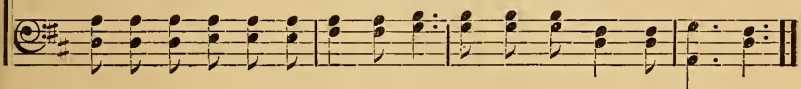
Gath - er - ing sheaves,..... Gath - er - ing sheaves,.....
 Gath-er-ing sheaves, gath-er-ing sheaves, gathering sheaves gathering sheaves,



Find in life's harvest di-vine employ, Bringing the soul ev-er-last-ing joy,

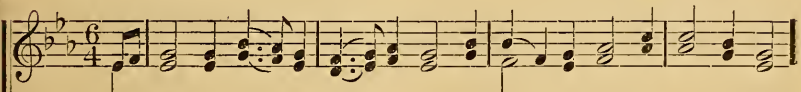


Rapture that nev-er shall know al-loy, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je-sus.

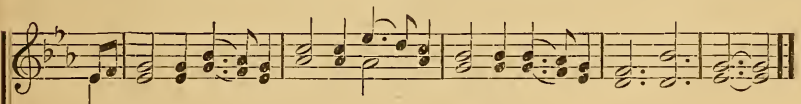
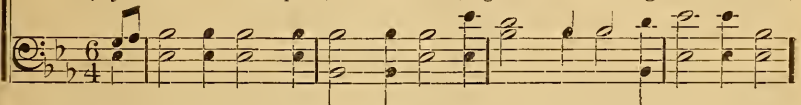


JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
 4. When clothed in His bright - ness trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him in

Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
 He giv - eth me strength as my day.
 For such a Redeem - er as mine. } He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 I'll shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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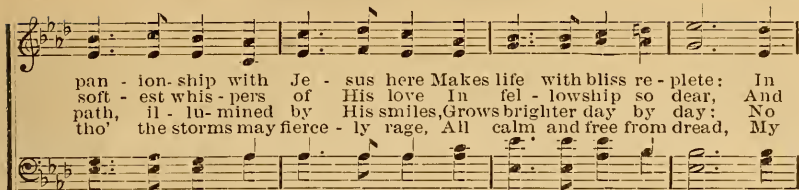
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

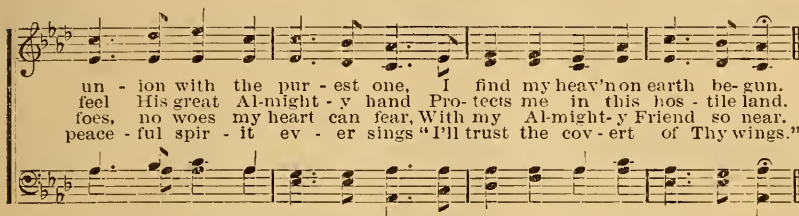
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com -
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The
 3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wear - y way; My
 4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread; And

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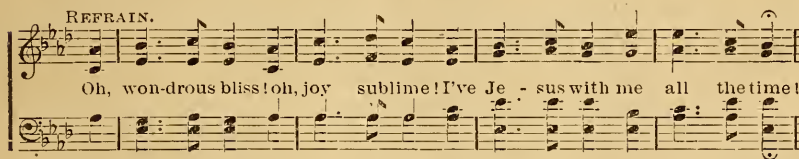


pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
soft - est whis - pers of His love In fel - lowship so dear, And
path, il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No
tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

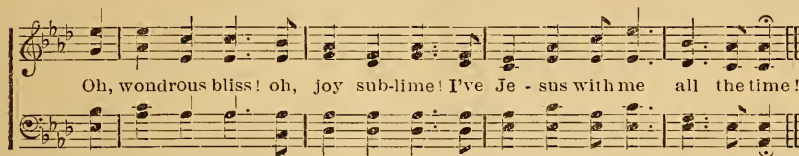


un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel His great Al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al - might - y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings."

REFRAIN.



Oh, won - drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

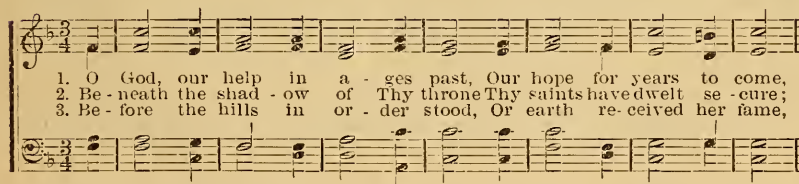


Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

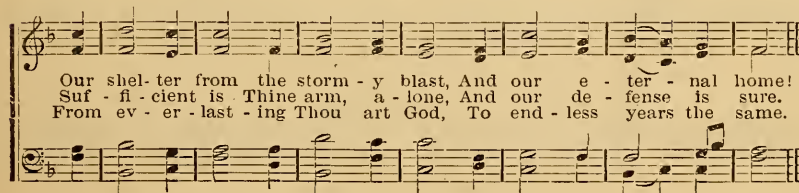
MEAR. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

AARON WILLIAMS.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be - neath the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her fame,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm, a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Lo! 'tis free, this great sal - va - tion, 'Tis re - cord - ed
 2. On the brow of Cal - vary's mountain Pre - cious Je - sus
 3. Come, poor sin - ner, faint and wea - ry, Come with all your

in God's word; Free to all of ev - 'ry na - tion
 paid the debt; From His side came forth love's fount - ain—
 woe and sin, Come this mo - ment, do not tar - ry,

CHORUS.
 Through the love of Christ our Lord.
 Praise His name! 'tis flow - ing yet. } Sing the gos - pel
 Come be cleansed this fount with - in. }

sto - ry o - ver Of the fountain full and free, Deep e - nough all

sins to cov - er— Sing a - loud "'Tis free! 'tis free!"

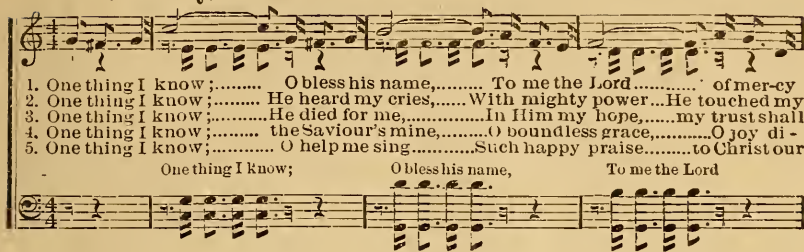
ONE THING I KNOW.

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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. One thing I know;..... Obless his name,..... To me the Lord..... of mer-cy
 2. One thing I know;..... He heard my cries,..... With mighty power...He touched my
 3. One thing I know;..... He died for me,..... In Him my hope,..... my trust shall
 4. One thing I know;..... the Saviour's mine,..... O boundless grace,..... O joy di-
 5. One thing I know;..... O help me sing..... Such happy praise..... to Christ our

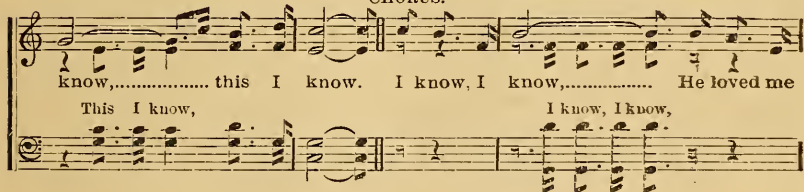
One thing I know; Obless his name, To me the Lord



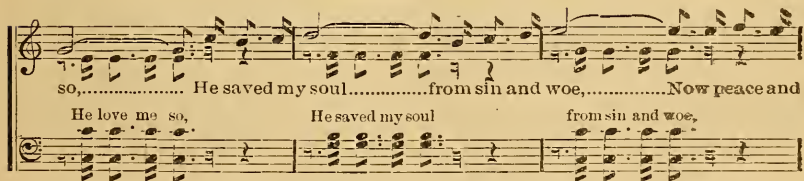
came,..... He filled my heart..... with love's bright flame,..... This I
 eyes,..... To see the light..... that nev-er dies,..... This I
 be,..... My Sav-ic-ur lives..... e - ter-nal-ly,..... This I
 vine!..... And heavenly beams..... around me shine,..... This I
 King..... While smiling faith..... and love up springs,..... This I

of mer- cy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,

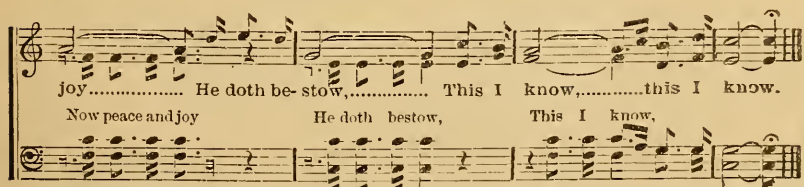
CHORUS.



know,..... this I know. I know, I know,..... He loved me
 This I know, I know, I know,



so,..... He saved my soul..... from sin and woe,..... Now peace and
 He love me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,



joy..... He doth be- stow,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 Now peace and joy He doth bestow, This I know,

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KRIKPATRICK.

1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-fold their
 2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured by the
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters cold chill our
 5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your
 Sav-iour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-
 reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
 lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our
 har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore, With the

REFRAIN.

an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
 sy the blast, thro' strength divine.
 an-gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
 stern sail past for-ev-er-more.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul

Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fasten'd to the Rock which

can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

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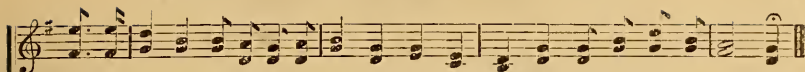
MEET IN THE MORNING.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching onward to the heav'nly land, To meet each other in the morning;
 2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;
 3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in the morning;

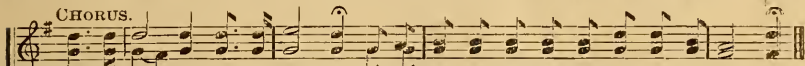
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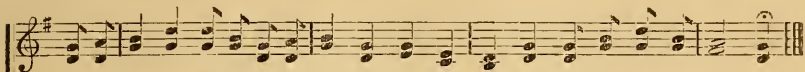
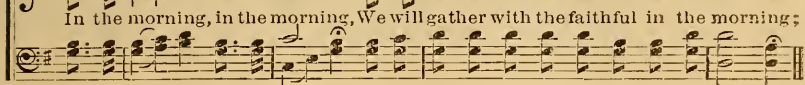
We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
O, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning.
Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the morning.



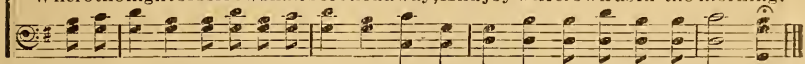
CHORUS.



In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;



Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.



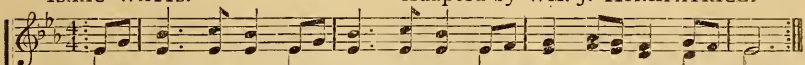
4 Where the hills are blooming on the
other shore,
We'll meet each other in the morning;
Where the heart's deep longing will be
felt no more,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviour's
love,
We'll meet each other in the morning;
Then we'll sing His glory in the realms
above,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

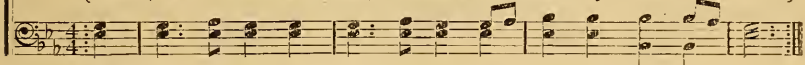
I'LL BE THERE.

ISAAC WATTS.

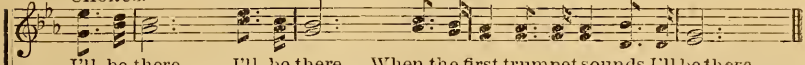
Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



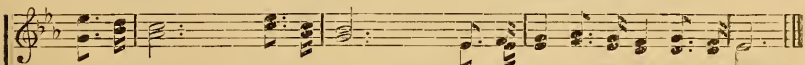
1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
2. { There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-ering flow'rs;
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours. }



CHORUS.



I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,



I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,



Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. [flood]

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Andante con espress.

1. "I would seek a Land in a far - off clime, Where the
 2. "Is it hard to find if one has no guide? Will my
 3. "O, I fear my feet will a - wea - ry grow As I

streams in their beau - ty flow, And no change can come with the
 feet from the path - way stray? Does it wind thro' fields where the
 trudge o - ver hill and dale, And I fain would rest where the

pass - ing time, Where the flow'rs in their fra - grance blow."
 stream - lets glide, By the groves where the fount - ains play?"
 flow - 'rets blow, Where the streams glide a - long the vale."

poco rit.

“There is just one road which will lead you there, You must
 “There’s a Hand that points to the path - way true, There’s a
 Nay, there’s rest for the wea - ry pil - grim feet In the

tempo.

watch lest your foot - steps stray From the path which God in His
 Voice that will tell the way, And the road which the pil - grim
 Land where the King doth reign, Then with lov’d and lost you will

rit.

lov - ing care Has mark’d out for the pil - grim way.”
 should pur - sue Leadeth straight to the Gates of Day.”
 glad - ly meet As they greet you with wel - come strain.”

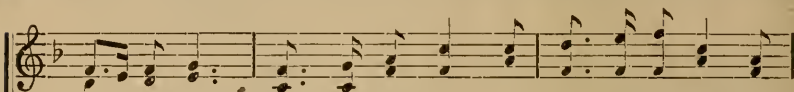
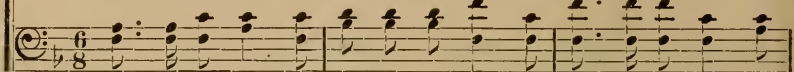
WHO SHALL I SEND?

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

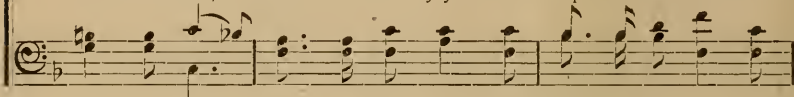
RICHARD HARDING.



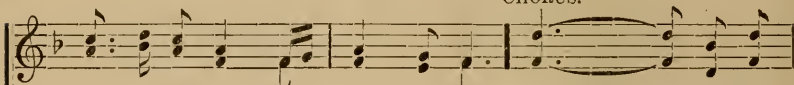
1. Who shall I send the Sav-iour is say - ing, Forth to the fields of
2. Look on the fields, the har-vest is whit - 'ning, Quick-ly the Mas - ter's
3. Forth to the world in wick-ed-ness ly - ing, Sound-ing the mes - sage
4. Haste, ere the time of har-vest has end - ed, Haste ere the strife and



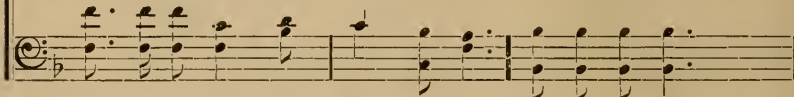
wav - ing grain? Who will to - day, the sum - mons o - bey - ing,
 call o - bey; Ear - ly to toil, the skies are now bright - 'ning,
 strong and clear; Plead with the souls the gos - pel de - fy - ing,
 toil is o'er; Soon will the joy of reap - ers be blend - ed



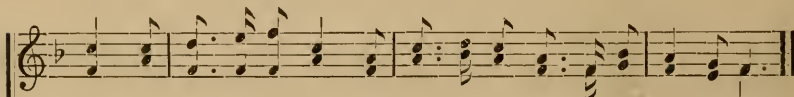
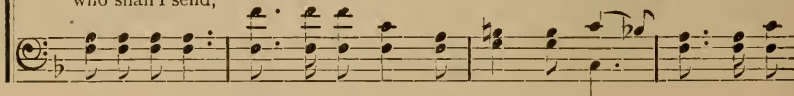
CHORUS.



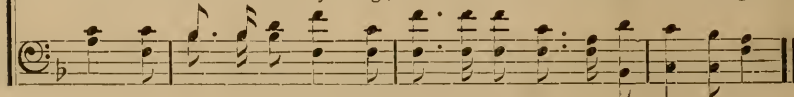
Gath - er the sheaves that strew the plain? Who..... shall I
 Gath - er the gold - en sheaves to - day.
 Wak - ing the lost to hope and cheer.
 With the re-deemed for - ev - er - more. Who shall I send?



send,..... Forth to the fields to har - vest white? Who shall I
 who shall I send,



send? the Sav-iour is say - ing; Who in His ser - vice will take de-light?



PRAISE YE THE LORD.

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SUSIE B. THOMPSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

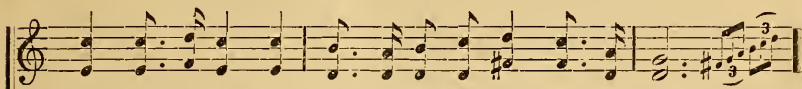


1. Praise ye the Lord, our Re-deem - er and King, Hail to the
 2. Praise ye the Lord, our Re-deem - er and King, Praise Him who
 3. Praise ye the Lord, our Re-deem - er and King, Ser - vants who




Lamb that was slain!
 liv - eth to save;
 fol - low His train;

Bow low be - fore Him a
 Death He hath van - quished, and
 Com - ing in glo - ry, our

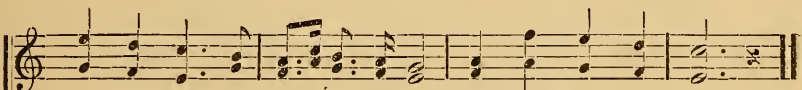


sac - ri - fice bring, O sing His praise a - gain and a - gain.
 robb'd of its sting, Tri - um - phant - ly He con - quered the grave.
 lov'd ones to greet, In vic - to - ry He com - eth to reign.

CHORUS.



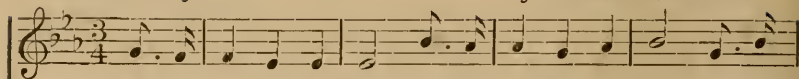
Sing His praise a - gain and a - gain! Praise Him, praise Him, Praise His name,
 Praise His ho - ly name,



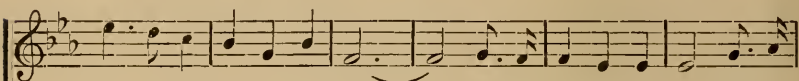
Men and an - gels join in the strain, Praise His ho - ly name.

HARRIET E. JONES.

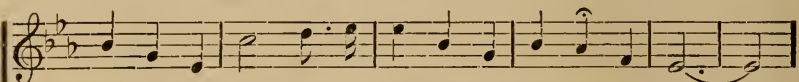
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



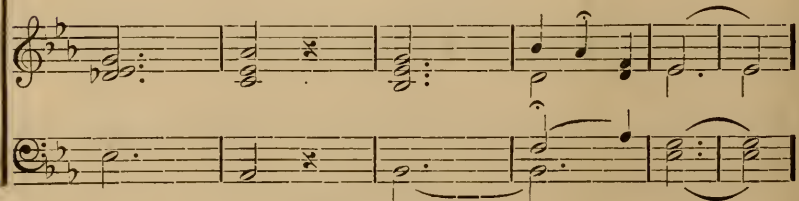
1. 'Mid the cold, bar-ren ways I have wan-der'd for days, Till my
2. In His home are sup-plies—I'll this mo-ment a-rise And re-
3. O my Fath-er, I come, I am long-ing for home—O re-
4. Hal-le-lu-jah! He hears, From a-far He ap-pears, Lo! we
5. Come, my broth-ers, from sin, Come, a new life be-gin, Nev-er-



heart is o'erburdened with gloom,..... And when starving for bread With the
 turn to my home far a-way,..... There is bread and to spare Which I
 ceive and for-give me, I pray,..... Just a serv-ant to be, I am
 meet, I am held to His breast;..... He the lost one re-ceives, And from
 more in the by-ways to roam;..... Seek the Fa-ther to-day, He will



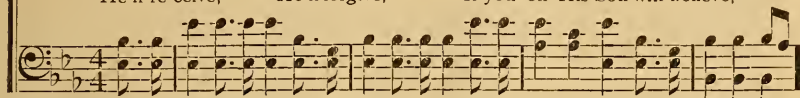
swine I have fed, While so far from my dear Fa-ther's home.....
 know He will share, With the sin-wea-ry son long a-stray.....
 com-ing to Thee—And will nev-er a-gain from Thee stray.....
 hun-ger re-lieves, And He clothes me in rai-ment the best.....
 meet you half way, Sweet-ly par-don and wel-come you home.....



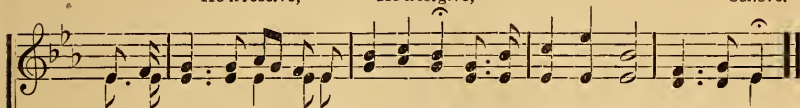
CHORUS.



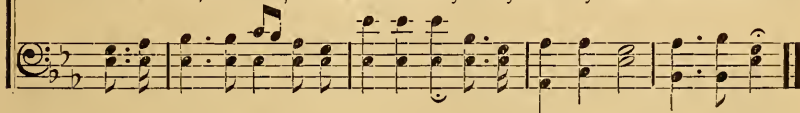
There is room,	there is room,	In my Father's house there is room,
I'll re- turn,	I'll re- turn,	To my Father's house I'll return,
I have come,	I have come,	O re-ceive and pardon, I pray,
Now I know	He is mine!	I've been welcomed home by my Lord,
He'll re-ceive,	He'll forgive,	If you on His Son will believe,



there is room,	there is room,	Is room,
I'll return,	I'll return,	re- turn,
I have come,	I have come,	I pray,
Now I know,	He is mine!	my Lord,
He'll receive,	He'll forgive,	believe.



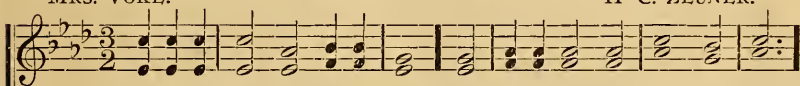
Ma-ny man-sions there did my Lord prepare, In my Father's house there is room.
 There is Liv - ing Bread there the feast is spread, To my Father's house I'll return.
 Let me rest with Thee just a servant be, Nev-er more from Home go a-stray.
 Safe-ly on His breast, I re-ceive sweet rest, I will sure-ly trust in His word.
 There's a robe, 'tis true, there's a crown for you If you on- ly trust and be-lieve.



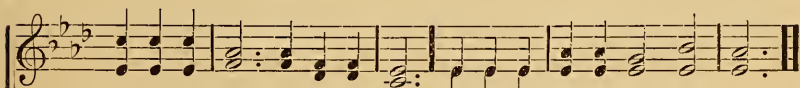
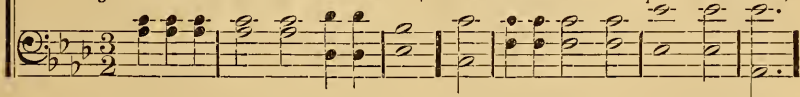
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

MRS. VOKE.

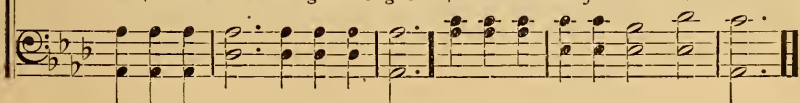
H C. ZEUNER.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim	Sal - vation thro' Im - man - uel's Name ;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,	With flaming zeal your breast in - spire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er,	Then we shall meet to part no more,



To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.
 Bid rag-ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Mur-mur-ing soft-ly, car-ol-ing gent-ly, Mu-sic en-charm-ing
2. Si-lent-ly mus-ing, bliss-ful-ly gaz-ing In-to the fu-ture
3. There our Re-deem-er, lov-ing Re-deem-er, Gath-ers the faith-ful

com-eth to me; O-ver the wa-ters, beau-ti-ful wa-ters, Where in the
teen-ing with light, Sweet-ly the ech-oes float-ing a-round me, Whisper of
safe on his breast, Out of the chang-ing in-to the changeless, Out of the

home land soon I shall be. How like a vis-ion ten-der-ly
E-den love-ly and bright, Eden, where sum-mer, fade-less, e-
toil-ing in-to the rest. Welcome the mo-moment when to his

steal-ing O-ver my spir-it wea-ry op-pressed; Drawing me
ter-nal, Scat-ters its ros-es bloom-ing for aye; There is no
pres-ence, Joy-ful my spir-it flies like a bird; O what a

up-ward, urging me for-ward, Tell-ing of sun-shine, rapture and rest.
part-ing, there is no weep-ing, Sor-row and sigh-ing van-ish a-way.
mor-row, O what a meet-ing, Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard.

CHORUS.

Mur-mur-ing soft - ly, car - ol - ing gen - tly, Mu - sic en -
Murmuring soft-ly, car-ol-ing gen-tly, Mu-sic en-
chant - ing com-eth to me; O - ver the wa - ters, beau-ti-ful
Mu-sic enchant-ing O-ver the wa-ters,
wa - ters, Where in the home land soon I shall be.
beau-ti-ful wa - ters, Where in the home land

MY SAVIOUR.

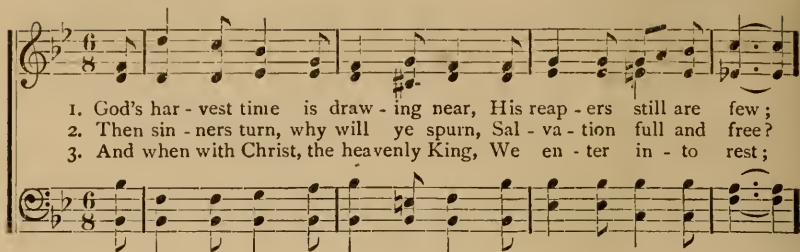
DORA GREENWELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

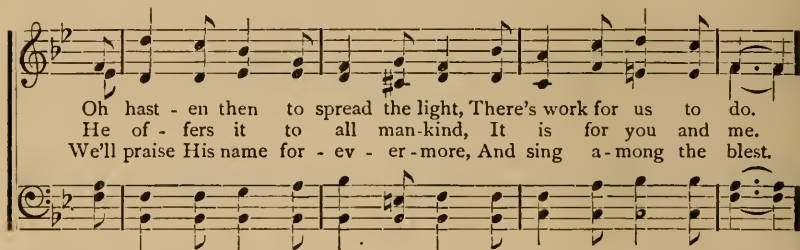
1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that he ful-filled may see The trav-ail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,
I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with his work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

E. C. MACARTNEY.

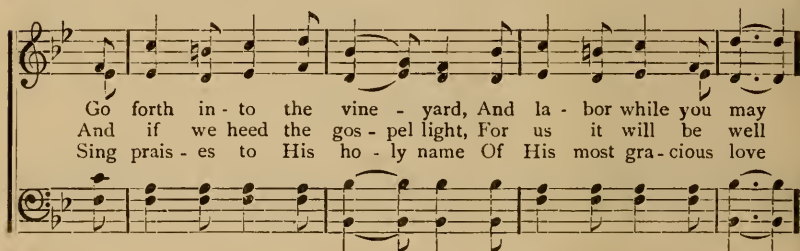
RICHARD HARDING.



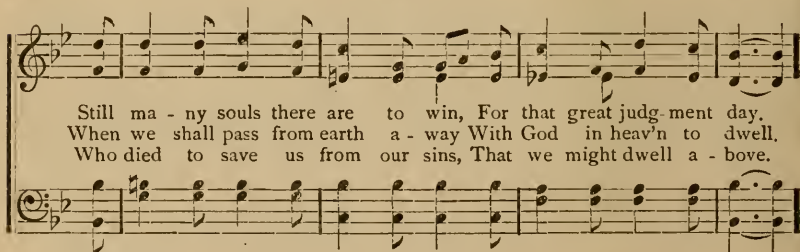
1. God's har - vest time is draw - ing near, His reap - ers still are few;
 2. Then sin - ners turn, why will ye spurn, Sal - va - tion full and free?
 3. And when with Christ, the heavenly King, We en - ter in - to rest;



Oh hast - en then to spread the light, There's work for us to do.
 He of - fers it to all man-kind, It is for you and me.
 We'll praise His name for - ev - er - more, And sing a - mong the blest.

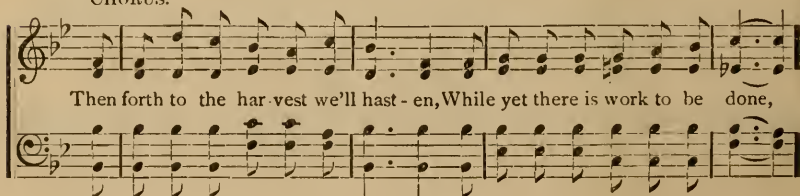


Go forth in - to the vine - yard, And la - bor while you may
 And if we heed the gos - pel light, For us it will be well
 Sing prais - es to His ho - ly name Of His most gra - cious love



Still ma - ny souls there are to win, For that great judg - ment day.
 When we shall pass from earth a - way With God in heav'n to dwell.
 Who died to save us from our sins, That we might dwell a - bove.

CHORUS.



Then forth to the har - vest we'll hast - en, While yet there is work to be done,

And toil for our bless-ed Redeem - er, That all to His kingdom may come.

ONLY A FEW BRIEF YEARS.

IDA L. REED.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Feelingly.

1. On - ly a few brief years Of toil and pain, Of wea - ry,
2. A few more fleet-ing days, And I shall sing The glad, new
3. Not long have I to wait Till life is past; Be - side the

heart-sick tears, And I shall reign With Je - sus o - ver there—My
song of praise To Christ, my King, Up - on that fair - er shore Be -
Gold-en Gate I'll stand at last; My Lord will wel-come me Full

tri - als o'er, With - in that land so fair, To weep no more.
yond the skies, Where tem-pests break no more Nor clouds a - rise.
soon at best—To heav-en's glo-ries free, Home, peace and rest.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
 3. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Prince of Peace,



Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
 At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms con - quer - or, Whose reign shall never cease.



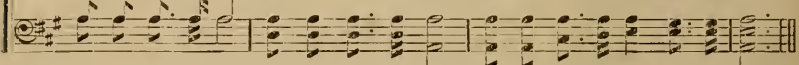
CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



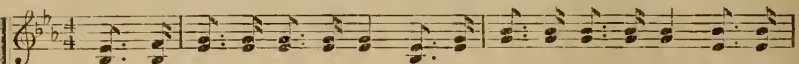
- 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring | 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 Their praise and homage meet; | And in that world above
 With rapturous awe adore their King, | Forever sing around the throne
 And worship at His feet. | His everlasting love.

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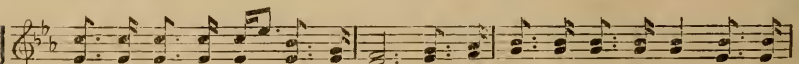
MEET ME THERE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. On the hap - py, gold en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with



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FINE.

pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—hap-py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, meet me there,

D.S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

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HALLELUJAH! AMEN.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the cho-rus, And press-ing on my way, Commun-ing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' e-ter-nal

CHORUS.

mil-lions That sing around His throne:
con-quest, And sing the vic-tor's song. } Hal-le - lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le -
Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
a - ges I'll shout beyond the sky.

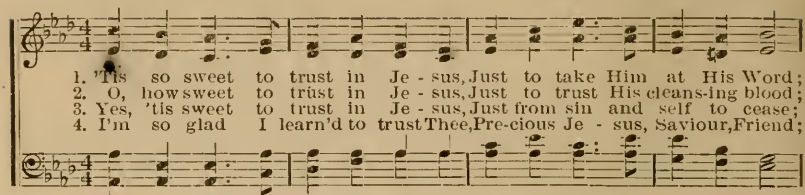
poco ritard.

lu-jah, A - men. Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

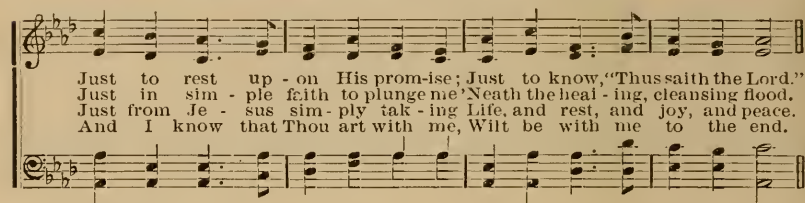
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Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

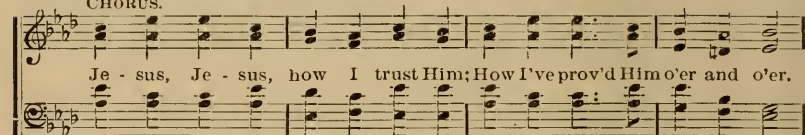


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
 2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

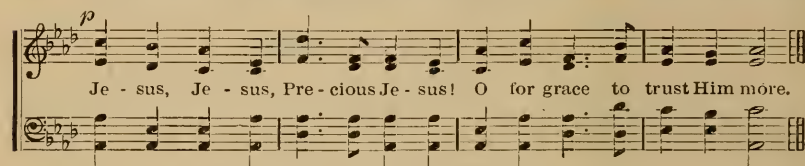


Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er.



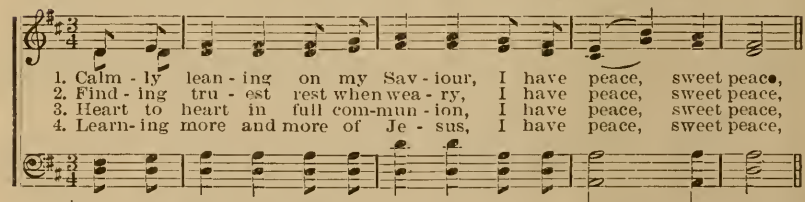
p
 Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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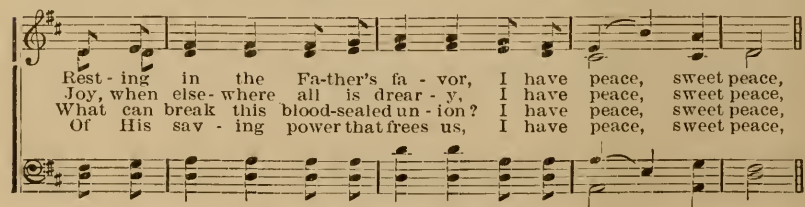
CALMLY LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



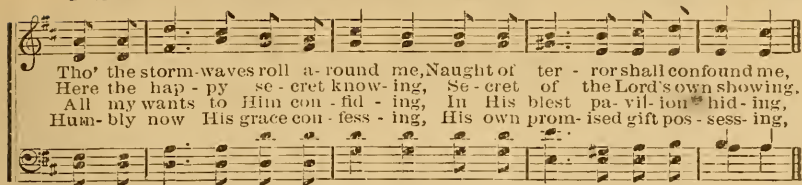
1. Calm - ly lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I have peace, sweet peace,
 2. Find - ing tru - est rest when wea - ry, I have peace, sweet peace,
 3. Heart to heart in full com - mun - ion, I have peace, sweet peace,
 4. Learn - ing more and more of Je - sus, I have peace, sweet peace,



Rest - ing in the Fa - ther's fa - vor, I have peace, sweet peace,
 Joy, when else - where all is drear - y, I have peace, sweet peace,
 What can break this blood-sealed un - ion? I have peace, sweet peace,
 Of His sav - ing power that frees us, I have peace, sweet peace,

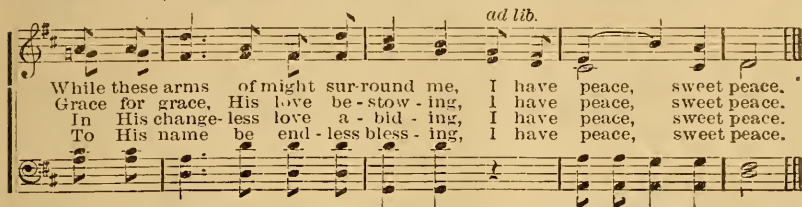
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CALMLY LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.—Concluded. 195



Tho' the storm-waves roll a-round me, Naught of ter - ror shall confound me,
Here the hap - py se - cret know - ing, Se - cret of the Lord's own showing.
All my wants to Him con - fid - ing, In His blest pa - vil - ion hid - ing,
Hum - bly now His grace con - fess - ing, His own prom - ised gift pos - sess - ing,

ad lib.



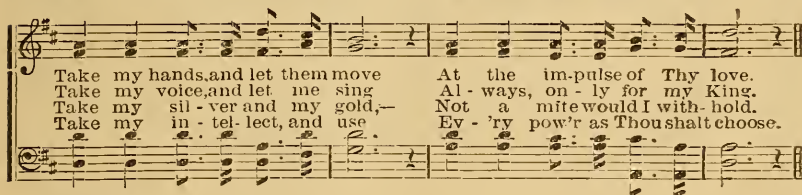
While these arms of might sur-round me, I have peace, sweet peace.
Grace for grace, His love be - stow - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
In His change - less love a - bid - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
To His name be end - less bless - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (Chorus by W. J. K.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

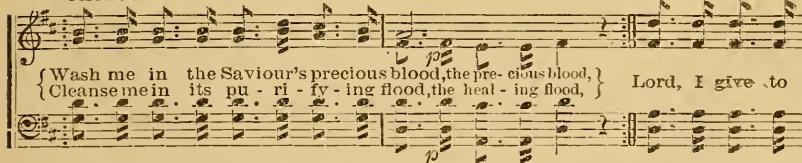


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

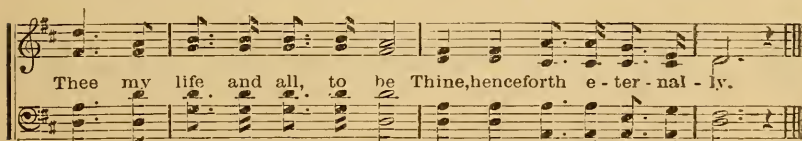


Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ey - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the pre - cious blood, } Lord, I give to
{ Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood, }



Thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

196 THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO *Slow and with great expression.*

1. There's a beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly coun - try, And a
 2. In that beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly coun - try, Where we
 3. To that beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly coun - try, We

man - sion so bright and fair; There's a wel - come a - wait - ing the
 nev - er shall weep nor sigh; We shall sing of our bless - ed Re -
 know that some day we'll go; We shall rest in the arms of the

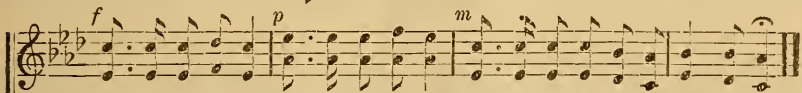
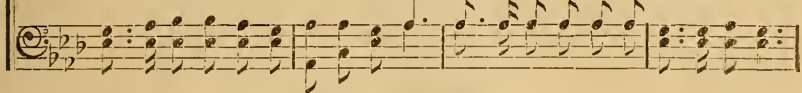
faith - ful, Who with pa - tience their bur - dens bear.
 deem - er, While the end - less a - ges roll by,
 Sav - iour, No more of sor - row we'll know.

There's a Beautiful Heavenly Country.—Concluded. 197

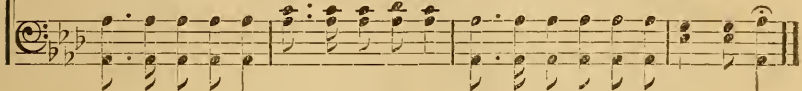
CHORUS. *Faster.*



Fair land of heaven thy praises we sing, Tell-ing the sto-ry of Je sus our King;



Beautiful country, heavenly country, There we shall dwell with the ransom'd throng.



LOVE DIVINE.

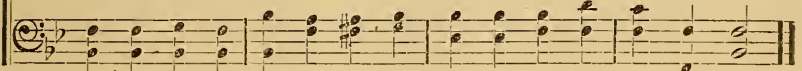
CHARLES WESLEY.



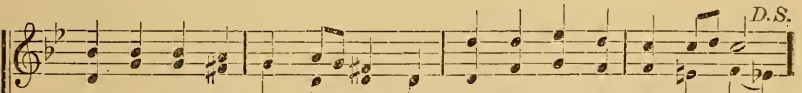
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



Fix in us Thy hum ble dwell - ing! All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.



D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.



Je - sus, thou art all com pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the four-tains of de-light

Whereshall en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day beam ne'er declines,
 When the beaut - y of the King we see; Hold-ing con - verse full and sweet,
 When the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

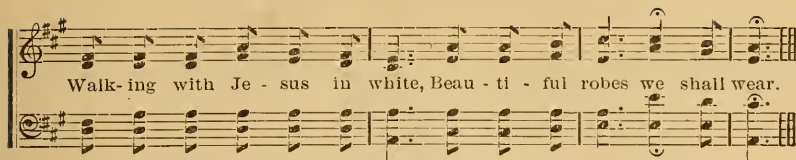
For the bless - ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile,
 In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - er more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful robes,.....
 Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti- ful robes, Beau-ti- ful robes, beau-ti- ful robes,

Beau - - - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;
 Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear;

Gar - - ments of light,..... Love - - - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, Love-ly and bright, love-ly and bright,

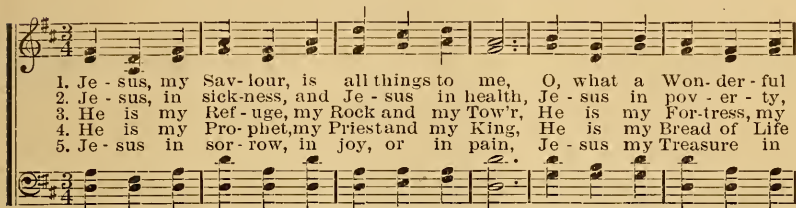


Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

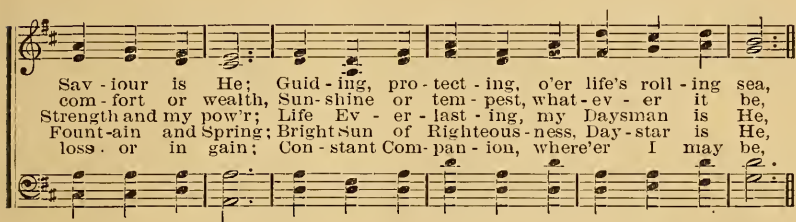
JESUS FOR ME.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is all things to me, O, what a Won - der - ful
 2. Je - sus, in sick - ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
 3. He is my Ref - uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my For - tress, my
 4. He is my Pro - phet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
 5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

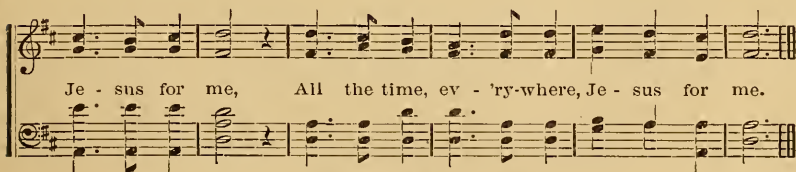


Sav - iour is He; Guid - ing, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sun - shine or tem - pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my pow'r; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Daysman is He,
 Fount - ain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteous - ness, Day - star is He,
 loss - or in gain; Con - stant Com - pan - ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.



Might - y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

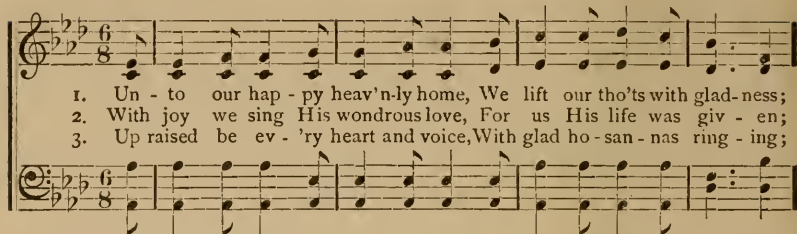


Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry - where, Je - sus for me.

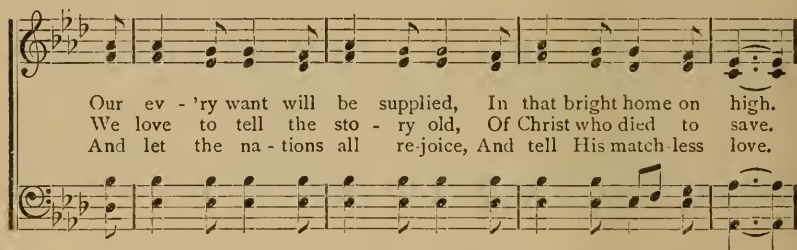
WE'LL SING HIS WONDERFUL LOVE.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

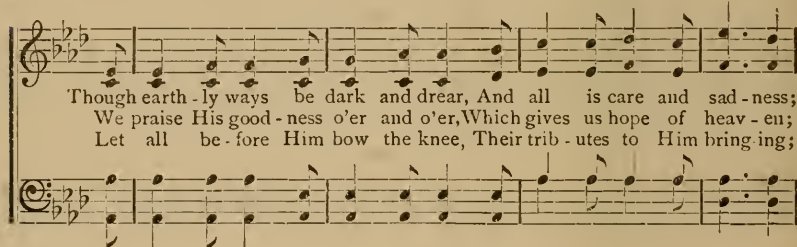
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



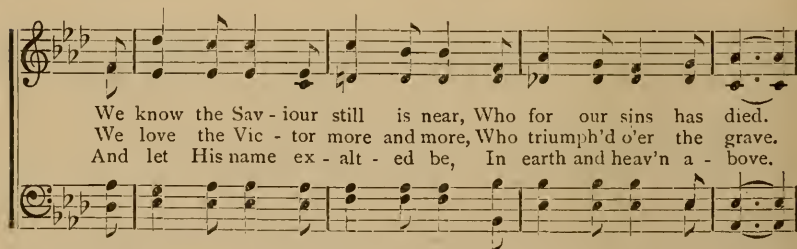
1. Un - to our hap - py heav'n-ly home, We lift our tho'ts with glad-ness;
 2. With joy we sing His wondrous love, For us His life was giv - en;
 3. Up raised be ev - 'ry heart and voice, With glad ho-san-nas ring - ing;



Our ev - 'ry want will be supplied, In that bright home on high.
 We love to tell the sto - ry old, Of Christ who died to save.
 And let the na - tions all re-joice, And tell His match-less love.

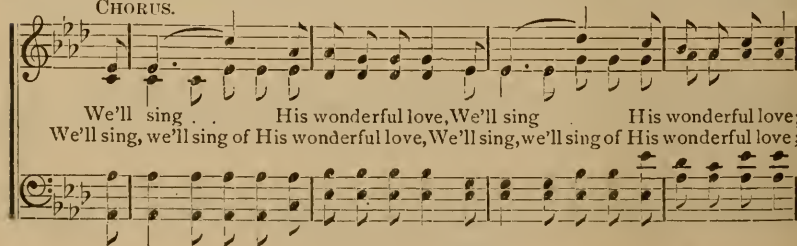


Though earth - ly ways be dark and drear, And all is care and sad-ness;
 We praise His good-ness o'er and o'er, Which gives us hope of heav-en;
 Let all be-fore Him bow the knee, Their trib-utes to Him bring-ing;

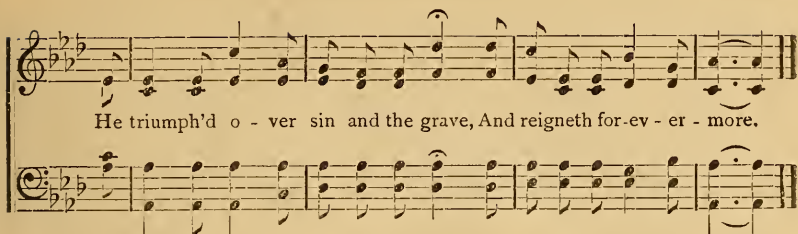


We know the Sav-iour still is near, Who for our sins has died.
 We love the Vic-tor more and more, Who triumph'd o'er the grave.
 And let His name ex-alt-ed be, In earth and heav'n a-bove.

CHORUS.



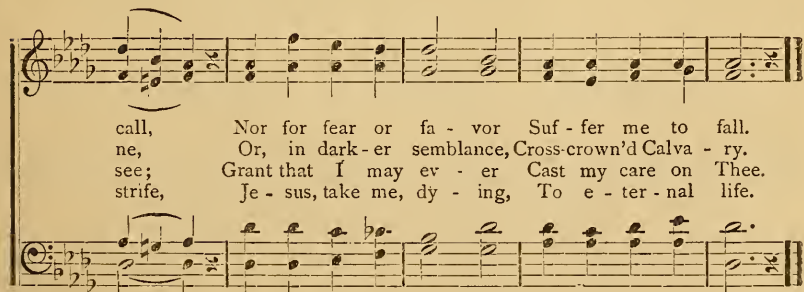
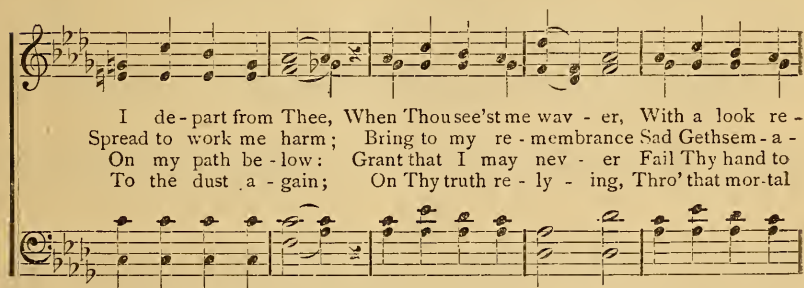
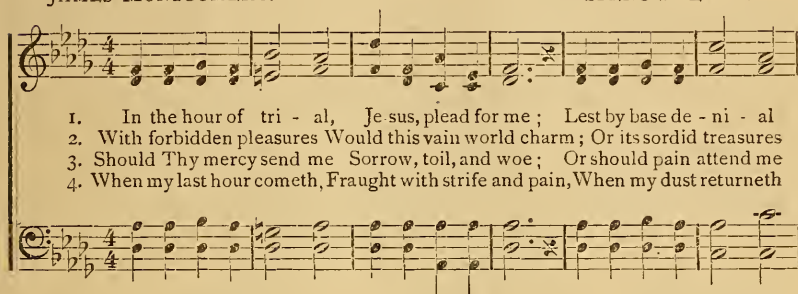
We'll sing . . . His wonderful love, We'll sing . . . His wonderful love;
 We'll sing, we'll sing of His wonderful love, We'll sing, we'll sing of His wonderful love;



IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

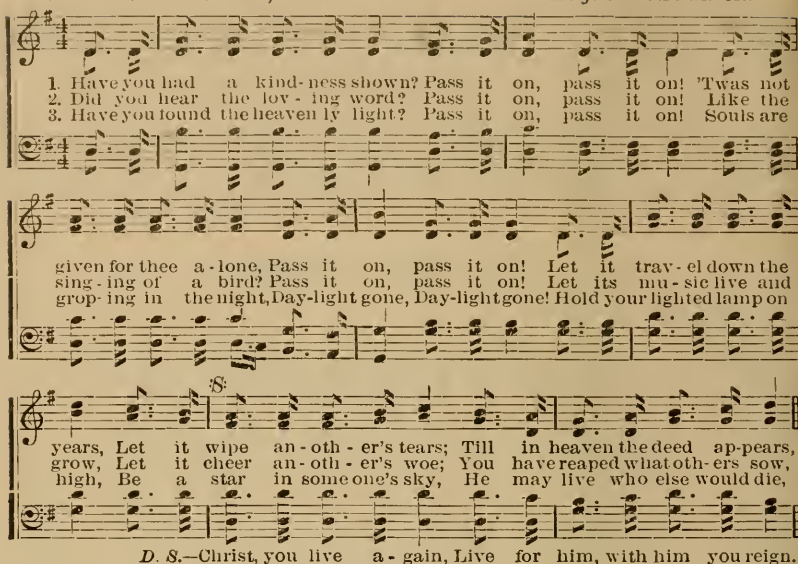
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.



Rev. HENRY BURTON, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



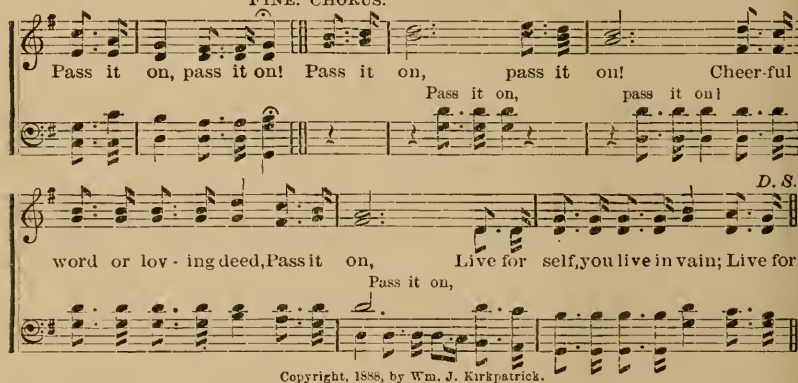
1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heav-enly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
 grop-ing in the night, Day-light gone, Day-light gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heaven the deed ap-pears,
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
 high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D. S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for him, with him you reign.

FINE. CHORUS.



Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheer-ful
 Pass it on, pass it on!

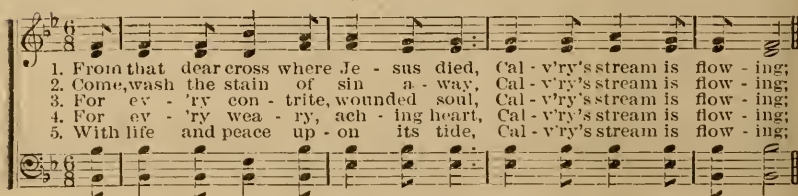
D. S.
 word or lov-ing deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
 Pass it on,

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CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

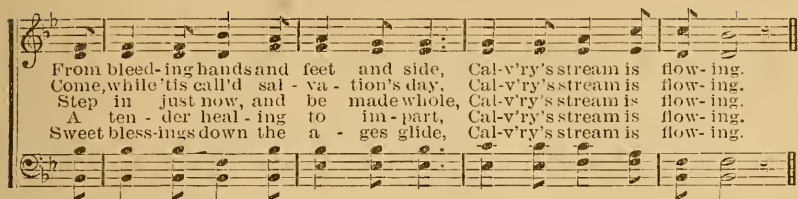
LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and Arr. by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



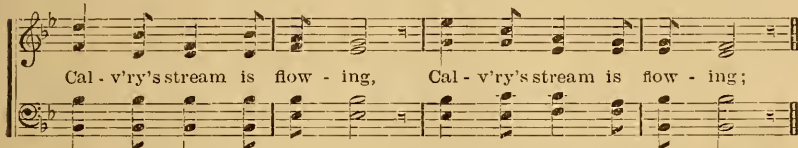
1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
 2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
 3. For ev-ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
 4. For ev-ry wea-ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
 5. With life and peace up-on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;

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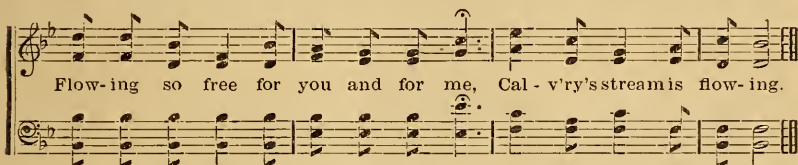


From bleed-ing hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal - va - tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 A ten - der heal - ing to in - part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Sweet bless-ings down the a - ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

CHORUS.



Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

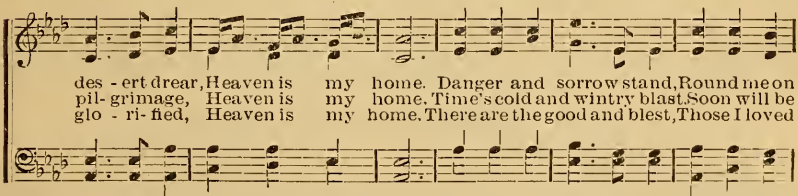
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

THOS. R. TAYLOR.

Scotch air.



1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
 2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my
 3. There at my Sav - iour's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be



des - ert drear, Heaven is my home. Danger and sorrow stand, Round me on
 pil - grimage, Heaven is my home. Time's cold and wintry blast, Soon will be
 glo - ri - fied, Heaven is my home. There are the good and blest, Those I loved



ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
 o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - iour, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He east - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran - somed and par - doned, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whis - pring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me,
 deemed by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most: Saved, saved, by pow - er di - vine;

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is mine.

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THE COMFORTER HAS COME!

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

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8.

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
 hills the day ad-vance-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings! The Com-fort-er has come!
 hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

6

1. I have heard my Sav-iour calling, I have heard my Sav-iour calling,
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den.

Cho.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D.C for Chorus.

I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ♯: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ♯: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ♯: Tho' He leads through fiery trials, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

7 ♯: I will follow on to know Him :||
 He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ♯: He will give me grace and glory, :||
 He will keep me, keep me all the way.

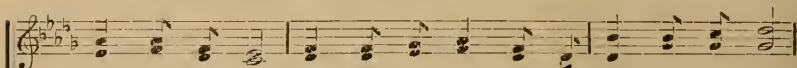
9 ♯: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :||
 And be with Him, with Him all the way.

E. E. HEWITT.

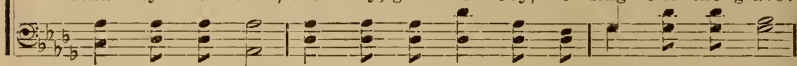
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus is wait - ing His grace to be - stow, Sin "red like crim - son" He
2. Standing a - lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead - er His
3. Take Him the bur - den that weigh on your heart, Take Him the trouble, He'll
4. Up from the val - ley the dark - ness is gone, When Je - sus brings there the

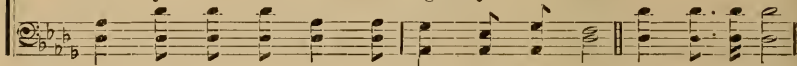


makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, His life - blood He gave;
might will pre - vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave;
com - fort im - part; Held by His hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad Vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!

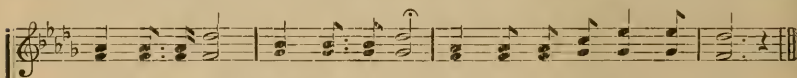


CHORUS.

Bless - ed Re - deem - er— He's might - y to save! Might - y to save,
Pray on, be - liev - ing— He's might - y to save!
Look up to Je - sus— He's might - y to save!
Glo - ry to Je - sus— He's might - y to save!



might - y to save— Je - sus is might - y to save!
is might - y to save, He is



might - y to save, might - y to save— Je - sus is might - y to save!



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IT JUST SUITS ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion! For its length and breath and height
2. Oh, this bless - ed "who - so - ev - er," Call - ing ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Pre - cious prom - is - es of Je - sus, Sweep - ing ev - 'ry hu - man need!
4. What a per - fect, pres - ent Sav - iour! What a true and lov - ing friend,



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Far ex - cel the grand - est know - ledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;
To the spark - ling, liv - ing wa - ters Flow - ing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Re - deem - er Must our high - est thought ex - ceed;
Can we ev - er praise Him right - ly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fath - om Half its ho - ly mys - te - ry,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might - y, roy - al store - house Let me use the gol - den key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign - ing, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sin - ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust His "who - so - ev - er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe - cial, ten - der promise That will just suit me.
So, what - ev - er lot He or - ders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This won - der - ful sal - va - tion, It just suits me.

THERE YOU'LL SING HALLELUJAH.

CHO.—There you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah,
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, In that bright world a - bove.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

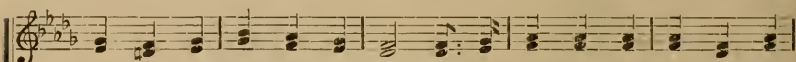
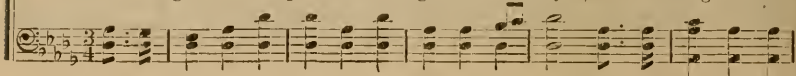
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

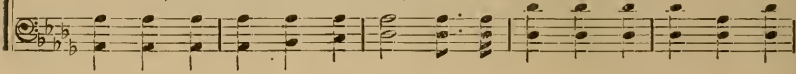
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



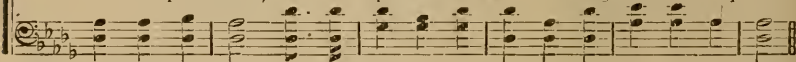
1. When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
2. Will the heav-en-ly cit-y burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
3. Now the fu-ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When His glo-ri-fied presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be



an-gels Be wait-ing for me? Will He wel-come my com-ing, And
glo-ry, That giv-eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea-ry Reach
near-ing The end of the race; It will mat-ter but lit-tle What
like Him, And with Him a-rise; And the hands hard with la-bor A



crown me His own, With the saints of all a-ges, That cir-cle His throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Sav-iour be-hold?
chang-es may come, If my Lord with His an-gels Shall welcome me home.
vic-tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing anthems of praise.



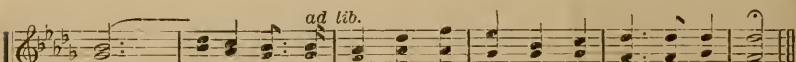
CHORUS.



(1,2,3.) When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
(4.) When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, this shall I see, That my



Lord and His an-gels be wait-ing for me, Be wait - - - ing, be
Lord and His an-gels are wait-ing for me, Are wait - - - ing, are




wait - ing, Will my Lord and His an-gels be wait-ing for me?
wait - ing, That my Lord and His an-gels are wait-ing for me!
wait-ing for me?

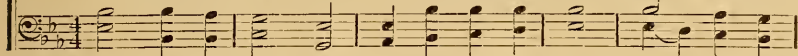
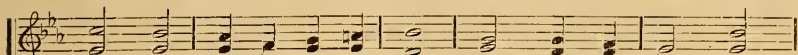


HENRY F. LYTE.



WILLIAM HENRY MONK.




1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,


fall, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, Thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.



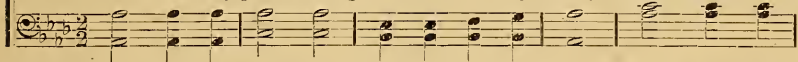

PARTING HYMN. 10s.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

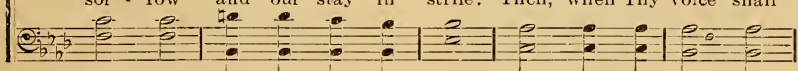

E. J. HOPKINS.



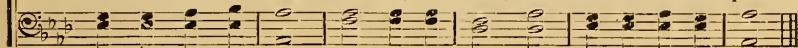
1. Sav - iour! a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord! thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise: We stand to bless Thee
 gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark-ness, in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row and our stay in strife: Then, when Thy voice shall

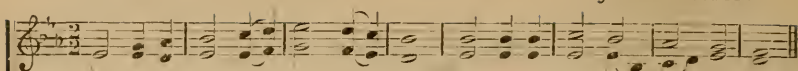



ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 keep Thy chil-dren free For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

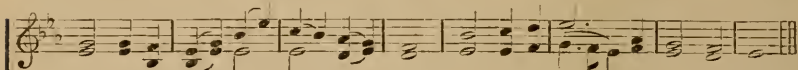


ISAAC WATTS.

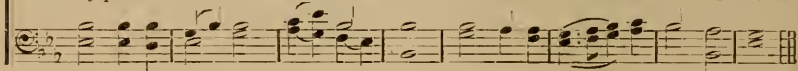
JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;



Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev - ry land, by ev - ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.



JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 2 From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at His feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend His word.
 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 4 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

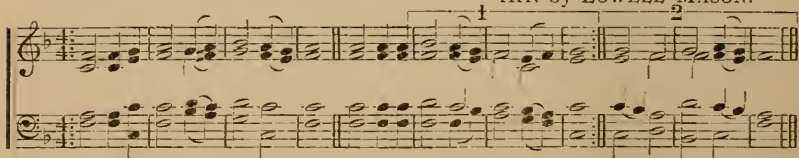
GLORYING IN THE CROSS. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



LORD, I AM THINE. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine would I be,
 And own Thy sovereign right in me.
 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,
 Now will I set the solemn seal.
 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.
 4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

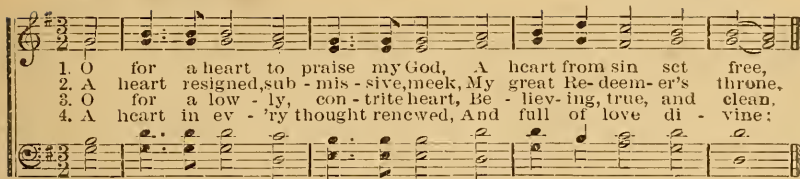
NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M.

- 2 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star:
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

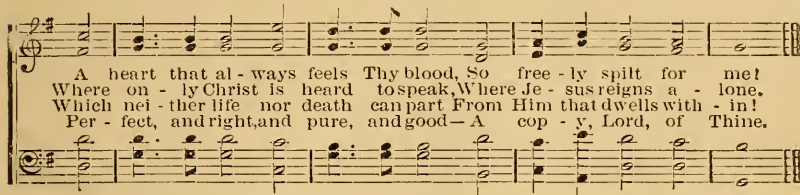
JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine:



A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in!
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.

O FOR A FAITH. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

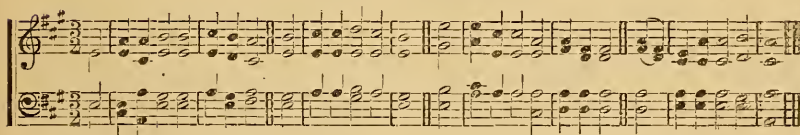
AM I A SOLDIER. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



FOREVER HERE MY REST. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

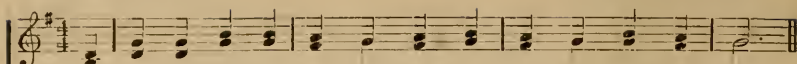
THE DEAREST NAME. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

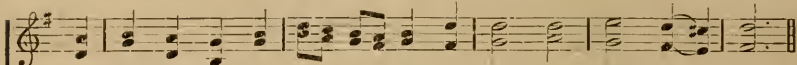
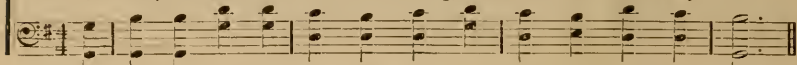
JOHN NEWTON.

E. PERRONET.

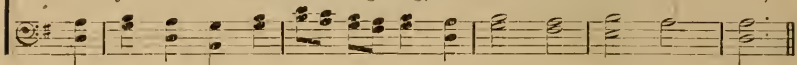
OLIVER HOLDEN.



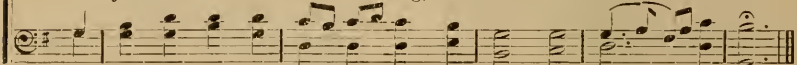
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball;
 3. O that, with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall!



- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!
 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy Name.

- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

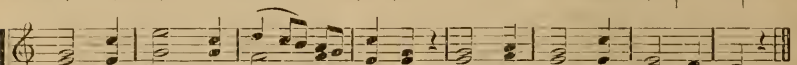
RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-joy;
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;



- All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - dianc'estreaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

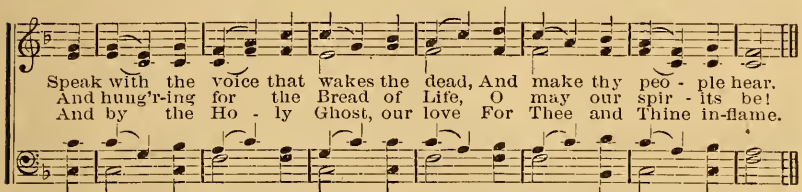


ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NÄGELI.



1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy night - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;



Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.
 And hung'r-ing for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in-flame.

BLEST BE THE TIE. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.


A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



AND CAN I YET DELAY. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE. S. M.

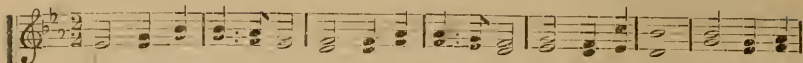
- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

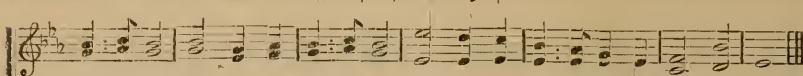
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry. Sav-our di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast



while I pray Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me. O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!



- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

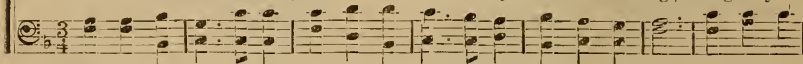
S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

Ad. HENRY CAREY.



- 1 My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty. Of thee I sing: Land where my
2 My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free Thy name I love; I love thy
3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty. To Thee we sing; Long may our



father's died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

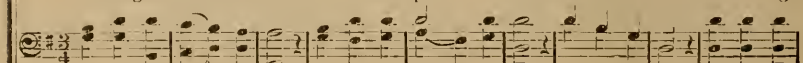
C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



- 1 Come Thou al-might-y King Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2 Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come and Thy
3 Come ho-ly Com-fort-er Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us. Ancient of Days,
people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - liness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap - py
{ Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }
{ And live re - joicing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on.
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For hear my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our bless'd Re - deem - er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and care shall end.

LORD GOD, THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power.
2. We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind;
 One soul, one feeling, breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GRACE!

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to my ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 Its lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

SPIRIT OF FAITH.

- 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 Who did for every sinner die
 Hath surely died for me.
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of His name.
- 4 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power, impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw Thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er,
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down.
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

MARY BARBER DANA.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate to God;
 3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir-it in-to peace.
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with Thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now Thy per-feet peace im-part.

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT. 7s.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long bath sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol-throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

LORD, WE COME. 7s.

- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 O! do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let Thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a gracious God, and kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free;
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy? can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relents are;
 Me He now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His
 God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

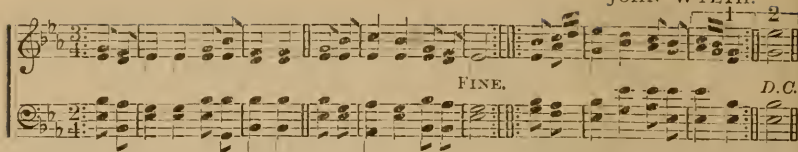
CHARLES WESLEY.

HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE. 7s.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine;
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
 Mine art thou to guide my feet;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;
 O thou holy book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

JOHN WYETH.



COME THOU FOUNT.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

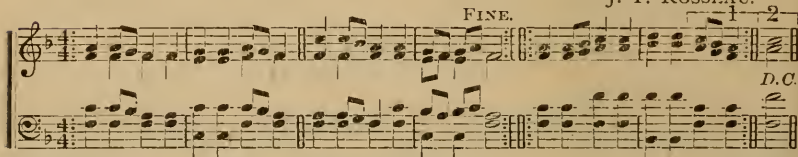
WHAT A FRIEND.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



COME, YE SINNERS.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glim'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, now, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

G. J. WEBB.



STAND UP FOR JESUS;

THE MORNING LIGHT.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

1 The morning light is breaking

The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending

Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,

Pursue Thine onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy riches stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

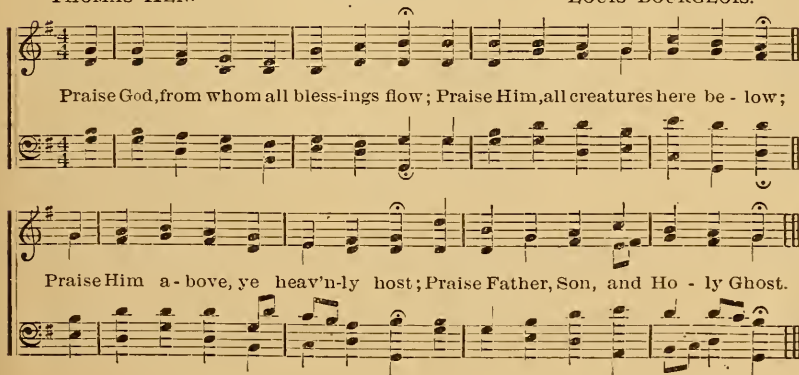
SAMUEL F. SMITH,

PRAISE GOD.

THOMAS KEN.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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